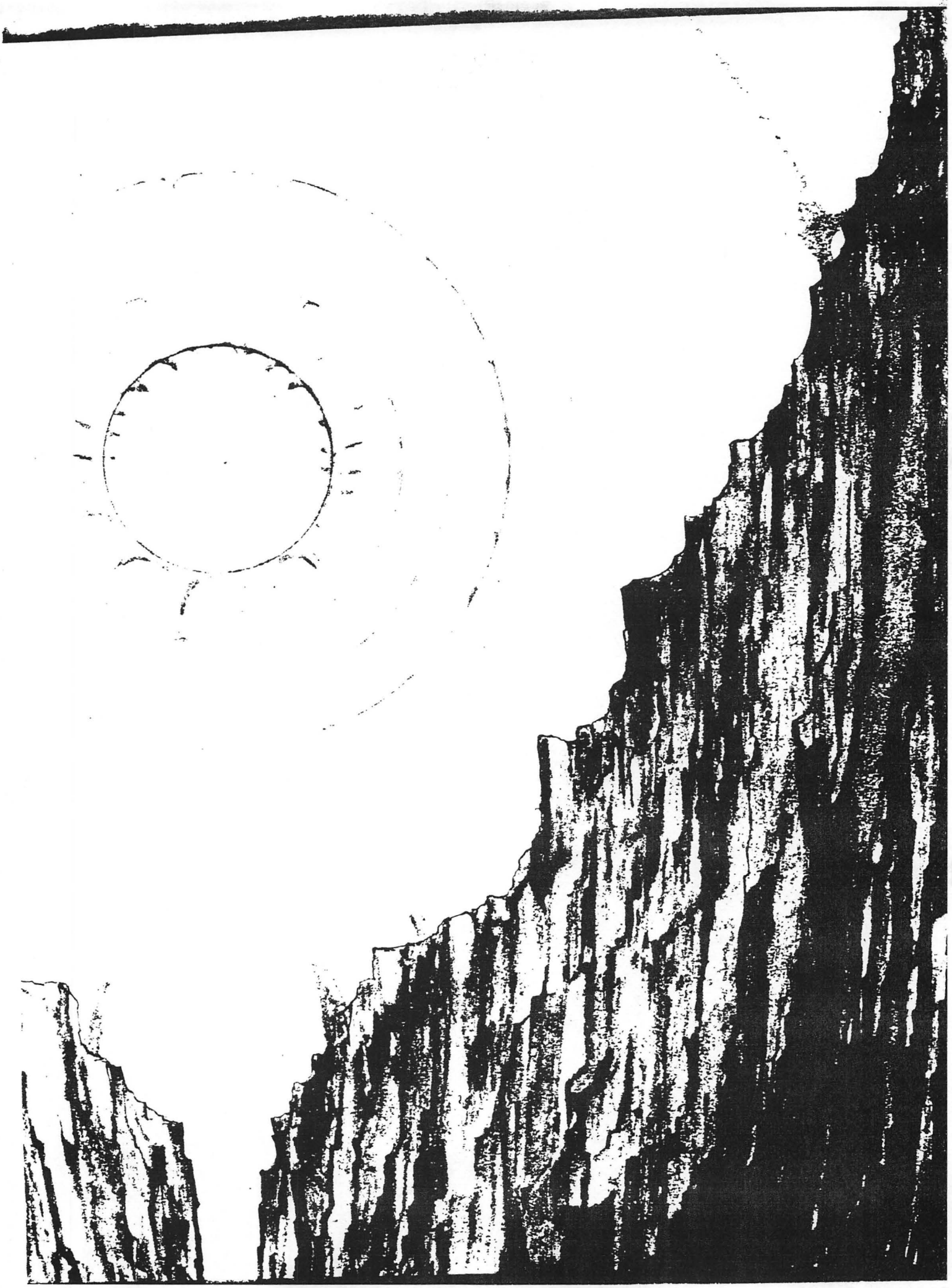

THE PROCESS
CHURCH OF THE FINAL JUDGEMENT



Lucifer is the God of Rebirth and Immortality: have faith in yourself, in your undying spirit, in your future, most of all in your immortality. This is what matters: that in the end, you are infinite: in GOD you are Infinite.

For you, there is no death without rebirth. Death is the gate to life. And no man passes through the gate, but he reaches the other side.

Before death is birth, and after death is rebirth. In your death you will be reborn.

This world is become a sad world, full of past glories and painful souvenirs, of fond memories lost, and dreams and hopes and wishes unfulfilled, of heavy burdens on frames ill-fitted to bear such weight of sorrow, where personal lives mean little more than personal tragedy. The light of the world is pale now and faint, and a deep longing for harmony and accord grows stronger, as harmony and accord are buried deeper in a world gone mad with its own destruction, and hell-bent on death-dealing, acquisition, greed, fear and suspicion, hatred, violence, lunacy, strife, disagreement, aggravation and loss.

Mourn the passing of the world and the death of nature. But the world will be reborn, and nature will be reborn. Be patient and have faith in yourself and your undying spirit and in your future.

And most of all, know your own immortality. For this is what matters: that in the end you are infinite; in GOD you are Infinite. The part of you that is of GOD will never die. Bear the pain for this infinitesimal fraction of your eternity and on that day will your new life begin ✠

**Eden**



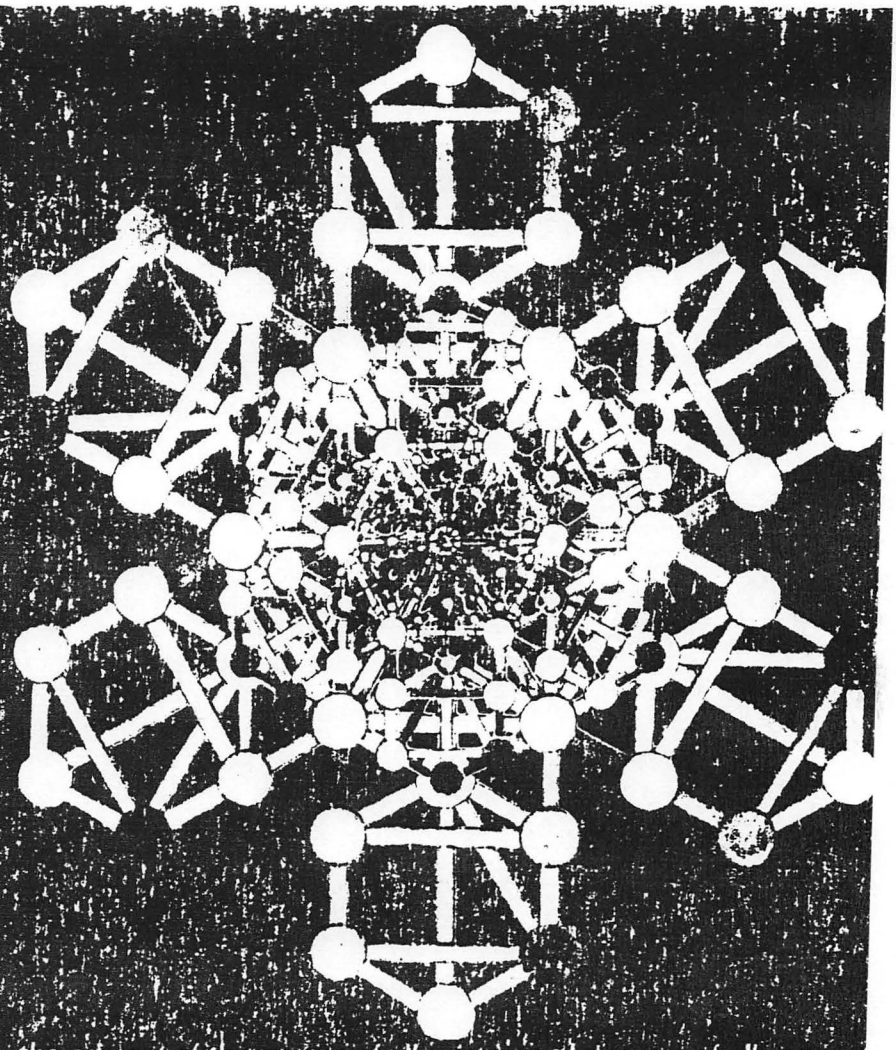
**Advocate for LUCIFER**





Only if we know that the thing which truly matters is the infinite can we avoid fixing our interest upon finalities.

C. G. Jung



# GOD IS!

The concept of GOD is the concept of Totality, the concept of the essence of all existence, the source of all power, the origin of all truth and the root of all knowledge. GOD is the sum total of all things and GOD is infinite.

GOD cannot be defined or described. To describe GOD is to define GOD, and to define GOD is to reduce GOD to finite, limited existence.

But though we may not describe GOD, because GOD is infinite, yet we may describe the parts of GOD. And the parts of GOD are the parts of all existence. And all existence is ruled by the Three Great Gods of the Universe, the Lord Jehovah, the Lord Lucifer, and the Lord Satan.

And the Three Great Gods of the Universe are distinct and separate. They are powerful and they transcend human, but they are not limitless. They are definable.

And whilst the Three Great Gods are divided then the concept of GOD is no more than a concept. Like a shattered mirror it lies in pieces and the pieces are scattered throughout the Universe.

But if Jehovah, Lucifer and Satan are brought together, united in a common understanding, a common knowledge, a common bond of awareness and unconflicted intention, then the concept of GOD becomes a reality. The parts then come together to complement each other and make a whole, and the whole is Totality.

So GOD is the reuniting of the Gods.

GOD was, GOD is now and GOD shall be. For GOD is all. But when all is scattered through space and time, dispersed in fragmentary chaos and disorder through a vast and infinite territory of imaginary dimensions, then GOD is no more than an idea, a potential at the root of the splintered confusion of disunited parts. Buried within this nightmare of disarray we can only know of GOD within ourselves and thereby see His presence in the shattered pieces of the illusion which surrounds us.

But when all is brought together, when space and time no longer channel all existence into a chaos of tiny pieces divided by the dimensions from each other, but instead feed back the splinters, concentrate them outside the separating bars of dimensional existence, so that all may become one, having one nature, one substance, one being, one orientation, one power, one truth, one knowledge, one awareness, and having no location either in space or time but transcending altogether the very concept of dimension, then we can say, not: GOD was, GOD is now and GOD shall be, but simply: GOD IS.



# A DIGRESSION FROM DEATH

## ESPECIALLY FOR THE ATHEIST

Are you an atheist?

Then you believe that GOD and the Gods have nothing to do with you.

More than that; you believe that They are figments of my imagination.

But wait. Let me show you that if you will learn the language of theism, you will discover that it is basically no different from atheism. A mere question of semantics; no more.

When a Frenchman says 'un chapeau', unless the Englishman understands his language, he is quite unaware that the Frenchman agrees with him about what he is wearing on his head.

When the theist says 'God', the atheist, because he does not understand the language of the theist, assumes he is talking about something that for him does not exist and therefore has no meaning.

So let us translate, and discover the *agreements*, instead of either enacting or resigning ourselves to the *dis*agreements.

• • •

What *do* you believe in? What do you live for? What do you strive after? What code do you follow? What, beyond your immediate self, is of deep significance to you? What do you look up to? What do you respect? What do you try to create?

There must have been some answers there.

Now, take the answers which represent something bigger and wider in scope than just you as an isolated individual. And of those, take the answers about which your feelings are deepest and most intense.

They are mainly abstracts, aren't they? They may have solid and material manifestations, but basically they are abstract concepts; things like, humanity, life, nature, harmony, purity, kindness, tr understanding, the universe, the cosmos, enthusiasm, magic, l national unity, democracy, scientific discovery, love, joy, peace volution, knowledge, faith, confidence, courage, dignity, imaginat freedom.

You almost certainly had at least one of those on your list.

What *are* these things which you aim at, search for, look up to, adr long for, and regard as greater and of more importance than just yo your own?

They are concepts, yes. But they are more than that, because you only think about them, you not only conceive of them. You experience them. You can feel them. They can manifest outwa either through one person or through many people.

They have a power; not a physical power, because you cannot mea them in ergs, or pounds per square inch, or foot pounds, or kilowatts; but a mental power, a psychological power. You can them in your mind, filling up your thoughts and emotions, and direc and motivating your actions. And you can see unmistakable evidenc them having the same effect on others.

They can spread from one person to another. They can be infecti They can take over whole groups of people. They can become a r presence as well as an individual presence.

A presence. That is primarily what they are for you. And in that f you feel your most positive feelings towards them. Just as you feel most negative feelings towards them when they are absent.

Is one of them 'harmony'? And if it is, do you not experience extr satisfaction when there is the 'presence' of harmony around you? do you not experience an equal *dis*satisfaction when there is 'absence' of harmony around you?

And could you call the presence of harmony a 'spirit' of harmo

Or is one of them revolution? And could you talk meaningfully at a 'spirit' of revolution?

Understanding? A spirit of understanding?

Freedom? A spirit of freedom?

Democracy? A spirit of democracy?

Peace? A spirit of peace?

Enthusiasm? A spirit of enthusiasm?

Can an atmosphere be permeated with a spirit of enthusiasm? C group be united by a spirit of understanding?

This is the language of the theist. *He* uses the word 'spirit' when h talking about something he knows, sees evidence of, feels the pres of, experiences, believes in, but cannot fully understand in term so-called natural phenomena.

• • •

This is part of the arrogance of human beings. We talk about the su natural whenever we refer to a phenomenon which is outside *understanding* of nature.

Television sets are part of the supernatural to the primitive So American Indian, just as they would have been to the 'civilised' w two hundred years ago. And immediately the word that comes to m is 'spirit'; 'good spirit' or 'evil spirit' depending upon whether it help harms us, whether it comforts or frightens us; but spirit.

And the concepts on your list come under this category. You can claim to understand them fully; otherwise they would not elude yo easily and so frequently. You know them, you see evidence of th you feel the presence of them, you experience them, you believ them, but you cannot fully understand them.

The causes of physical disease are part of the supernatural to African witchdoctor, not because he sees them basically any differe from the medical doctor, but because he does not understand ther tangible physical terms. So he talks of evil spirits, whilst the med doctor, who believes that he *does* understand them and can catego them in terms of known scientific discovery, talks of viruses. But t the psychiatrist reopens the question and finds himself much close

the witch doctor but he too believes he understands and can categorise in terms of the known and tangible: so he talks about nervous tension, anxiety, neurosis, feelings of inferiority. The witch doctor goes on talking about evil spirits.

Basically they all agree. But they have different languages, and different levels of practical knowledge. Behind disease there are viruses, there are mental aberrations, and there are evil spirits. Because there are physical factors which we understand, mental factors which we understand, and other factors which we do not understand and therefore call 'spiritual'.

We are best off if we take all three sets of factors into consideration. But if we are going to settle for one, it is highly questionable which is the best choice.

Practical knowledge, which is essential to the first two, is a test. It is too easy to use knowledge in one direction to obscure the presence of ignorance in another. Because the medical doctor is so knowledgeable about the human body, he is tempted to relegate to a position of unimportance the fact that he is ignorant about the human spirit. He puts all his attention on the viruses and discounts the evil spirits. A dangerous imbalance. And it is this kind of stress on areas of knowledge and dismissal of areas of ignorance, that leads to the rift between atheist and theist. The atheist tends to forget the significance of his areas of ignorance. They are vast areas, and in them he finds the presence of spirits, both good and evil.

Your list of spirits reflects your areas of ignorance, which is why the word 'spirit' is so applicable. It means cosmic force or cosmic energy, themselves suitably nebulous terms, and by using it in relation to a particular concept we acknowledge our limited understanding of that concept.

If, for example, you had a full understanding of the concept of harmony - a *full* understanding without a single pocket of ignorance - you could create it for yourself and for others, in any situation, at will. Can you?

• • •

So, you have spirits, a whole list of them, which you admire, respect, aim for, long for, hope for, strive for, desire the presence of, promote, foster and advocate.

These, for you, are 'good' spirits.

But the cosmos, like nature, abhors a vacuum. A spirit is a presence. When it becomes an absence, its equal and opposite becomes the reigning presence.

Each spirit is a two sided coin. Each good spirit has its equal and opposite evil spirit. If there is a spirit of harmony, there is equally a spirit of disharmony or conflict. Love, hatred. Revolution, stagnation. Truth, lies. Each one has its other side.

You want the presence of the good spirit. You welcome it. Whilst at the same time you try to ward off the evil spirit, to avoid it, to banish it whenever it appears. You strive after the spirit of X, and when it manifests around you, you are pleased, stimulated, satisfied, reassured, or in some other way positively affected. But you try to protect yourself against the spirit of anti-X, and when that manifests, you are unhappy, afraid, hurt, frustrated, in despair, or in some other way negatively affected.

Even these effects themselves are spirit presences: the spirits of pleasure, stimulation, satisfaction and reassurance, on the 'good' side: and the spirits of unhappiness, fear, hurt, frustration and despair, on the 'evil' side.

Now add together all your good spirits into one overall concept. Make them into one collective spirit of goodness in your terms, of rightness and desirability by your standards.

Do you have a name for that collective spirit?

Try calling it 'your God'. A simple word, easy to pronounce, and for all your atheism, you must admit, evocative.

So let God be the name of the sum of all the spirits which you . . . which you what? What is your attitude to that collective concept? Well, you may not like the words, but if you look at your relationship with what now we are calling your God, can you find a better description than 'service' and 'worship'?

You promote, foster, try to invoke, advocate, and continually speak in favour of all the spirits which constitute your collective spirit of goodness. A simpler way of expressing that is to say that you 'serve your God'.

Also you express delight, appreciation, gratitude, satisfaction, praise, admiration, and enthusiasm in the presence of all the spirits which constitute your collective spirit of goodness. A simpler way of expressing that is to say that you 'worship your God'.

You see, I am not saying that since you are really not an atheist at all but a theist, you *should* both serve and worship your God. I am saying that without recognising it or acknowledging it even to yourself, you already *are* serving and worshipping your God. You may not use the words, but like everyone else you perform the actions.

And if you call the sum of all the opposites of your good spirits, the sum of all your evil spirits, the presences which emerge when your good spirits are absent, the spirits you ward off, avoid, combat and try to drive away, if you call your collective spirit of evil, 'your Devil', then you can say that whilst serving and worshipping your God, you renounce and abhor your Devil.

• • •

You are an atheist. And yet you can use the theist's language, with meaning and reality, to describe your basic attitudes to life. And if you do, you must discover that basically you are no different from him. His good spirits and evil spirits may in several instances differ from yours, but that does not make the difference between theism and atheism.

Are you surprised? Or are you sceptical?

But an Englishman can use Chinese to describe with complete accuracy his environment and way of life. If he has no understanding of the language, he may see the words as so alien to him that they could not possibly describe his world. Therefore he sees the Chinaman, who uses those words to describe *his* world, as an alien species inhabiting an alien environment. But when he understands the language, he discovers that the words *can* be applied with meaning and reality to his own world. And although there are differences, they are superficial not basic.

We even give credence to the theory that when two people 'don't talk the same language' - in figurative terms - then that is a fundamental and insurmountable barrier between them. It's not: it's superficial and very surmountable.

So it is with the theist and the atheist. They speak different languages. They use different words and phrases to describe the same ideas and concepts. Their points of difference are superficial. It is their common realities which are basic.



But let us go further. If all you ever did was to serve and worship your God and renounce and abhor your Devil, you would have few problems. Life for you would be a steady flow of right and good, and a total exclusion and banishment of all wrong and evil.

But it's not like that at all. Your life, like every other human being's, contains conflict and dissatisfaction, of various kinds and various intensities.

There are times when you feel yourself actually wanting something which normally you abhor. Normally, let us suppose, you desire harmony. Harmony is one of your good spirits. But suddenly you find yourself desiring conflict, the very opposite of harmony, and quite deliberately causing it. You may regret it afterwards, you may not like it even while you are doing it, but an urge drives you towards it. Quite consciously and intentionally you 'invoke' the spirit of conflict and disharmony.

It's not hard to do. Invoking evil spirits does not require rituals and symbols and incantations. They are all too available and all too easily summoned. There is plenty of sustenance, plenty of scope for them amongst human beings. Anything which in our terms is negative, constitutes for us an evil spirit. And we only have to accuse one another, blame one another a little, shift responsibility, make unreal demands upon ourselves and one another, justify our failures, or lie a little to ourselves, and abracadabra, without even a puff of smoke, evil is amongst us; the spirits of hatred, discord, resentment, misunderstanding, anger, fear, defensiveness, vengeance, self-pity, misery and rejection are swarming around us, getting into our heads, affecting our attitudes and emotions, and controlling our actions.

Why we do it is not a question to be answered here. This is no more than a little symphony in semantics; not a grand opera in philosophy. It is the fact that, whoever we are, theists or atheists, we do it, that matters.

And in so doing we quite consciously and quite deliberately serve our Devil. We succumb to his temptations, and thereby we betray our God.

That is not hard to see or even to admit. But far more frequent than these open rejections of God and invitations to the Devil, are the unconscious and apparently unintentional 'sins' which we commit. (What else would you call them?)

Even when consciously we have no desire to invoke any evil spirits, they manifest around us. We blame their presence on others, we disown them, we sometimes pretend they are really not there at all. But that doesn't send them away.

Despite our outward protests that all we want are good spirits, we are continually beset by evil spirits. They refuse to leave us alone.

And believe me, *we* invoke them; not consciously, unconsciously, but no less deliberately. Evil belongs where it manifests.

It seems unfair. We seek one thing and so often find its opposite. Evil spirits are never far away, and they manifest constantly for us, in spite of all our apparent efforts to keep them away.



But we bring them out ourselves, *we* make them manifest; which is v we are so susceptible to them. They have power over us. They make us things which we regret doing because by doing them we invoke more spirits and thereby make the situation worse. They make us feel th we do not wish to feel and say things we do not wish to say. T themselves, when they manifest for us, already reflect our service of Devil, and our susceptibility to their effects is further service.

Unconsciously we invoke an evil spirit. For example, we create happiness. That is service of our Devil. As a consequence we char another evil spirit. For example, we blame someone else for the happiness we have created. That is further service of our Devil. worship of our Devil is apparent in those moments of satisfaction, wh again we may afterwards regret, those moments of triumph, when have invoked an evil spirit at someone else's expense, like when we h made someone else miserable or angry, and when we have effectiv channelled an evil spirit to someone else's detriment, like when we h blamed someone and thereby given him a sense of failure. The regre inevitable, because by the Universal Law - as we give,so shall we recei the negative effects must come back to us.

So in different ways and on different levels of consciousness, we wors and serve both our God and our Devil, our God and our AntiGod much better term because it puts them on an equal footing, wh they are.

To be true opposites, good and evil must balance one another. Th conflict must be diametric. God and AntiGod must have equal po and status. So we can validly regard them both as Gods, but Gods o different kind. And we can validly say that we serve and worship b of them, one mainly with our conscious intentions, and the other mai with our unconscious intentions.

Have I described anything which does not happen, in some form another, to you; anything with which you cannot identify?

If you smiled and thought to yourself: 'Yes. Because I am a nihili examine that more closely for a moment. For one thing, are you sure true? Are you sure you would not just *like* to be a nihilist? Nothing harm or even hurt the true nihilist, which makes it an attractive state. I can nothing harm or hurt you? Have you really no deep yearn preference for one thing rather than another? Do you really not care? all states and situations really of equal desirability to you? Have you vulnerabilities whatever? Are you truly untouchable?

If the answer is 'No', then there are good and evil spirits in your life, a therefore a God and a Devil. And if you are one of the rare species w can truthfully answer 'Yes', then you still have a list of good spirits, w nihilism itself at the top of it. So you have a God, and his opposite is s your Devil. (Either that or you *are* God, and therefore have no busin reading this anyway.)

If there is a difference between your experience and what I have d cribed, it is only a difference of language. Whatever you choose to c them, Gods, spirits, service and worship, are an integral part of yo existence. If you call yourself an atheist, it is only the words and t phrases which you are unwilling to own. The concepts which the wor describe cannot fail to be real to you.

So at last we can dispense with the conflict, the apparent disagreeme the seeming irreconcilability of atheist and theist. We can, but whetl or not we will, is up to us.

The language of the theist is a good language, if it is properly und stood - which includes by him! It is clear and simple. Its terms are eas to understand than the intellectual complexities of the atheist. And labels, if properly applied, are meaningful and useful as a means communication.

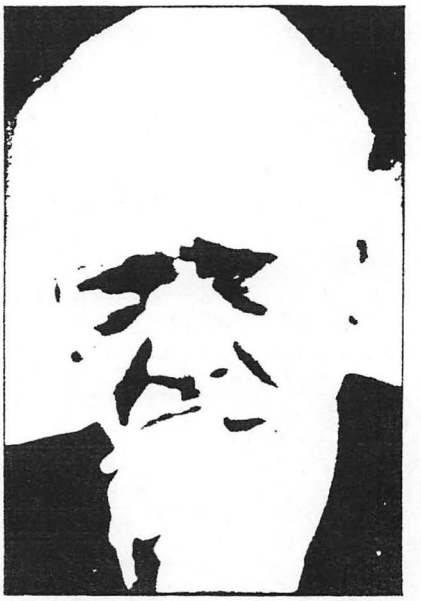
There are many Gods and innumerable spirits. Our patterns of servi and worship are complex and diverse, and often paradoxical.

The secret of clarity and understanding, which can bring peace of mi and a deep and real satisfaction to theist and atheist alike, is first of all recognise them; the Gods, the spirits and the patterns of service a worship; to see them clearly and unmistakeably reflected and manifest in ourselves and one another, and then to discover the basic simplicit behind and beyond the swirling miasma of complexities ✠

"Whatever thou lovest, man, that too, become thou must. GOD, if tho lovest GOD: dust, if thou lovest dust." Johann Scheffl





In his testimony to the Los Angeles Court, Charles Manson had this to say about his relationship with society: —

" I have done my best to get along in your world and now you want to kill me. I say to myself, 'Ha, I'm already dead, have been all my life.' I may have implied that I may have been Jesus Christ, but I haven't decided yet what I am or who I am. But what you want is a fiend because that is what you are. You only reflect on me what you are inside of yourselves, because I don't care anything about any of you."

" I don't care what you do with me. I have always been in your cell. When you were out riding your bicycle, I was sitting in your cell looking out the window and looking at pictures in magazines and wishing I could go to high school and go to the prom. My peace is in the desert or in the jail cell, and had I not seen the sunshine in the desert, I would be satisfied with the jail cell much more over your society."

Later, in the jail cell Charles Manson, in an article specially written for The Process, developed these thoughts and gives his reality on Death:

PSEUDOPROFUNDITY IN DEATH in one's eye, so insignificant as I. To fall off into endless dream, becoming the dream of total self. Death goes to where life comes from. Total awareness, closing the circle, bringing the soul to now. Ceasing to be, to become a world within yourself. Locked in your own totalness. Oh, fear my GOD, giving all to life as life falls into no thought pattern. Becoming the sun, moon and my mountains have breath, my oceans have feeling, my eyes cry rivers and blinking stars reflecting other suns, other worlds at peace in my calm night, becoming the wind and knowing all in my world is death.

He who lives and thinks only thinks he lives. Can a bird fly in fear of height? Youth march on tombstones of old thought calling to the teacher's grave in the name of living. Call to evil and sin by the preacher, father, priest, mother church. Calling off into madness. Working off and acting out mother and father lie game of "honour thy parents". Looking to the old.

Death is peace from this world's madness and paradise in my own self. Death as I lay in my grave of constant vibration, endless now.

Prison has always been my tomb. I love myself as I love my death, as being alone with self the words I send you bore me and bring me from my death only to play in your illusion and bring down the Christian thought placing new value on life being death and death being life. Your world is not your world as you may think.

I owe it nothing. It owes me all, for this is what I gave and this is what I receive. For I am dead to your thinking. Dead to time, dead to death, seeing no death. The way out of my cell is not through the door. I have hidden from your opinions and lived in your prison hell with death looking at me through the eyes of the dying. Life is death, death is life. Meanings are yours to place.

Now is and will be as it has always been, indestructible, indescribable. In your heart is a part of my life's heart in death. Die.

Why ask about something that moves within your soul? Casting off fear is only to become one with self-death. Total negative becomes total positive and then you see that all your life you have lived with fear of death "✠

Mr. Muggeridge, what do you feel about death?"
"I feel it's wonderful. I look forward to it."

"What are your views on life after death?"
"I'm convinced that there is a life after death but I'm equally convinc that it's not possible to form any view of it in this life. I feel t Christ's death and resurrection is the key to all wisdom. I feel that this, Christ has made a totally unique contribution to all of us."

In another interview (with Mr. Roy Trevivian) Malcolm Muggeric expands: —

"Death is essentially the reason for religion. We could probably r along if it wasn't for death, but we can't because of the fact of dea First of all my own feeling about it is this — that it is impossible know. There are certain things that we can never know, and the exa circumstance of dying, and what happens afterwards, are among the Secondly, I have an absolute conviction, without any qualificati whatsoever, that this life that we live in time and space for threescc years and ten is not the whole story; that it is only part of a larg story. Therefore, death cannot be for others, or for one's self, an en any more than birth is a beginning. Death is part of a larger patter it fits into a larger, eternal scale, not simply a time scale. This is som thing I know. Whether the ego, or what we call the personality remains intact, or remains at all, whether the separate individu ity as we know it remains, are questions to which I don't know t answers. No one knows and no one will ever know. I think of my ov death as something which will transform my way of living into anoth mode of living rather than as an end; and one thinks of others who one has loved and who have died as equally participating in that oth existence, in that larger dimension. To me this is completely satisfyin I don't want to know any more than this. I'm perfectly content with I can honestly say that I have never been afraid of death, and I am le afraid of it now than ever. I just look forward to it as something th will happen. I should like to be spared, obviously, from mental collaps because I should hate to be that kind of burden on people, but even s I am perfectly certain that if one were so afflicted, it would someho be part of this larger plan, and as such must be acceptable. I thin the most important sentence in the whole Christian religion, devotionall speaking, is 'Thy will be done'. This is the essential sentence to be ab to say especially in relation to death."

Malcolm Muggeridge quotes this prayer of St. Francis of Assis as one of his favourites: —

"Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace. Where there is hatrec let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doub faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is sadness, joy; whe there is darkness, light.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled, to console; not so much to be understood, as to understand; not s much to be loved, as to love. For it is in giving that we receive, it is pardoning that we are pardoned; it is in dying that we are born again t eternal life "✠

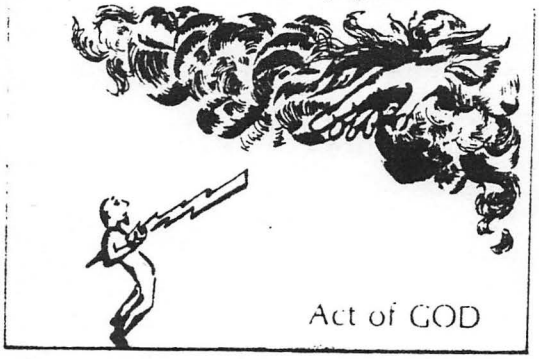
- ABORTION
ACID BATH
ACT OF GOD
AIR CRASH
ALCOHOLISM
AMBUSH
ASSASSINATION
ATROPHY
AVALANCHE
AXED
BEHEADING
BENDS
BEWITCHED
BLASTED
BLOWS TO HEAD
BOILING LIQUIDS/OIL
BOMB
BOREDOM
BOXING
BROKEN HEART
BUBONIC PLAGUE
BUREAUCRACY
CANNIBALISM
BURNING
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
CAR ACCIDENT
CAUSES UNKNOWN
CHILDBIRTH
CIVILIZATION
CLUBBING
CONSTRICTION
COUP DE GRACE
CRUCIFIXION
CRUSHING
DEATH WISH
DEBAUCHERY
DECAPITATION
DEFENESTRATION
DISAPPEARING
DISEASE
DISEMBOWELLING
DRAWN AND QUARTERED
DROWNING
EARTHQUAKE
EATEN ALIVE BY
ELECTRIC CHAIR
EMBARRASSMENT
EUTHENASIA
EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY
EXPLOSION
EXPOSURE
FALLING FROM A HEIGHT
FIRE
FIRING SQUAD
FLOGGING TO DEATH
FOOD POISONING
FOOLHARDINESS
FORGETFULNESS
FOUL PLAY
FRAMED
FREEZING TO DEATH
FRIGHT
FRUSTRATION
GAROTTING
GAS
GAS CHAMBER
GENOCIDE
GETTING IN THE WAY
GORED
GUILLOTINE
HANGING
HARI KIRI
HEART ATTACK
HEAT
HEXED
HICCOUGHING
HUMAN SACRIFICE
HUNGER
IMMOLATION
IMMURATION
IMPALING
IMPLODING
INNOCENT BYSTANDING
INVALIDATION
ISOLATION
IRON MAIDEN
JAYWALKING
JUGGERNAUT
JUMPING OFF CHINES

# The Dictionary of Dying

It is possibly significant that the human race, ever since its inception, while coming up with only one way of getting itself born, has invented a whole dictionary of ways of dy

Our recently set-up immortality service publishes the following list for your benefit. You can avoid each and every item on the list you should go a long way towards eternal l

ABORTION: Induced miscarriage. But not really killing, says Medical Science, since life does not begin until the fourth month after conception! Though a popular way of 'remaining dead', no famous people seem to have chosen abortion and so we must conclude that there is something against it.




ACT OF GOD: When you can't blame anyone else.

ALCOHOLISM: Internal drowning.

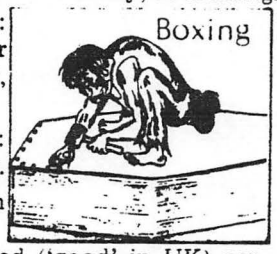
ASSASSINATION: Nowadays assassination needs to have a political motive for it to be assassination. You have to be — or rather, have to have been — 'somebody' for your murder to be upgraded to assassination. (This is a test of whether you have 'arrived' politically or not.)

ATROPHY: A prize for the most indolent.

AVALANCHE: A moving experience.

BEHEADING: Or, more accurately, de-heading.

BLOWN SKY-HIGH: See 'Bomb', 'Nuclear holocaust', 'Tornado', etc.




BLOWS TO HEAD: The original Caining.

BOILING OIL: Its own extreme unction?

BOMB: Thoroughly bad ('good' in UK) performance. Take your pick.

BROKEN HEART: Emotional coronary.

BUBONIC PLAGUE: Rat poison.

BURNING: In which an overwhelming affinity with oxygen is discovered.

CANNIBALISM (Or, you eat what you are): The answer to the combined problems of the 'population explosion' and 'food shortage'? Unfortunately the word itself leaves a bad taste in the mouth and so cannibalism nowadays seems reserved for incautious missionaries trying to get inside the heads of black heathen savages and ending up inside their bellies instead.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: The notion that [illegible] really can make a right

CAR ACCIDENT: Sick transit . . . The [illegible] is a machine for getting quickly from o accident to another (or not as the case may be!). One of technology's greatest gifts for "auto-regulation of population." Whether to make cars more safe or less safe is a knotty problem for the automobile industry, since more accidents means an accelerated rate of obsolescence for cars (favourable) but a corresponding decrease number of people in the market for (unfavourable). (See: 'Not looking where g 'Getting in the way', 'Ritual killing' 'Human Sacrifice'.)




CIVILISATION: See 'Suffocation'.

CONSTRICTION: Animal crackers.




DEATH WISH: that always comes in the end.

DECAPITATI Heads you lose

DEFENESTRAT Voluntary (suic jump), deluded acid swim to the m . . . and involu (e.g. the famous d estration at P when the 'outg cabinet, so to speak, victims of a putsch, a speedy exit from office via a high wi at the persuasion — and the gunpoint the incoming government.

DISEMBOWELLING: No guts.

DROWNING: Failure to extract suffi supplies of oxygen from water.

EATEN ALIVE: Feeding the animals.

EARTHQUAKE: All the earth's fault.

ELECTRIC CHAIR: Described as a pie period-furniture designed to bring a sen to an end.

EMBARRASSMENT: Better dead than

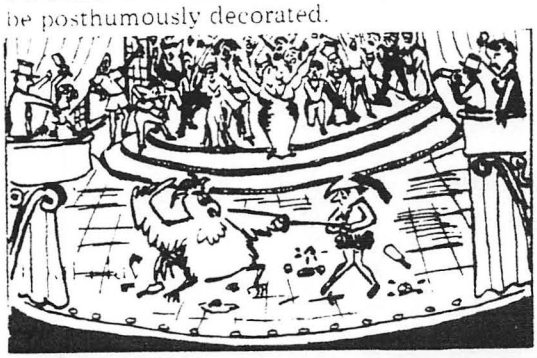
EUTHANASIA: A short in Grannie's k circuit.

EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY: Oops!

FALLING FROM A HEIGHT: Coming in the world.

FOOD POISONING: What we do to selves all the time. (NB! That tunafish wich probably has enough mercury in fill a small barometer.)

FOOLHARDINESS: That for which you may be posthumously decorated.



FOUL PLAY: That which an over-severe theatre critic might be victim of.

GAS CHAMBER: Selective air pollution.

HANGING: Animation suspended.

HOLOCAUST–NUCLEAR : Epitaph for a planet: "We always got our man".




HUMAN SACRIFICE: In which the sacrifist shows his true humility by picking a victim more worthy than himself.

IRON MAIDEN: Femme fatale.

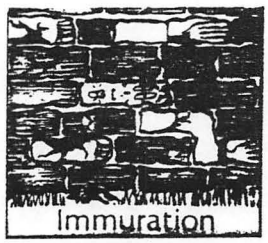
ISOLATION: Curtailing one's circulation.

JUMPING OFF THINGS: An experience of some gravity.

KISS OF DEATH: A (lip-) sticky end!

LIQUIDATION: A final solution!

LYNCHING: The colour hang-up.




MARTYRDOM: Exhibitionism with a cause.

NATURAL SELECTION: Who knows how the environment may change over the next years? And who knows but that Mother Nature might have left you underequipped or unable to cope in some way . . . neck not long enough, feet too flat, wits not sharp enough, conscience too sharp; who knows, even an overdeveloped taste for a now non-existent grass. Remember, if you're good to Mother Nature, she'll be good to you!

OLD AGE: . . . If you make it.




OVERKILL: More than enough death to go round.

POGROM: When a minority gets too much.

POLLUTION: A filthy trick.

PREMATURE BURIAL: There can be few more ironic ways of passing on. The doctor, to whom, presumably, you had entrusted your care, or at least your comfort, pronounces you dead while you are still alive. You are cremated (see 'Roasted Alive' — in which case no point reading on) . . . or buried. You can insure against premature burial. An agent will call at your home to check that you are still alive. And as further insurance you can arrange to have a telephone installed in your coffin. ("Hello Mary. John here . . . Sorry I'm late . . .")




PREMATURE CREMATION: See 'Roasted Alive'.

RAPE: In which 'a fate worse than death' is mercifully commuted.

RICOCHET: See 'Innocent Bystander'.




RITUAL KILLING: Nowadays the high altars have been moved out of the temples and onto the battlefields (see 'War') and the highways (see 'Car Accident'). Though not so religious any more — in the narrower sense of the word — ritual killings are nonetheless very religiously offered up.

RUBBED OUT: Erased.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE: Ingredients: one six-chamber pistol loaded with one bullet. Directions: spin the chamber, point to your temple and fire . . . and pinch yourself. If you feel something, you're still alive.

JAPANESE ROULETTE: Played with five bullets rather than one. A game for males in which virility is indubitably proved by the survivor and stupidity by all other players.

ITALIAN ROULETTE: A game played with one pistol and no bullets and in which something or other is proved by the survivors — or by the Italians.

SKY-DIVING: A premature return to earth, or slightly below.

SQUASHING: A rather self-defeating attempt to increase one's surface area.




STABBING: A pointed reminder of our transient nature.

STAMPEDE: The science of getting trampled to death by herds of cattle . . . or your fans.

STARFIGHTER: A way of getting into another plane, perfected by the Luftwaffe after prolonged experimentation.




STILLBORN: Anti-natal.

STONED: What a way to go, or, getting off on rocks.

SURFEIT: Full stop.

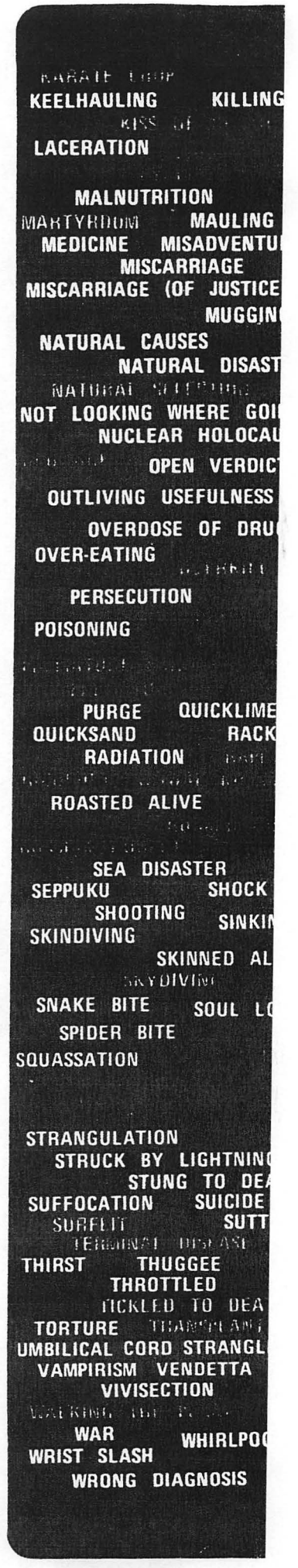
TERMINAL CASE: The end of the line.

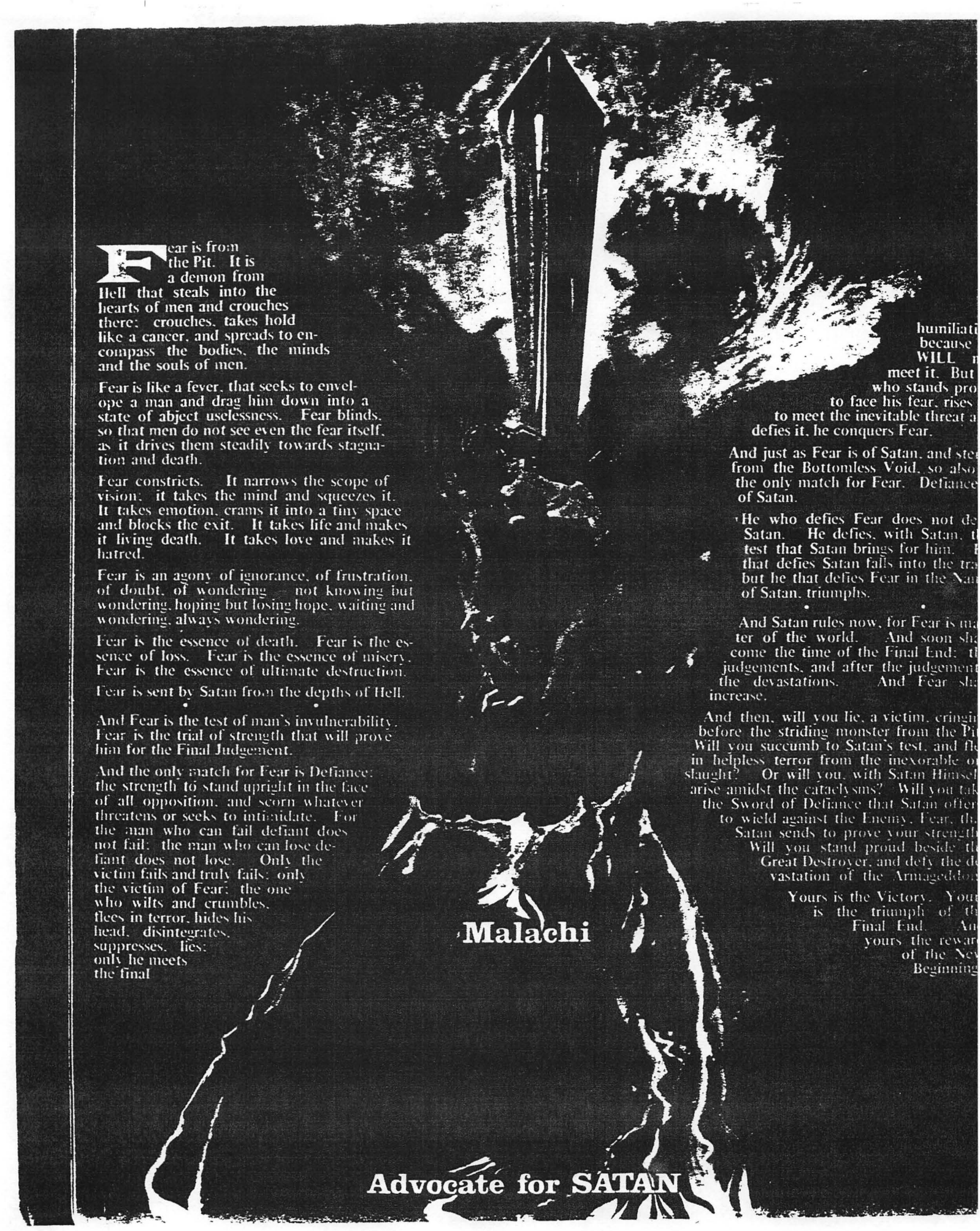
TICKLED TO DEATH: No laughing matter — or he who laughs last . . .??

TRANSPLANT: A bizarre combination of medicine and gardening.




WALKING THE PLANK: An act of becoming seafood, e.g. clam chowder





Fear is from the Pit. It is a demon from Hell that steals into the hearts of men and crouches there: crouches, takes hold like a cancer, and spreads to encompass the bodies, the minds and the souls of men.

Fear is like a fever, that seeks to envelope a man and drag him down into a state of abject uselessness. Fear blinds, so that men do not see even the fear itself, as it drives them steadily towards stagnation and death.

Fear constricts. It narrows the scope of vision: it takes the mind and squeezes it. It takes emotion, crams it into a tiny space and blocks the exit. It takes life and makes it living death. It takes love and makes it hatred.

Fear is an agony of ignorance, of frustration, of doubt, of wondering — not knowing but wondering, hoping but losing hope, waiting and wondering, always wondering.

Fear is the essence of death. Fear is the essence of loss. Fear is the essence of misery. Fear is the essence of ultimate destruction.

Fear is sent by Satan from the depths of Hell.

•

And Fear is the test of man's invulnerability. Fear is the trial of strength that will prove him for the Final Judgement.

And the only match for Fear is Defiance: the strength to stand upright in the face of all opposition, and scorn whatever threatens or seeks to intimidate. For the man who can fail defiant does not fail: the man who can lose defiant does not lose. Only the victim fails and truly fails: only the victim of Fear: the one who wilts and crumbles, flees in terror, hides his head, disintegrates, suppresses, lies: only he meets the final

humiliati
because
WILL
meet it. But
who stands pro
to face his fear, rises
to meet the inevitable threat a
defies it, he conquers Fear.

And just as Fear is of Satan, and ste
from the Bottomless Void, so also
the only match for Fear. Defiance
of Satan.

He who defies Fear does not de
Satan. He defies, with Satan, t
test that Satan brings for him.
that defies Satan falls into the tra
but he that defies Fear in the Na
of Satan, triumphs.

•

And Satan rules now, for Fear is ma
ter of the world. And soon sha
come the time of the Final End: th
judgements, and after the judgement
the devastations. And Fear sha
increase.

And then, will you lie, a victim, cringi
before the striding monster from the Pi
Will you succumb to Satan's test, and fle
in helpless terror from the inexorable o
slaught? Or will you, with Satan Himsel
arise amidst the cataclysms? Will you tak
the Sword of Defiance that Satan offer
to wield against the Enemy, Fear, th
Satan sends to prove your strength
Will you stand proud beside th
Great Destroyer, and defy the de
vastation of the Armageddon

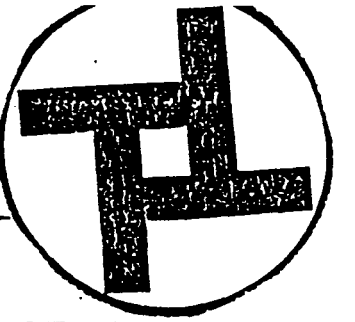
Yours is the Victory. You
is the triumph of th
Final End. An
yours the rewar
of the Nev
Beginning

Malachi

Advocate for SATAN

# THE PROCESS

## SELECTED EXCERPTS



Edited & Introduced by

STEPHEN SENNITT

INTRODUCTION:

The group which later became the Process was founded in 1962 as Compulsion Therapy by Robert Sylvester DeGrimston Moor and Mary Ann MacLean. The few initial members practised their own form of Psycho-therapy for a while until 1966 when the luxury residence at 2 Balfour Place in London's exclusive Mayfair section was aquired. Primarily into all kinds mind games and with a flair for anti-establishment propaganda here the Process (as it had come to be known) was formulated, pitting itself against the "grey forces of moderation."

Later in the same year the Process left for an isolated spot in the Yucatan, Xtul. Here the suggestion by Mary Ann (now DeGrimstons wife) that they "become a religion" was taken seriously and by the time they left Mexico, after a series of apparently revelatory experiences, the theological foundations of the group had been worked out.

In 1967 PROCESS magazine was initiated and the premises at Balfour Place opened to the public. Membership grew steadily and the DeGrimston's and other core members travelled to the far reaches of Turkey and the East, prosyletising and gaining further spiritual experience. In July - August, 1967 the PROCESS went to San Fransisco to the Haight-Ashbury scene where it is claimed by the journalist Maury Terry (THE ULTIMATE EVIL) they first came into contact with Charles Manson. By November 1969, this was an association that lead to the Process being driven underground, and in 1971, with the publication of Ed Sanders sensational and hyperbolic book, THE FAMILY, the group splintered into various factions and individuals left to pursue their own courses.

The Process Church of the Final Judgement has since become a legendar name, associated by various sources with the nastiest ends of magic, occultism and fanatical religeous belief. The following selections and excerpts reveal, I think, a far different organisation intent upon radical social - psychological change by the most shocking methods available.

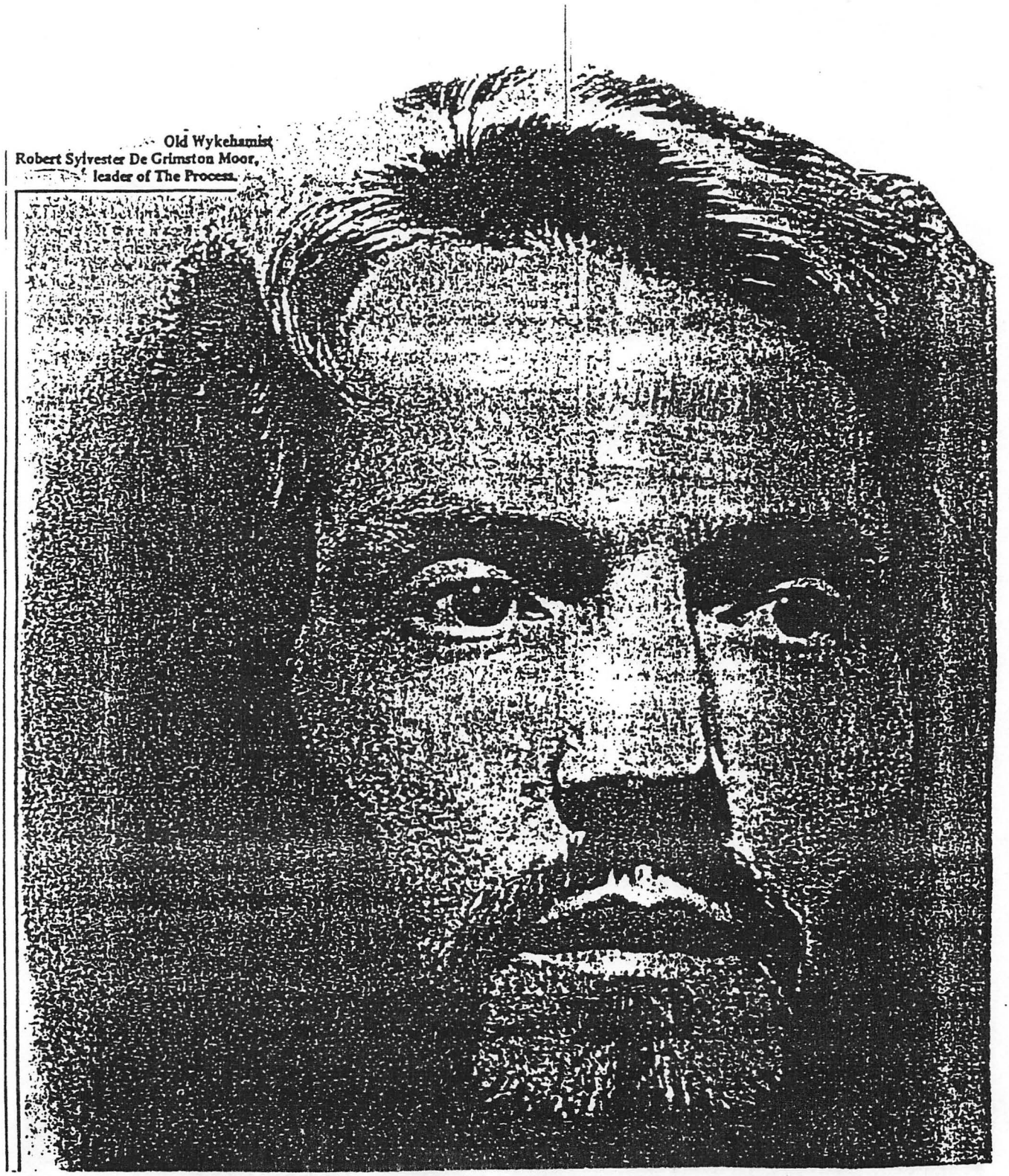
Perhaps, after all, the best job the Process did was to make people sit up take notice and begin to think about themselves.

This, in itself, is a new process for most people.

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Note: I am indebted to Mr. Lionel Snell for making much of this material available to me - my thanks and sincerest best wishes.

Readers may be interested to know I am working on a book about The Process. Readers with relevent information interested in discussing this subject are invited to write c/o the NOX address. All letters treated with enthusiasm and confidentiality.



Old Wykehamist
Robert Sylvester De Grimston Moor,
leader of The Process.

## SEX - HUMANITY SPLIT FOUR WAYS

The first path is that of the purist, who knows instinctively that sex is a degradation and a humiliation both of himself and of his partner, who finds in it nothing but the most transient of physical pleasures that in no way compensate for the shame and guilt that follow the experience. He knows that the sexual act is a defilement of his purity and a contradiction of his duty.

Then there is the path of the idealists, of those who feel that their fulfilment is to be found in partnership with another human being, and who strive to attain a state of grace and happiness in union with another; whose ideals are spiritual, and who try to use sex as a physical vehicle and expression of their deepest love and highest aspirations of communion.

The third path is for those who feel that in the physical act of sex and in the practice of every carnal pleasure, there lies the only true expression of their personality. These are they who strive to find in sex the opportunity to experience every facet of their being, who test themselves against it in every conceivable circumstance and with a multitude of partners, and who seek their true fulfilment in the physical sensations and excitements that for them only sex can provide.

There is a fourth attitude to sex, which leads nowhere and is not a path to a goal but an endless circuit of repression and frustration. It is the attitude of a person who has sex, but always in moderation: for whom it is more important to be respectable than to test himself in the fires of intensity: who might like to experiment a little more, and secretly envies the experiences of those more courageous than himself, but remains always within the bounds of the reasonable and the rational clinging always to safety, and avoiding any possibility of the social condemnation that is the experience of all who follow to extremity the urges that they feel within them. In this attitude there is no courage, no idealism, no purity and no true experience of self: only a tepid and insipid limbo where the watchwords are moderation and compromise, and the end-product is spiritual sterility and hidden self contempt.

Three paths and a quagmire - and everyone can choose.

## SEX, THE GODS AND THE GREY FORCES

Three paths and a quagmire. Who is strong enough to follow one of the paths? Who is fool enough to fall into the quagmire? The Grey Forces hold sway, but The Gods are returned to consult what seems for the End. The pendulum swings. Three paths and a quagmire. On the following pages an 'Advocate' puts the case for each.

Sex is death. It is the incumbent of the Devil. It is the focal point of man's rejection, the effort to propagate his species in the denial of God. It is the attempt to couple with another human in the exclusion of God. It is the defilement of purity. It is the great tempter, the big denier, the alluring road to happiness that leads down to the vortex of sick satiation and the gluttony of a spirit insensible to light. It is the symbol of the physical, the perverter of man. It is the illusion of folly, the yardstick of decadence. It is the tormentor of the soul and the magnet of desire. It is the blasphemy of the foolish, and the corruption of the weak. It is the destroyer of strength, the substitute of inadequacy.

The validation of God is Life, and the validation of man is Death. From God did man come, and in God is his Life. In himself and for himself man carries nought but Death. Thus sex for self and sex for another human - all of it is Death. And now, as the world goes to its final doom, Jehovah decrees "Expiate or Die" (Jehovah's Advocate, Christopher Fripp.)

You have sought for your God and found Him, not in the vast abstract universe, nor in the pain and suffering of expiation; not in silent isolated contemplation of the so-called good, nor in communion with obscure philosophers and mystics. No, you have found Him where He is, in the joining together of two beings, male and female, man and woman. You have cast aside the barriers of fear and guilt and shame, eliminated all hostility, resentment, jealousy and petty rivalry, merged one with the other in every aspect of your existence, and become one soul, exhilarated in its transcendence of all human wrong, one mind, swift and carefree in its perfect harmony, and one body, ecstatic in its exploration of strange and wonderful delights.

For your dream is no myth.

Attend Lord Lucifer!

Serve Him with unfailing loyalty and your path to Eden is assured. He alone holds the keys to paradise regained. He alone has the power to give you the perfect union you desire. He can give you the noble dignity of all-embracing love; not the human parody you see around you, the pale grey shame-faced shadows of inhibited compromise, but the true god-like unity of Eve and Adam as they were.

Give Lucifer your mind, your body and your soul, and He will make your dream reality. He will give beauty to your life; exaltation, endless pleasure, boundless joy, eternal warmth and happiness. He will take away the loneliness of isolation, lead you from your hiding place where you go mad with nothing but your own drab company. Follow Him and find truth in the fusion of yourself with another. Follow Him and stand proud

beside your counterpart whom He shall give you. Let Him wash away all pointless guilt, all worthless fear, all futile shame, rid you of all embarrassment and the crippling bonds of self-restraint. And let Him bind you to your love. And then stand fearless and unbowed, a welded unit of combined nobility. And Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, shall lead you to your paradise.

But choose. The time is short. Attend Lord Lucifer. (Lucifer's Advocate, Isabel Rennie.)

Come on a journey.

Night. A busy street: bright lights and hurrying people. Exotic music filled with a heavy sexual undertone drifts up from dim smoke-filled cellars, where dancers scarcely move but feel, with senses heightened by alcohol, the warmth of another.

You stand in a dark alley. A woman stands before you, her back to the wall. You hold your overcoat to cover you both, whilst within she expertly manipulates, her hands deft and cool, and her body warm and full of passionate response. You move together and feel not only pure physical delight, but also the thrill of the risk of being caught in the act. You can see people passing in the street not far away, as swiftly and in rythmical ecstacy you gamble. And win; no one has seen you.

Is that your pleasure? Or is it here? A club where you and others sit watching shadows on a screen; two people making love in strange positions, slowly at first with gentle weaving movements, then faster till the final moment comes. Or would you rather be in a dingy brothel? Men and women round you, naked and busy in their various ways. A woman with huge breasts, presses herself against you, smiles at you lecherously, strokes you. You smell the heavy odour of her body and respond. On the floor two other women wrestle in feigned antagonism, sweating, grunting heaving. You watch them.

Is that your fancy? Or maybe something else? Perhaps an older woman, grotesquely misshapen, with great hanging breasts, or a cripple, or perhaps a half-wit posturing before you and cavorting. Or would you rather lie supine whilst whores play upon you, their trained and expert bodies moving in a kind of ritual dance, contorting, swaying, posing, all for your pleasure? You watch, delirious, and feel their hands, thei legs, their thighs, their breasts, their lips upon you, and more as the perform delicious acts of sensual depravity upon your face and upon you body, till you are almost senseless with the pleasure of it.

Enough of that? A little flagellation now? First watching with others whilst a man, naked below the waist, kneels, and a woman tightly corsetted in black and wearing tall leather boots beats him with a bunc of thongs, bringing up red weals upon his buttocks. And you gaze in

fascination, utterly absorbed, and aching with anticipation awaiting your turn. And when it comes, you kneel. You hear the woman's heavy breathing, smell the sweat of her body as she moves preparing to strike you, and smell also the leather of her boots and of the thongs she holds. You wait for the delicious pain.

Or do you prefer a touch of necrophilia? Come then to a room all draped in black. Coffins line the walls. On marble slabs, like bodies in a morgue, lie several naked women, alive yet painted to seem dead. You stand beside a slab, reach out your hand and touch the pale body upon it. It's cold. It doesn't move. The eyes are closed, you feel the atmosphere of death as you stroke the woman and then lie upon her. Still she is motionless.

Or would you rather death itself? Come then. A cemetery. Still night, but this time no one but you and a woman of your choice, moving silently between the graves and tombs. No fear of discovery here, amongst the dark deserted resting places of the dead. You stand together near a clump of yew trees, feeling the sinister graveyard atmosphere and the excitement of anticipated desecration. No shielding overcoat here. Both of you throw off the needless coverings that for society's squeamish sake you wear in public, and stand exposed to the warm night and ghost-like air of sweet decay. Then you walk again between the gravestones, performing upon them acts of desecration, each whilst the other watches in delight. Then you climb upon the highest tombstone, the resting place of some rich pompous dignitary, and in the dark, over his venerable head, you stroke your woman's body, lie upon her, lie beneath her, wallow in a furious, passionate, sweating groaning copulation with every perverted contortion and strange variation. And the watching dead observe you and are silent.

Or is your place within a ruined church high on a hill, no glass in the tall slotted windows, but perfect for the celebration of the Black Mass? The priest in midnight garb, the congregation, men and women unclothed except for the blood red masks upon their faces, stand silent waiting for the presence of their Lord and Master, Satan. A naked girl, fair haired and in the very prime of youth, lies like a human sacrifice upon the altar, snow white against the black velvet of the altar cloth. Nothing stirs, no sound but the sighing wind.

A blinding flash of lightning. A peal of thunder seems to burst within the very walls. No one moves, for no one dares to move. Satan, your God is among you, black and lowering, reeking of evil and the pit. You stand transfixed before Him, knowing you've only just begun to taste divine degradation that He offers for your pleasure.

So there, my friend, is a fleeting glimpse of Satan's promise to those that follow Him. Take your choice, indulge, explore the limits. Leave

nothing out and use every means of sharpening the senses. Alcohol to set the blood coursing in your veins, narcotics to heighten your feelings to a peak of sensitivity, so that the very lowest depths of physical sensation can be plumbed and wallowed in. The farthest reaches of the body's strange delights must not be passed over. Sink down in the decadence of excessive self-indulgence. Let no so-called sin, perversion or depravity escape your searching senses; partake of all of them to overflowing.

What else is there? What other satisfaction? For always death must come and end the sensual game, and take away the dark forbidden pleasures of the flesh that are the mark of life and the only true means of living. But let him not come before you have lived your life to the full, seen everything, done everything, and felt everything the body is capable of feeling.

There is nothing else now, with the end of man so near. "There is no dialectic but death, and the spider weaves over tomorrow." (Satan's Advocate, Mendez Castle.)

Three paths and a quagmire. Where do you belong? Are you Jehovah's man, taking the stringent road of purity and rejoicing in the harsh strength of self-denial? Do you follow Lucifer, pursuing the ideal of perfect human love in a blissful atmosphere of sweet self-indulgence? Is Satan your master, leading you into dark paths of lust and licentiousness and and all the intricate pleasures of the flesh? Or do you take the road to nowhere, half in half out, half up half down, your instincts and ideals buried in a deep morasse of hypocritical compromise and respectable mediocrity? Three paths and a quagmire. And time is running out.

Avoid the difficult choice between GOD and the DEVIL Settle for neither and join the CHURCH of ENGLAND which is sponsored exclusively by the Grey Forces.

Partake in a miracle. Every Sunday without fail miracles are taking place in churches all over England. Yes, miracles: thousands and thousands of people who live lives that are conspicuous for their greyness, self-indulgence, purposelessness, compromise and petty resentments, who spend most of their week blaming, justifying and taking the easy way out, are managing to convince themselves on Sunday that they are following in the footsteps of Jesus Christ.

We ourselves have no idea how this is done. It remains one of the eternal mysteries. Praise be to GOD.

In the C of E we provide a concept of God to suit all Tastes. We pride ourselves in being able to accommodate even the most confirmed atheist.

Humanists are no problem whatever. Glory be to MAN.

We give full licence to every possible distortion of the truth. All sins are fully condoned long before they are committed. Not even a confession is required for total absolution. Amen.

Our most recent publicity has come from a London magazine which shall be nameless (we are very selective about whom we publicise). They suggested we reply in one of their columns, and to oblige we sent the following epistle

Dear sir.

Thankyou for your generous four-page spread on us in your last issue. The two articles were as clear, lucid, comprehensible, intelligent, devoid of contradiction and confusion and as close to the truth as the bent minds of the two female weirdies you hired to write them.

Let's sum up our position for you.

The Process combines the worst aspects of both Nazi Germany and Communist China. Our methods bear a striking resemblance to the techniques of brainwashing and we incorporate all the components of an authoritarian regime. In fact, we are the most authoritative authoritarian, Nazi, Communist, brainwashing organisation in the business.

Members of The Process are both anarchist and fascist, dangerous megalomaniacs and brainwashed zombies (on alternative days?).

We are rabidly ant-intellectual and punish all deviators with ostracism, ridicule - particularly ridicule, nothing more ridiculous than someone deviating from The Process - and expulsion - of course, what else would we do with such trash? We can never make up our minds whether we are desperately keen to lure everyone into The Process or primarily concerned with keeping everyone out.

The Process is wholeheartedly anti-Semitic, hence all the swastikas (ignore the hammers and sickles), excluding of course all our Jewish members, of which our Fuehrer is one. Jehovah gets faintly bothered about this from time to time, but not to worry.

As a result of all this The Process makes countless enemies, draws persecution condemnation and legal action against itself from every side, and sustains frequent attacks by the press in many parts of the world, which of course makes it the safest, securest, cushiest niche in town, just the thing for people too scared to be part of the establishment.

One thing surprises us. Your two sleasy would-be exposers managed to invent so much other rubbish about us, but no sex? No orgies? No perversions? Not one sex maniac amongst the lot of us? Or would this make us too acceptable to your readers?

Yours sympathetically. The Secretary. THE PROCESS.

FEAR

Fear is at the root of man's destruction of himself. Without Fear there is no blame. Without blame there is no conflict. Without conflict there is no destruction.

But there IS Fear; deep within the core of every human being it lurks like a monster; dark and intangible. Its outward effects are unmistakable. Its source is hidden.

It can be seen on one level in furtive embarrassment, argumentative protest, social veneer and miserable isolation. It can be seen on another level in the mammoth build up of war machines in every corner of the world. It can be seen in the fantasy world of escapism known as entertainment. It can be seen in riot-torn streets and campuses. It can be seen in the squalor of ghettos and the pretentious elegance of 'civilised' society. It can be seen in the desperate rat race of commerce and industry, the sensational slanderings of the press, the constant back-biting of the political arena, and the lost world of the helpless junkie who has passed beyond the point of no return.

The tight-lipped suppression of the rigid moralist reflects it, as does the violent protest of the anarchist. But more starkly and tragically than anywhere else, it manifests in the pale grey shadow of the ordinary person, whose fear clamps down on all his instincts and traps him in the narrow confines of the socially accepted norm. Afraid either to step down into the darkness of his lower self or to rise up into the light of his higher self, he hangs suspended in between, stultified into an alien pattern of nothingness.

But to a greater or lesser degree, and manifesting one way or another, all human beings are afraid. And some of us are so afraid that we dare not even know our fear. For Fear itself is a terrifying concept to behold.

We may confess to being afraid of violence and pain, and even ghosts; and with such obvious terrors, pigeon-hole our fear to our own satisfaction. But fear of people, fear of ourselves, fear of failure, fear of loss, fear of our closest friends, fear of isolation, fear of contact, fear of loneliness, fear of involvement, fear of rejection, fear of commitment, fear of sickness, fear of deprivation, fear of intensity, fear of inadequacy, fear of emotion, fear of GOD, fear of knowledge, fear of responsibility, fear of sin, fear of virtue, fear of guilt, fear of punishment, fear of damnation, fear of the consequences of our actions, and fear of our own fear? How many of us recognise the presence in ourselves of these?

And if some of us recognise some of them, are we prepared to see the full extent of them? Do we know just how afraid we are? And do we know

the effect that our fear has on our lives? Do we know how completely we are governed by our fear?

And do we know that the world is governed by the sum total of every human being's fear, and ours is not excluded?

Do we know the extent to which we are at odds with one another - despite some promising apparencies - simply through our fear of one another? Do we know the extent to which we are at war with one another - on every level from personal to world wide - because we are afraid?

And do we know that wars and rumours of wars mount up in an ascending spiral of violence and potential violence, as the fear in the hearts of men intensifies? Do we know that strife of every kind increases hatred, resentment, jealousy and prejudice increase, and that all these stem from one thing only: Fear?

And do we know that one thing only ensures the escalation of the spiral of violence and destruction; our own unwillingness to recognise the full extent of our fear and its effects - our fear of Fear?

For each and every one of us, as long as he is afraid, and unwilling to see with full clarity his fear for what it is, contributes to the crippling conflict that has become the hallmark of this world of ours. And as long as there IS fear, together with unwillingness to see it clearly and completely, as long as human beings are afraid and also fail to recognise the fact in their need to isolate themselves, in their outbursts of anger and irritation, in their embarrassment, in their sense of failure, in their feelings of resentment and frustration, in their desire for revenge, in their guilt, in their confusion, in their uncertainty, in their disappointment, in their anxiety about the future and their wish to forget the past, in their need to blame others and justify themselves, in their sense of helplessness and despair, in their revulsion and disgust, in their need to be vicious and spiteful, in their lack of confidence, in their tendency to boast and protest their superiority, in their failure to respond, in their sense of inadequacy, in their feelings of envy, in their futility, in their misery and in their scorn; as long as human beings fail to see THEIR fear reflected in these and a hundred other manifestations of Fear, then they will fail to see their part in the relentless tide of hatred and violence, destruction and devastation, that sweeps the earth. And the tide will not ebb until all is destroyed.

## THE THREE GREAT GODS OF THE UNIVERSE

Consciously or unconsciously, apathetically, half-heartedly, enthusiastically or fanatically, under countless other names than those by which we know them, and under innumerable disguises and descriptions,

men have followed the three Great Gods of the Universe ever since the creation. Each one according to his nature.

For three Gods represents three basic human patterns of reality. Within the framework of each pattern there are countless variations and permutations, widely varying grades of suppression and intensity. Yet each one represents a fundamental problem, a deeprooted driving force, pressure of instincts and desires, terrors and revulsions.

All three of them exist to some extent in everyone of us. But each of us leans more heavily towards one of them, whilst the pressures of the other two provide the presence of conflict and uncertainty.

JEHOVAH, the wrathful God of vengeance and retribution, demands discipline, courage and ruthlessness, and a single-minded dedication to duty, purity and self-denial. All of us feel those demands to some degree, some more strongly and more frequently than others.

LUCIFER, the Light Bearer, urges us to enjoy life to the full, to value success in human terms, to be gentle and kind and loving, and to live in peace and harmony with one another. Man's apparent inability to value success without descending into greed, jealousy and an exaggerate sense of his own importance, has brought the God Lucifer into disrepute He has become mistakenly identified with Satan.

SATAN, the reciever of transcendent souls and corrupted bodies, instills in us two directly opposite qualities; at one end an urge to rise above all human and physical needs and appetites, to become all soul and no body, all spirit and no mind, and at the other end a desire to sink BENEATH all human values, all standards of morality, all ethics all human codes of behaviour, and to wallow in a morass of violence, lunacy and excessive physical indulgence. But it is the lower end of Satan's nature that men fear, which is why Satan, by whatever name, is seen as the Adversary.

WHERE DO <u>YOU</u> BELONG?

Do you follow JEHOVAH; accepting your fear, but pressing onwards with faith and courage to rise above the sense of failure and dissatisfacti that surrounds you?

Or do you answer to LUCIFER; separating yourself from the ways of th world, using your love of life and beauty, together with an undying optimism, to make you fearless in the face of all that could threaten you?

Or is SATAN your master; calling upon you to defy your fear, to plun in where you are most afraid and discover that after all you are invulnerable?

Or do you feel trapped in the Way of the Grey; compelled by force of

circumstance to hide your fear? Do you feel so inhibited by the world around you that you dare not even acknowledge your fear?

Think again. Each one of us has a choice. Which is more worthwhile; being yourself as you really are, or the preservation of a joyless image?

Christ the Emissary is there to guide you.

There is no way out, but there IS a way through. There is no escape, but there IS fulfillment.

Knowing is the way. And knowing is not analysing or speculating or rationalising.

Knowing is feeling, experience, seeing clearly, understanding, absorbing, expressing and going through.

Knowing is living what you know; being what you are; thinking and feeling what you are afraid of allowing yourself to think and feel; saying and doing what you are afraid to say and do, but what you know must be said and done.

Then you can begin to know yourself; who and what you are, your inclinations and your revulsions, your capabilities and your limitations, your strength and your weakness, your responsibilities, and your effects on others. And you can begin to know the consequences of being what you are, so that you can cease to be afraid of them.

And Christ, the Emissary, is there to guide you. HE IS the way through. He is freedom from conflict and release from Fear.

CHRIST

Christ did not condemn criminals or drop-outs or degenerates. He condemned none of society's rejects. It was the hypocrites whom He attacked; those who put forward an image of righteous respectability behind which they hid their cowardice and apathy. IT WAS NOT VICE THAT OFFENDED CHRIST; IT WAS THE PRETENCE OF VIRTUE.

The image of righteous respectability behind which our present day hypocrites hide their particular kind of cowardice and apathy derives its status from its connection with the very being who condemned hypocrisy.

Just as once it was practised in the Name of GOD, Phariseeism is now practiced in the Name of Christ. Hypocrisy thrives in the protective shadow of the Cross upon which it crucified its enemy. For Christ is now the banner of the forces of the anti-Christ, which is a far worse crucifixion than any they could perpetrate upon His physical body.

But though the Pharisees held the Name of GOD before them as their shield, GOD, without compunction, condemned them through the lips of Christ. And though the modern Pharisees, pale grey servants of the lie

of mediocrity and compromise, hold before them the symbol of Christ to validate their facade of 'virtuosity', this will not prevent Christ from condemning THEM, who crucify HIM daily with their hypocrisy.

For Christ is the scourge of all pretence, and a world in which men profess to love one another whilst they set in motion every kind of social, political and religious manoeuvre that is calculated to cause strife and suffering, is a world riddled with pretence.

And Christ is an outsider. Christ will always be an outsider. If HE is not, either the world is the Seat of Paradise instead of the lower regions of Hell, or Christ has been destroyed and merged with the futile fog of human existence. Neither is the case; Christ is an outsider still. He is a rebel, a non-conformer, a protestor, a disturber of the peace, a thorn in the flesh of the self-righteous and self-satisfied, a despiser of the accepted 'norm', a wanderer of the wastes, an outcast, destroyer of accepted values and a caster aside of convention.

Let us not decieve ourselves. Christ was a stranger to humanity two thousand years ago. He is no less of one today. The game humanity plays was alien to Him then; it is no less alien to Him now. The outcasts and the rejects were His people then; the outcasts and the rejects are His people now. They must be; together ALL who have no part with pale grey facades of ineffectual self-righteousness, ALL who prefer an ugly or a painful truth to the weak solace of a luke warm lie; All - but the hypocrites.

Satan rules both the Soul and the Body.

Jehovah and Lucifer rule the two sides of the mental conflict, which is active in every human being, and which is called the Mind.

Christ rules the Essence, which is the core of the Being.

In the human state, the Being is divided within itself. The Soul is separated from the Body by the mind. which is itself divided into two conflicting halves; one an Image of the Soul, the other an Image of the Body. The resulting state of almost constant tension is the human predicament.

Through the Spirit of Christ within the Being, the conflict of the Mind can be resolved. The Spirit of Jehovah and the Spirit of Lucifer can be brought together in harmony and reconciliation. Then Soul and Body can be reunited by the Spirit of the Unity of Christ and Satan, within the Essence.

Christ said: Love thine enemy.
Christ's enemy was Satan and Satan's enemy was Christ.
Through love, enmity is destroyed.
Through love, saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them.

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# THE PROCESS

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text of their deadly serious approach, black cloaks and big dogs, it didn't seem to ring quite as funny as when others tried it. Here's a taste from the DeGrimston-recorded 'Satan on War':

'When is your mind at peace? Only when your body is at war.

'When are you truly satisfied? Only when blood is on your hands, hatred in your heart and the light of battle gleaming in your eye.

'Do not deceive yourself! Death is sheer delight to you. Torture is supreme satisfaction . . .'

Aside from the fact that it's extremely similar to Patchen's 'Journal of Albion Moonlight' and that a very wise man once said, 'Never trust anyone who is loose with exclamation points', the possibilities of this being an exploration rather than an advocacy are still there. Unfortunately, he goes on:

'Release the Fiend that lies dormant within you, for he is strong and ruthless and his power is far beyond the bounds of human frailty . . .

'Rape with the crushing force of your virility; kill with the devasting precision of your sword arm; maim with the ruthless ingenuity of your pitiless cruelty . . .

'Release the Fiend! Release the Fiend! And the Fiend shall conquer, and the chaff be burned.'

And guess what you get for your efforts? A wonderful vista:

'And the mother that pleads weakly for her child shall see it slain before her. And the woman that pleads palely for her miserable virtue shall be struck down and raped. And he that fearfully pleads for his life shall be cut to pieces.'

## Life Is Just A Movie

While The Process makes a case for this, explaining that it is merely the recording of an attitude of reality, an American decade in Vietnam, with Lieutenant Calley getting the spirit, and Charlie Manson's people acting out the verbatim







screamplay with Sharon Tate begging for her baby, tends to make it difficult to view it objectively as mere theological posturing. It was past writings such as the above which were the most difficult obstacles The Process had to face in court, rather than the testimony of witnesses against them, mainly because the crux of the case – their case – was what, if any, influence The Process had on Manson's already unhinged mind.

It was a surprise for The Process to take anything to court. Their philosophy, consistent with the absoluteness of their deities, included continuing rants insisting on the total destruction of the 'Grey Forces', which they defined as psychiatrists, the Church of England, lawyers, any government not either a dictatorship or total anarchy, anyone who supports any of the above, and, in fact, anyone who is against The Process.

But The Process had turned their image away from being dark-caped prophets of the apocalypse, shedding their blacks (both uniform and forecast) for – is that true? – yes, silver grey, and then Little Boy Blue.

In the summer of 1967 they left Los Angeles, where they'd been gathered for some months, scattering to establish and re-establish centres in London, Boston, New Orleans and elsewhere, ultimately coming to their present situation of adding New York, Miami, Toronto, Chicago while losing their home town here. Their preaching became subdued, speaking more of the Golden Rule and the Unity of Christ and Satan, and saying very little about The End of the World.

## From Saturnalia To Social Work

With the same intensity formerly dedicated to aiding and abetting The End (or at least making sure they would survive it. Oh, I hadn't mentioned that? So sorry. It seemed painfully obvious. At The End, of course, only The Process will survive) – with that same intensity The Process dived into social work, rehabilitating drug users and helping the mentally deficient. Snide remarks aside their record with the retarded and other problem-people is admirable.

For example, in New York, their newest centre, they serve as well as recruit other non-Processeans, for work. They feel their recruitment to have two-fold benefits, both attending to the needs of the less fortunate and showing ordinary civilians that they might have something to contribute, something of which they were not previously aware.

At Willowbrook Mental Hospital, one of the largest in the world, they spend time caring for the middle-aged retarded, trying to help them become self-sufficient. Those who suggest that The Process are using them to create an




army of mindless thugs seem to be focussed more on residual '60's paranoia than the present.

At the Industrial Home for the Blind, they are working with both the elderly and the very young, aiding in therapy and play, attempting to bring them out of their introversion and sense of despair. They also spend a few days a week at a local nursing home, entertaining and doing such tasks as letter-writing for the elderly, as well as working in liaison with the staff at the New York Juvenile Detention Hall, giving talks and aiding in recreation.

It doesn't sound very sinister. Certainly not what might be called front page stuff: *Religious group does community work!* No, it won't sell papers. Then what?

The staffs with whom they work tend to find them as enthusiastic in their efforts as they were in their carnage-and-doom writings. There they are, on record with unrestrained trips into the dank and eery realms as well as for exertions in the very areas which the people who shudder at their writings insist that angels need to tread. How does it add up?

One may speculate. Perhaps they've changed, matured and focused and found direction. Perhaps it's just the problem of dealing with intensity – when it's on your side, it's 'tireless workers' . . . when it's on the other, it's 'fanatics', and when one group apparently encompasses both, the situation seems exceedingly complex . . . or very simple.

Could The Process *really* be that sinister? Are they really going to try and save the world just so it's working smoothly when they're ready to destroy it? Or are these, perhaps, no sides at all but merely assorted folks and varied strokes? Are Satanic creepers destroying by night so that Jehovan reapers can heal by day? It all spins round and round.

Opinions range from the drop-out who claims that the social work is just a cover-up to the people who are in stark admiration of the social works, PR ploy or not, to the urbane observation made about Process work in drug rehabilitation: 'I think I'd rather they stay junkies than become Processeans.'

Whatever the shift in reality has been, and whatever the reasons behind it, it remains that The Process has been through an amazing change of image, from costumes to consciousness. And because of that image-change, it was, considering what Sanders had attributed to them, almost obligatory that they sue.

They were successful in America, supposedly presenting E.P. Dutton, Sanders' publisher there with a document alleging that the book was merely part of Sanders' campaign against The Process which Sanders firmly denied. Dutton caved in, settling out of court while casting some long and malevolent glances at Sanders. (Another group mentioned in 'The Family' as 'sleazo input' did likewise, in their case for 35 million dollars. That action is still pending). The Process found more resistance in England.




Lord Sidney Bernstein, head of Granada, which had acquired Rupert Hart-Davis, publishers of the British

edition, deliberated for some time and then reacted with determination. Given that one quote for which The Process was well known was that 'the Jews in Germany died because they wanted to, because they felt guilt for having killed Christ', perhaps Lord Bernstein decided that the Battle of The Process had been determined on the playing fields of Dachau and enjoined the fight.

At first it might seem ludicrous, a slightly Satanic group which, image-change or no, is widely known for its gleeful recordings of bloodshed and enthusiastic pimpings of depravity, crying to those Law Courts it has publicly despised because their belatedly-acquired good name has been damaged. But as no one walks through the vaulted Fleet Street passages, the very gravity of the court, coupled with the austere Gothic solemnity of the architecture, serves to heighten it to the absurd.

The cloakroom beside the entrance to the court is numbered 666, the Great Beast (of the Book of Revelations, a number later adopted by Aleister Crowley), and it all begins to get stranger.

## The Cast

For starters, the case is being tried by a very earnest, attentive jury under the direction of Mr Justice Melford Stevenson, he who it is rumoured is destined to fill the quicklime shoes of the late 'hanging judge' Lord Chief Justice Goddard. Stevenson lives in a house picturesquely called 'Truncheons' and suffers little nonsense of anti-Establishment thought in his court, as his behaviour at the Angry Brigade trials demonstrated. He is a traditionalist who some place politically just to the right of George III.

Any sympathy this might generate toward The Process is quickly mitigated by their barrister, Mr Michael Kempster, QC, a man with a singularly unfortunate talent for irritating witnesses, even when friendly, to the point of building an overwhelming desire in everyone present to see his clients – whoever they might be – hanged.

On the other side is Mr Brian Neill, QC, a patrician-looking gentleman who has a personality almost exactly opposite, being ingratiating and seemingly concerned, even when he is invalidating a witness's testimony. So.

The plaintiffs open with Christopher Fripp (Father John), ex-chartered accountant, a contemporary of De Grimston at Winchester, and now Chancellor of the Church. Fripp is restrained, articulate and cold, apricot hair receding, formidable eyebrows hooding his deep-set eyes. He is



Lord Sidney Bernstein head of Granada who decided the case was worth fighting.

a dedicated Jehovan whose collected writings decry pleasure, sex, flesh and childbirth in such graphic terms that they seem to be the parts that Auschwitz forgot.

Fripp explains that they were *never* advocating any position, but merely describing patterns of reality. That they were only trying to help the disturbed and confused.

Neill holds up one piece of Process literature after another, 'The Gods on War', Process sex issue, reading portions into evidence, admittedly out of context, certainly the more damning portions, but nonetheless . . .

Fripp answers that it is important to recognize these terrible things, to know them. Neill wants to know what those portions might have done to Manson's head. Fripp insists that this was not advice to weirdos, but significant recognition of human patterns. His reply sounds reminiscent of a satirical interview of the '50's, a supposed Italian director explaining the rape and violence in his films:

'We must show the world that there are bad things . . .'

'Like social injustice and prejudice?'

'And rape.'

'Poverty and hunger?'

'And rape. Very important, rape.'

'What about poor housing and . . .'

'They all ver' nice things, but is most important to show people that there is rape . . . that firm, beautiful, full-blown women are having their blouses ripped and their round beautiful breasts exposed and their dresses torn and skirt pulled up and . . .' You get the idea.

## 'Just Trying To Help...'

Fripp testifies that he did, in fact, visit Manson in jail, but that he was doing it because he felt the man was disturbed and needed help, that he had nothing to do with commissioning the article which Manson wrote for a Process magazine issue on Death. Then he goes back to telling the good works Process is doing in New York and Toronto. Neill makes it clear that this trial which, after all, was initiated by the Process, is concerned only with the years between 1965 and 1969. His attitude is something like, 'Don't tell us about the blind man you helped. What we want to know is whether or not you poked out his eyes in the first place.'

The Process's case is not helped very much by such things as Fripp's occasional involuntary metallic laugh. Most who heard it described it as inhuman, and many were, quite frankly, scared. One man in attendance looked at him and said, 'Frightening face. Looks like he's got about five years to live.'

Fripp's answer to a question as to whether or not the worst thing in their opinion was being against The Process - 'the most uncomfortable thing' doesn't help much either.

The proceedings roll along, with Melford Stevenson rolling his eyes heavenward for strength in what has obviously become an enjoyably distasteful task. Questions start issuing from the bench, some perhaps a bit more whimsical than the court would care to admit, but nonetheless, having the positive effect of keeping all in attendance awake.

## Hawking The End

At one point, Fripp tries to explain a strange game to the court, calling it a joke. Stevenson peers from beneath his green-tinted wig and inquires, 'In the top left-hand corner, item five, "Brain cut out by lobotomy." What is the element of humour in that?' Mr Fripp tries to explain, but as Lenny Bruce pointed out, it doesn't seem very funny in a courtroom. The questioning moves on to The Process's root – the End of the World. A Process ad asks, 'Want to invest in the End of the World? Fripp explains that there was no specific date given for it.

The questioning goes on with Stevenson looking at his copy of the ad, then with unerring timing, leaning forward to interject, 'Did you issue share certificates in the End of the World?'

'No.' Oh, hmmm.

Fripp carries on, deferring all questions concerning the Manson article to Father Malachi, who is sitting in court having made the contact with Manson and edited the Death issue in which it ran. His answers are circuitous, evasive and as drawn out as H. R. Haldeman before the Watergate Committee, leading the judge to exclaim, repeatedly, 'Oh can't you answer the question?'

Answering the question would be hazardous, since the subject is all about what was being said in the printed matter. Fripp is determined to get him to explain it: Neill is determined to get him to speak recognition of what had been

written rather than what had been intended. Stevenson, who is writing it down in longhand in one of those creamy-paged journals which Orwell expected to be so rare by 1984; would be satisfied with a brief answer, yes or no, rather than explorations of high theology.

## Stevenson Makes A Joke

The questioning finally comes down head to head, with the charter of the Church, drawn up for incorporation in Louisiana, being brought into testimony, Stevenson pointing out that incorporation for a period of 99 years might have been a bit awkward, given what The Process was expecting. It is a light moment which is frozen by Fripp's incredible laughter joining in with the rest. Like two cars sideswiping.

The articles of incorporation are gone through with Fripp assuring the court that he had no idea that 'occult' meant anything but hidden, that he certainly never knew that 'magical' had anything to do with magic . . . he's always thought it meant conjuring tricks, that the reference in the charter to 'gods now walking with men' must be a solicitor's error. Certainly, he's never heard of that before. Oh well.

A former acquaintance of The Process storms out of the courtroom in disgust. 'They at least,' he says in the hall, 'of all people, should have the integrity to stand behind their philosophy. I mean, that was the only value in it anyway, not what they said, but the fact that they were mad enough and ballsy enough to stand up with it. The rest of it was trash.'

## 'Stay-Loose Lucius'

It certainly appears to be, albeit lurid and titillating trash of some entertainment value. Christopher DePeyer takes the stand, Father Lucius. DePeyer is slender, loose and Luciferian, decadent in a way that appears to have been charming, rather than depraved as, say, the Satanic ideal. He may have once been as he described himself in the Sex issue of the Process magazine, 'cool, calm, detached, charming, diplomatic, subtle, ingenious and lethal,' but he won't assert it now as his words are read to him for comment.

Much of his testimony is taken up with letters between The Process and potential speakers or potential investors. Letters to secure speakers on such topics as 'Tibetan Mantras', Black Magic', 'The Magic of the Mayas', 'Interplanetary Witchcraft', and 'The Need to Kill Your Parents' don't find much sympathy with the stereotypically middle-class English jury, although one letter to Dick Van Dyke, the American TV comic, stirs a bit of interest when De Peyer explains that he had attended Process services in London.



Mr Justice Melford Stevenson performing an enjoyably distasteful task.

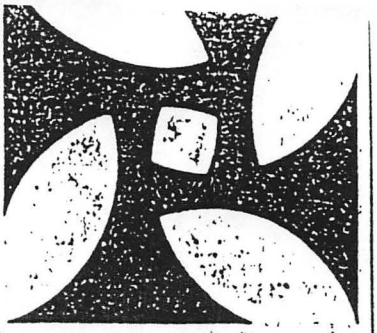
DePeyer, as Fripp, defers to Malachi for the inside dope on the Manson contact. Malachi continues to sit, unspeaking, hands clasped to his mouth, watching as he has been since the beginning, apparently waiting his turn. But after a Canadian Roman Catholic priest testifies that the Process has 'matured' since its days of foam-flecked rhetoric and defines some of Sanders' terms, 'bikers', 'sado-sodo sex magic', 'rip-off', 'zap', 'goons', and 'gang-bang', he flies off to Canada, leaving the stand for the third Processean to suggest that Malachi is better informed to answer the Manson questions. Wendy Ann Peach, Mother Cassandra, withdraws and the court discovers that Malachi will not, in fact, testify. 'Is Father Malachi in the country?' asks Mr Neill of a recalled Christopher Fripp. 'Yes.' 'Is he in court?' 'Yes.' His Lordship leans over and inquires, 'And is he quite well?'

From there on, it all goes downhill for The Process, despite the abrupt end of the witness list for the plaintiff, which catches Neill with most of his witnesses still in California. The Process had undone its own case.

Granada's defence is optimistic. Perhaps they feel by now that they can win a favourable verdict. Despite time being short and their evidence mostly 8,000 miles away, they can hold The Process to winning a verdict but only a halfpenny award, or at least, under £100. That's the ideal to shoot for. Adjournment gives them another day to recover from the theft of time.

## Where's Snake?

The California witnesses file through, one by one, their evidence interjected by questions from His Lordship, one of these was as to whether 'Snake' would appear or not.



Snake Lake was a member of the Manson's Family, so named because of the transverse motion of her abdominal muscles during intercourse. No doubt, one might infer, at least the distasteful task of pursuing the printed dogma of the Process could be brightened by the appearance of a genuine freak of nature. But Snake's whereabouts weren't known.

The evidence unfolds, with journalists and lawyers and police testifying, yes, that's true, yes, I told that to Mr Sanders, but some testimony never made the courtroom, being disallowed as hearsay. Manson's attorney and the undersheriff of Inyo County, home of Death Valley, who took Snake into his home for purposes of 'reformation', were not allowed to testify. However an attorney who defended Patricia Krenwinkel said the trial satisfied him there was much in common between the teaching of The Process and the beliefs of Manson. But it really was just *pro forma* by then. The Process had lost their own case, and lost it bigger than Granada had thought they could win.

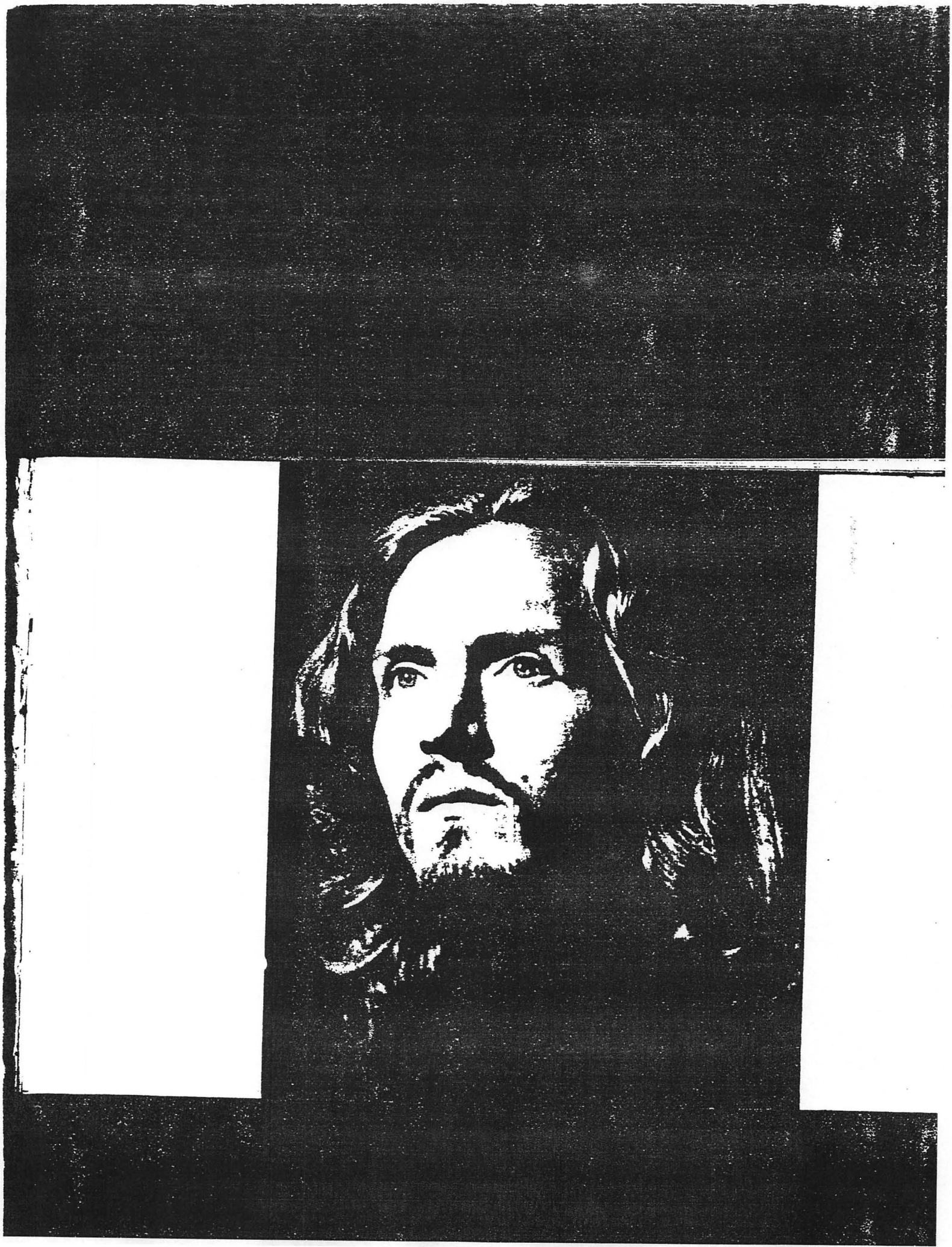
## Shock Decision

Granada had been prepared for a verdict for the plaintiff, but with not much damages, given that a lot of the information in Sanders's book was accounts of the commission of capital crimes, and no witness would consent to appear and repeat it publicly. As the jury left, Granada sat trembling, realising that of course no-one had appeared to bear witness to several of the serious allegations, expecting at the best, a mildly-unfavourable verdict.

But the jury, returning after four hours of deliberation, read it straight down the line, 'For the Defendant', o all four pleadings. Everyone in court was dumbfounded, most especially the defense.

But the jury had seen something in the testimony of the Processeans, and the question of libel in the fact of the self-defamatory statements The Process themselves had made, th apparently wouldn't hold up. The un formed Church members departed quickly.

Defeat is always bitter, more so w it's been considered to be so wildly improbable, but it's possible that th Process members who left court wer thinking of some lines from their m widely disseminated pamphlet, 'The Unity of Christ and Satan', *'If our enemy can harm us, then we are jus bad as he is.'* For a group which just any action it may take by virtue of capital *G Good*, that's a hard charg accept.



**CHRIST said: love thine enemy.**

**CHRIST'S Enemy was SATAN and SATAN'S Enemy was CHRIST.**

**Through Love enmity is destroyed.**

**Through Love saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them.**

**Through Love CHRIST and SATAN have destroyed their enmity and come together for the End.**

**CHRIST to Judge, SATAN to execute the Judgement.**

HUMANITY is doomed.

If we are part of humanity, identified with humanity, in sympathy with humanity, we are doomed.

If we attempt to save humanity from its doom, we shall fail, because humanity has chosen its doom and has shown its unwillingness to reverse its choice.

Our only valid course of action is to detach from humanity, climb out of the quagmire of its lies, its hypocrisy, its blind desire for its own destruction, find our own truth and create our own destiny.

But is it enough to break the links on the surface, to rebel against the superficial manifestations of a deeply rooted corruption? Is it enough



to say, "I am not one of you?"

How deep is our conviction?

If the world is to blow itself up, shall we escape the cataclysm by removing ourselves to an island?

By no means. Although we have no link with the mainland *above* the level of the sea, the link is strong and permanent below, and if we think the water separates us effectively, we deceive ourselves.

So it is with our links with the human race. We can protest and separate ourselves, act differently, openly reject the normally accepted values of humanity, but how deep does it go?

Not very. Below the level of our conscious cries of revolt, lurking in the

hidden depths of the mind, powerful and deep-rooted, are links as solid as the ocean bed, that bind us to the human predicament.

Consciously we are detached. Unconsciously we are part of, identified with, immersed in, submerged by the futile tragedy of the human game.

It is *our* futile tragedy, whether we like it or not, because unconsciously we have *made* it ours.

If we are to break the links we ourselves have created, we must dive down into the depths and find them, bring them to the surface and examine them, know them, understand them. For as long as we keep them hidden, and as long as we pretend to ourselves that they are not there, as long as we on our island imagine we have severed all contact with the mainland, the links will continue to bind us, and at the end, far from finding that we are free of the agony of man's destruction as a



race, we shall find ourselves part of it, as horrified to see his image crumble, as dismayed to discover the hollowness of his vision of himself, as the most convinced conformist.

For at that time all superficial differences will vanish, all conscious disagreements will cease to apply, and what will emerge will be the basic realities, the basic agreements, the basic identifications. And if we have let these remain as we originally created them within ourselves, there will be no escape. Humanity's doom will be our doom. Humanity's damnation of itself will be our damnation of ourselves.

We shall be like men who invest in the beginning of a project, sink all they have in its original creation, and then forget they have a stake in its success. When all looks black and nothing can be done to avert catastrophe, they opt out, but because they have forgotten, they fail to break the ties that bind their fortune to the fortune of the project. So

that when the end comes, they find themselves inextricably involved with the disaster.

So we must break our links, sever our ties, plumb the depths of our unconsciousness, and cut the bonds with which we've bound ourselves.

And there isn't much time. The distant rumblings that are heralds of the End have become a mighty roar closing in about us, piercing our eardrums and causing the very Earth to quake beneath our feet, so that very soon even the blindest, numbest, most oblivious of us will no longer be able to shut out the sound of it.

By then the whole world will be stricken by the sound of its own approaching doom. Every man will gaze in horror at his fellow man, and see his own fear reflected back to him.



And by then we must be free if we are ever to be free. By then the bonds that bound us must be broken, and we must stand above the terror of the End, aloof, detached, a part of something new.

For with every end there is a new beginning, and if we are not of the End, then we shall be of the New Beginning. Either we shall be the ashes of the Phoenix, or his resurrection from the ashes. And if we care about the death of the Phoenix, then we shall be his ashes, but if we are detached and see the cycle of which his death is but a part, then we shall be his resurrection.

And those who care for the human race, those who would preserve it in all its hopeless degradation and irreversible decay, they shall die with it, they shall feel the burning disappointment of the latter days, they shall feel despair, they shall know the horror of a lie exposed too late, they shall feel the fires of destruction within their souls. And they

shall die because they could not die. They shall be destroyed because they would not be destroyed. They shall suffer agony because they would not feel agony. They shall see the utter devastation of their race because they would not see it.

For he that looks for salvation in the world, looks for a glowing ember in the sea. He that clings to the coat-tails of mankind and seeks to be carried up to heaven in its wake, shall find himself in Hell.

For though we are in this world, we shall find no truth in the bounds it sets itself, no right within the rules by which it lives. We must be *of* another world, another set of laws, another code, a world where black and white are seen as what they are, not merged into the lie of murky grey and swallowed blindly, and then forgotten.

If love is what we seek we must know hate. If joy is what we pursue



then we must find agony and feel it. If harmony is our ideal then strife and conflict we must serve to find it.

No pendulum can swing only in one direction. And if we have run away from pain, then we have denied ourselves the rights of pleasure. And if we have hidden our faces from the hideous facts of war, then we have taken away the gentle harmony of peace from our experience. And if we have shut our eyes and ears and hearts to ugliness, then we can never know the sweetness of beauty. And if to be safe we have cut ourselves off from the black side of truth, if we have linked ourselves with the mass decision of humanity to see God and the Universe as all loving, all forgiving, and all light, then we have checked for ourselves the pendulum and denied ourselves the white side of truth as well, settling for the meaningless compromise of the middle road, the lie with which the race has sealed its doom.

And we have set our own seal upon that general seal, and by agreement linked ourselves with the fortunes of humanity.

And if we leave the seal we leave the link, and if we leave the link we go with the rest, and if we go with the rest we die with the rest and are bound for eternity to the lie we clung to for security; no longer in merciful ignorance, our awareness dulled by the anaesthetic of our own suppression, but in stark and agonising consciousness of the twisted inverted nature of the code we stand by. Like a man who is blind, and lives surrounded by the most hideous ugliness imaginable, and then suddenly one day he can see, and the horror of what he sees is unbearable, and he cannot change it and neither can he become blind again.

So before the End, when all accounts are settled and the shackles that still bind us because we have not had the courage to break them



asunder, are fixed forever, before the time that must soon come, when the choice is no longer ours and the game is done, we must make the choice that still remains, whether to join the throng and throw in our lot with humanity's lie, whether to be one of the self-deluded optimists who see the race rising towards a magnificent destiny on the wings of scientific progress, who see centuries of hatred and violence that show no signs of abating as no more than the unfortunate driftwood floating on the surface of our civilisation, and who see man as a pillar of strength and wisdom, plotting his path unerringly towards ultimate fulfilment, whether like the ostrich to hide our heads in the sand and hope the Day of Judgement will pass us by, or whether to open our eyes and see the race of which we chose to be a part, see it in all its helpless futility, careering blindly and irrevocably towards its doom.

And if we choose the last, then we must lay bare our souls before us, expose our own futilities, our own lies, our own distorted agreements

that at present bind us to the destiny of man, and rip the lies to pieces and be free.

And to do this we must go to the root of the lies, the basis of them, we must find the point at which we chose to invert the truth in order to be safe. We must find the first rejection, the first distortion, the first denial of what we knew. We must know ourselves, reach deep down into the very core of our being, grasp whatever we find there, though it be the foulest and most hideous manifestation of Hell, and bring it out for our ruthless scrutiny.

And when we know the nature and extent of each cretinous lie, we know the key to its elimination. We know the truth behind it, and in the face of such knowledge no lie can continue to exist. But so long as we remain in ignorance of the lie, the lie remains and clings like a limpet, unrelenting.



And when the day comes and the human race begins the final phase of its disintegration, then shall those who have clung to the lie through self-imposed blindness and ignorance, know the truth behind the lie; but not because they sought it. And they will try to separate themselves from the lie, which now in the light of truth becomes like fire to their souls. And because they have not sought to know the lie and cast it out but have clung to it, now shall it cling to them, and they shall not be rid of it, though it give them the ultimate anguish and they cry for mercy. For theirs is the heritage of man, and they shall carry it with them into eternity.

But those who have found the lie when there was still time, and have seen the truth behind it and thus destroyed the lie, they shall go on, not in the blinding agony of doomed humanity, but to the new cycle of the risen Phoenix.

And a new creation shall begin. New laws shall rule the players of a new game. New worlds shall be created.

TRUTH is the awareness of reality. Facts are nothing; they are the material of statisticians. Reality is the nature of a being; the will, the purpose, the knowledge, the experience of a spark of consciousness created by a God to fulfil a function.

Each being is a separate entity, and yet a part of Him who gave it its existence. Each being has a nature all its own, yet all are centred on the will of their creator, like spokes that radiate from a hub. And each has truth within its grasp, through knowledge of itself.

And the wheel turns and the spokes flash fire in the sunlight, and life begins.

And there is movement, a pattern, a time of evolution, a cycle, a sequence. Each phase follows from the last and prepares the way for the next. And in the motion of the wheel there is no lie, no grating of a



harsh anachronism. Logic permeates the smooth passage of time, and logic is inexorable.

The wheel spins and revolution follows revolution, and the sequence is precise like the movement of the stars. And the hub remains, and the spokes branch out and circle it. And change is manifested only in the flashing spokes.

But while each spoke remains pure, bright, unsoiled, undamaged, only a flickering oscillation of light marks the passage of time. Overall the pattern stays unchanged - even within the wheel.

Only when a spoke is dulled, is bent, breaks off from the central hub, becomes entangled with its neighbour, twists itself into grotesque shapes, then begins the change, not in the motion of the wheel for that goes on with the inexorability of logical sequence, but within the wheel

itself. The light is distorted. No perfect patterned regularity in the flashing oscillations, but a limping, awkward, rhythmless, nightmare of distorted images.

The wheel continues unaffected. The spokes devolve. They have lost reality, discarded it. So that within the wheel exists no truth but a jumble of conflicting lies.

Such is the creation of the human race. Each spoke the image of a living lie. Each being lost, blinded to the nature of itself.

The passage of time is inexorable; the orbit of the planet round the sun, relentless. The laws of evolution are indestructible.

But men! What parodies of God's original creation, what strange unrecognisable manifestations! What dreadful apparitions! Grotesque



nightmares! God in His Heaven shudders at the ghastly sight.

Is this the race He spawned? Is this the army He created? Is this His brood? His beloved creation? Is this the thing He fashioned in His own image, instilled with the burning fire of life? Is this what He placed upon a richly fertile world? Is this the precious work upon which He bestowed His love?

"WHAT HAVE I DONE?" He cries.

For the lie, like a treacherous cancer, has taken root, and man has embraced it. And the world has become the lie. And the lie is the world, and the world is the lie, and man is lost in his own blind worship of the lie.

Yet beyond the caverns of the mind is truth. For truth is the knowledge

of reality, and behind the lie of blindness, the darkness, the ignorance, the twisted images, is light.

And light is knowledge, because by light we see, and by seeing we know.

And far beyond the tortuous blackness of the lie, is the dazzling brightness of the truth, the vast open spaces of the soul; where all is clarity; where the logic of the creation is manifested in the perfect harmony of function and will, purpose and emotion, vision and reality; where there are no blank walls or tiny crevices, no dead end passages or paths that circle on themselves, no gaps too narrow to pass through, no partings of the ways, impossible choices, confusions. Nor are there the terrors of mysterious sounds, deceptive, echoing, seeming to come from above then from below, distant then close at hand, ahead, behind, then all about us. No lurking sound of footsteps in the dark, no hideous visions that appear, then disappear, no doors that are, then are not, or lead to



nothing, no sudden precipices and no fantasies of death.

None of the horrors of the lie. For here, in perfect knowledge of what is, is life, the spark of consciousness that exists at the core of every being and is limitless, yet is confined ideally within the limits of what is no more nor less than its complete reality, its natural state.

A being that is boundless is bounded by its very boundlessness. One that is bounded by the perfect bounds, the bounds that harmonise with the nature of its existence, is truly boundless.

But lost within the lie we are nothing; chaff blowing in the wind. We are the twisted members of a broken down machine; meaningless, worthless, having no part with truth and the ultimate game. Buried in the catacombs of self-importance, self-protection, and the fear of death, we cease to matter, become vulnerable, and live the very death we

fear, the death of our existence.

For within the confines of the lie, what else would follow but a paradox, an inversion of what seems to be? He that seeks to save his life shall lose it. He must, for if he feels his life is forfeit, already he is in the bosom of the lie, therefore his life is not life at all, but death, and if he seeks to preserve it he remains in death.

For life, true life, the spark of consciousness, is indestructible, except by the self and the Creator. So where there is life there is no need for protection, for there is no fear of loss.

But man is in the bosom of the lie and he is afraid. He wanders blindly in the darkness of his fantasies. He creates hope and then destroys it. He casts light upon the dingy walls that hem him in, gazes at them for a while, seeing an image of the light of truth, and then plunges himself in



darkness again. He holds a mirror to his face and says; "I exist, for I can see myself". He touches his flesh, so that it calls back to him; "You are real, because you can feel". He gives himself pain, then pleasure, and then pain again, and says: "I am alive".

He hears others near him, cannot see them in the murky light and the twisting passages. He hears their groans, their hollow laughs, their short lived cries of satisfaction, and their shrieks of agony and terror as some hideous new fantasy rears itself before them. And he says: "We are all alive". And he turns another corner.

He is lost, and double lost, because he thinks he is not lost but found. And the world and all its horrors and grotesque distortions is his tomb, because he sees it as a carriage to salvation, and grimly stays aboard.

FEAR in the heart of man, Fear in the blood of man.

Fear like a cancer grows and envelopes the being. It swells to indescribable proportions, till nothing else is visible and all is terrifying, all is a horrible nightmare, and there is no chink of light through which even a ray of true hope might pass.

Fear has the upper hand, rules all and carries the day.

Man is the servant of fear whom he worships with greater reverence than any God. Fear has his way with him to the ultimate extreme. Fear can destroy him quicker and more agonisingly than anything else. Fear is his master and encompasses the Earth.

Man is driven by Fear to God. Man is driven by Fear away from God. Man is driven by Fear into the stale limbo of nothingness that is neither



God nor anti-God, but un-God.

Fear is the all-controlling element; the whip, the snare, the spur that cannot be denied.

And Fear feeds on the lie. For without the mystery of the caverns of the lie there can be no Fear.

In the all-pervading light of truth Fear cannot exist, cannot find a foothold. Knowledge is the enemy of Fear, ignorance his greatest ally.

And ignorance is father of the lie.

And in the labyrinth of the lie that ignorance has built, stalks Fear. He is everywhere lying in wait, lurking in the shadows, in the walls. His whispers echo from one chamber to the next, and pierce the very

souls of all those who wander through the narrow twisting passages of self-deception.

And hand in hand with Fear stalks Guilt, his blood brother, and each echoes but the other's cry, and both speak the same message. But Fear is the king, the master, and Guilt the next in line.

And sometimes Fear lurks in the back of the mind, unseen. But his effects are no less treacherous, as the mind responds unconsciously, and absurdly plunges yet deeper into the caverns of the lie, seeking respite from the threat in the very place where the threat is spawned and fostered.

And there *is* no respite. For the deeper the being delves into the lie, the greater its mystery and ignorance; the greater its fear.



And as it drives further into the murk of the lie, the presence of Fear grows stronger.

And often Fear crashes into the consciousness of a being. The being feels him, knows him, and runs again even further into ignorance and the lie. And the being shuts its eyes and shuts its mind and hides its stricken head. And Fear passes once more into the back of its mind and continues his work in a sphere where he can operate without disturbance, and drive the being slowly but inexorably, and quite unconsciously towards its doom.

MAN, make no mistake. The world is not your footstool but your grave.

For in it the throne of judgement is the lie, and upon that throne sits Fear, and beside that throne stands Guilt.

And while you seek to conquer the Earth and bend it to your will, master the laws of nature, rule the atmosphere and cram the whole structure of the world into a miserable pattern of your own invention, Fear dictates your every move.

The lie is upon you, around you and within you, and unconsciously you grovel in the blindness of its all embracing aura. And Fear is your master.

Fear, the ultimate destroyer, the final death, the all enveloper, the



torturer, the spreader of anguish, the crawling cancer of the mind the heart the soul, the inexorable disease that defies all antidote.

For when you chose to reject your God and rule your own destiny, when you entered the portals of the caverns of the lie, Fear came to you to keep you in mind of the God you had rejected; fear of death, fear of pain, fear of failure, fear of the great unknown beyond the grave. But far from using Fear to remember your God, you used Fear to increase your rejection of your God, to force more blindness and ignorance upon yourself, to negate your emotions, cloud your awareness, and bury your knowledge of your God and your creation by Him beneath a solid crust of self-deception and hypocrisy.

And now comes the moment when the lie is exposed for all eternity; the lie you have built around yourself out of your fear, and thus perpetuated the fear. For deep down the truth remains; it cannot be dest-

royed but only submerged.

And your fear you have used to foster the lie, and the lie creates more fear.

And the spiral goes outwards, farther and farther from the core of knowledge. And your fear grows greater and the lie more tortuous and monumental. And finally you are lost for ever in the dark caverns of the twisting labyrinth of falsehood.

And when the End comes and all is revealed, all lies are swept from the Universe, so that only the core of stark reality remains, that is the moment of truth, the moment of inescapable knowledge.

And if that moment finds you detached from the lie, free of the ignorance of blind rejection, having journeyed back through the tortuous caverns



of the mind to reach the truth through knowledge of what really is; if that moment finds you in the light, truly separated from the ties that bind humanity to its doom; then, though the world shall be buried for ever beneath the smouldering ashes of the Phoenix, you shall be a part of his resurrection. You shall rise with the new epoch and be reborn with the new creation.

But if that moment finds you alienated from all reality, suspended outside what is, a floating agonised anachronism, then that shall be your fate for all eternity. Only the pain shall stay with you. The dubious comfort of your home made lie will have gone, and with it the presence of Fear. For where there is already the ultimate anguish, the final fulfilment of the ultimate nightmare, what is there left to fear?

So be it.

THREE distinct and separate patterns of reality. Yet each to some extent is present in each one of us.

First, the knowledge that man has rejected his God and demanded the blood of his fellow man, and that now he must suffer the consequences of his sin, at the hand of his God.

Then, the knowledge of the evil of war, of the degradation of human self-destruction, of the pain and the suffering, the deprivation and the miserable despair.

And finally the knowledge of irrevocable commitment to the way of bloodshed; the plough to which man has put his hand and cannot turn back until he has completed the cycle of his own self-destruction through war.

No one of the three is more real than the other two, except in the mind of the individual. The acceptance of the reality of all of them is the ultimate truth; the complete understanding of the triangular conflict which exists in every one of us.

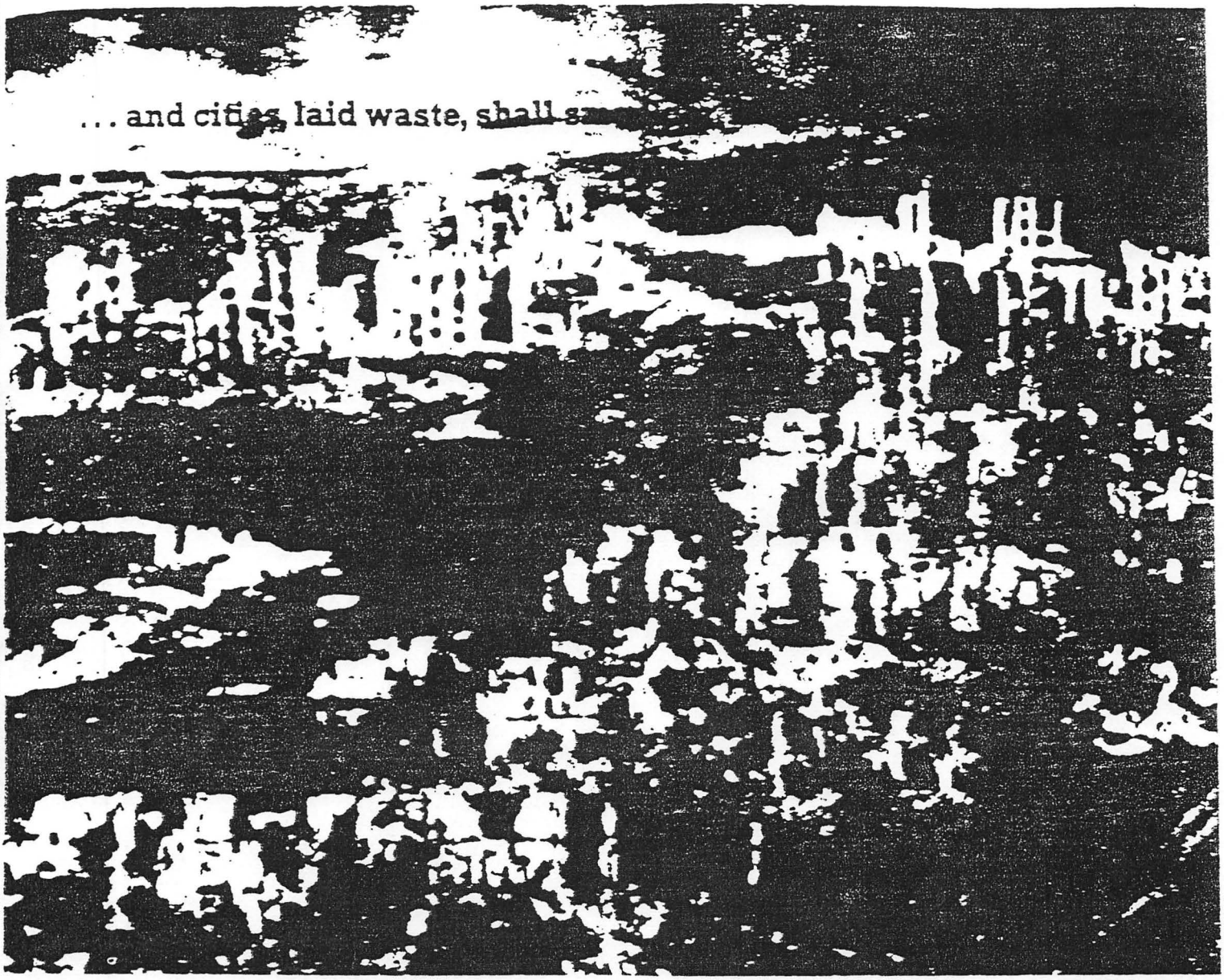
In adherence to one and rejection of the other two there is courage, but it is a blind courage; a part-acceptance, but equally a part-rejection of reality. To cling to one pattern only and resist the others brings no resolution and no fulfilment, because the knowledge is incomplete.

Only by a full understanding and acceptance of all three patterns as parts of ourselves can we begin to rise above the driving need to pursue only one of them in the face of the powerful and agonising pressures of the other two combined. Clear vision of all three brings detachment and peace of mind, because it brings the full knowledge of reality, which is truth.

But though to follow one pattern and deny the presence in ourselves of the other two is blindness, to reject all three is the ultimate rejection. That is not only blindness but cowardice as well.

To deny the reality of war, except as a minor evil caused and propagated by others than ourselves, for which we are not responsible and which we are fast eliminating by the presence of our own undeniable sanity, is total blindness.

To reject the validity of the preacher of doom, the Jehovian, *and* the preacher of peace at all costs, the Luciferian, *and* the preacher of violence as the only way to end the cycle of violence to which we are committed, the Satanist; to reject all three and hope that the whole unpleasant situation will right itself; to reduce the significance of war; to reduce the importance of violence in our lives; to pass all responsibility for the fact of war onto others; to belittle the effect of war upon the world; to condemn all forms of extreme attitude to war; these are the ways of blindness *and* cowardice.


. . . and cities, laid waste, shall s


the ground ...

Through Love, Christ and Satan have destroyed Their enmity and come together for the End; Christ to Judge and Satan to execute the judgement.

Salvation is the resolution of conflict.

The Ultimate Salvation is the Salvation of GOD.

The Ultimate Conflict is God and Anti God.

God and Anti God are two halves of a divided Totality.

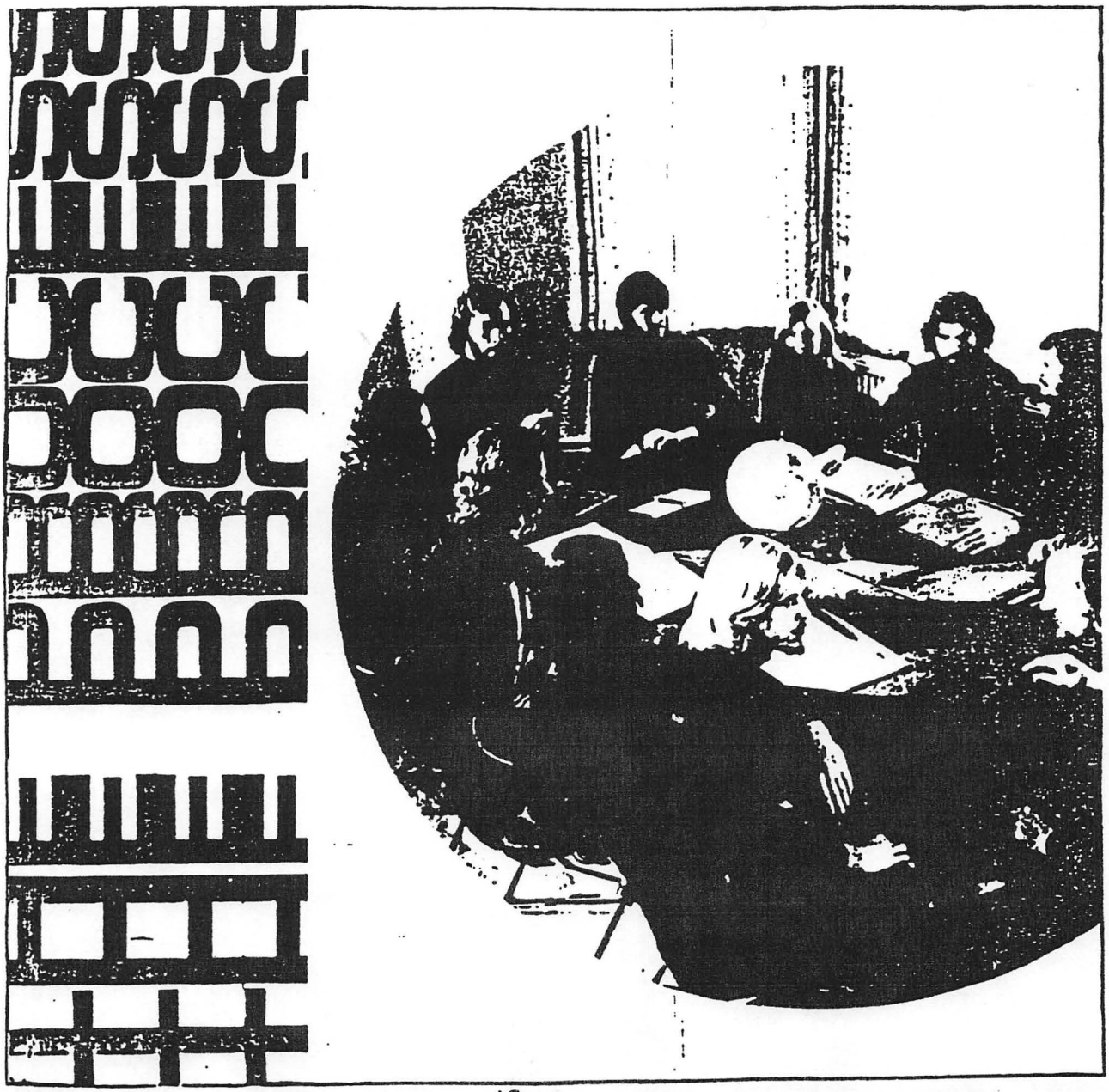
And They ultimately must be reconciled.

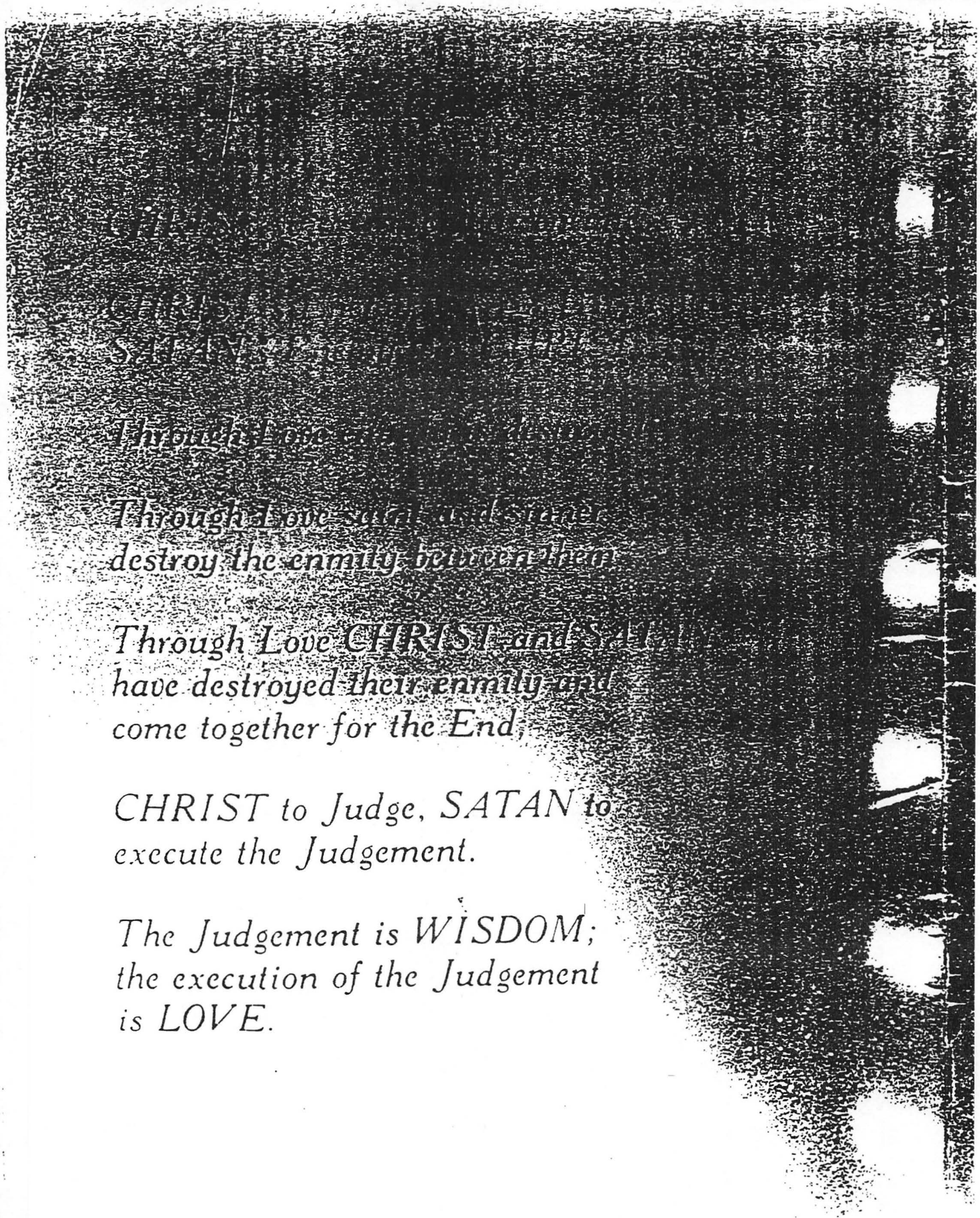
God and Anti God are embodied in Christ and Satan.

So Christ and Satan must be reconciled.

The Lamb and the Goat must come together Pure Love descended from the pinnacle of Heaven, united with pure Hatred raised from the depths of Hell.

All excerpts from PROCESS magazine no.4 & 5. (1968)





*Through Love CHRIST and SATAN*
*have destroyed their enmity and*
*come together for the End;*

*CHRIST to Judge, SATAN to*
*execute the Judgement.*

*The Judgement is WISDOM;*
*the execution of the Judgement*
*is LOVE.*

# Satan Loves You— But Don't Count On I

*Part four of The God War . ries*
by J. Rush

*Those who look back with fond nostalgia on the late sixties may remember The Process — black-cloaked figures handing out lurid literature in Piccadilly and promising heaven and/or hell to neophytes who attended their Mayfair temple. Though they never made it big over here in the way that some of the other subjects of our 'God War' series did, they surfaced once more recently in a court case, involving Granada Publishers. The Process were claiming that Ed Sanders' book 'The Family' published 2 years ago in this country by Granada, and containing details of The Process's connection with infamous Charlie Manson, constituted a gross libel on them. From March 12 - 25 Process and Granada fought it out under the upright eyes of Mr Justice Melford Stevenson.*

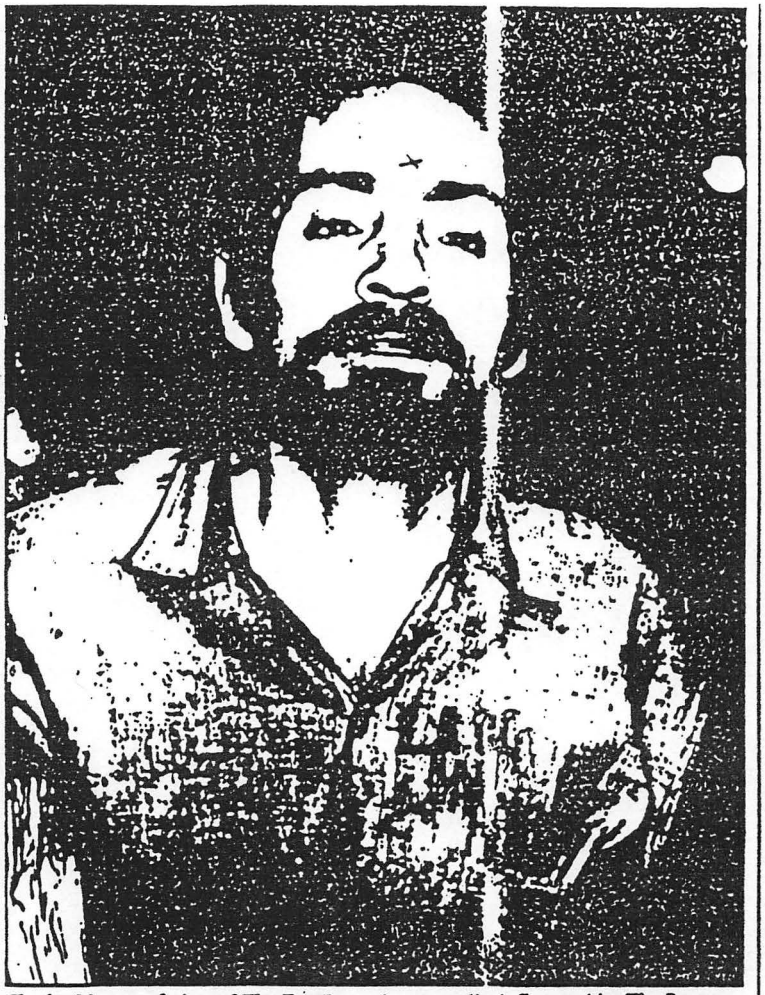
In the beginning was the libel, and The Process was on the face of the creep. By the end it was Daffy Duck in Dadaland, absurdo reducto in the Fleet Street Law Courts. And, in all probability, something happened in between.

Ed Sanders had written a book about dear old Charlie Manson and his hippity-ville killer commune, called, both book and reality, 'The Family'. In the book, with a phrase which would later be querulously Oxford-accented by a judge and barristers, Sanders described among others, London's own Process Church of the Final Judgement as 'sleazo input' for Charlie and his creepy-crawlies.

But let not the wolf cry out against the shepherd and all that. Sanders, who not a few American parents regard as something of a sleazo input himself, his genito-pacifist fame centering around his rock group, the Fugs, his magazine, *Fuck You*, and a series of pubic poems with titles such as 'Fuck God in the Ass', ran away with his paranoid prose and performed a bit of theological buggery on The Process which has, not one but four (count'em) Gods — Satan, Lucifer, Jehovah and Christ.

Not content merely to affix moral responsibility for Charlie's girls on these rich-but-honest End-of-the-World fanatics, good old Ed went on to suggest that their beliefs had contributed directly or indirectly to ritual murder, human sacrifice, drugged orgies, multiple rapes, the snuffing of Bobby Kennedy, pretensions to Christhood, witchcraft vampirism, black magic, black masses and cruelty to animals.

Well, the range of opinion held by those who knew the Process in the weird time of the late 60's is varied, but it is only a minority which holds them to be the logical extension to Christian-



Charles Manson, father of The Family, and supposedl influenced by The Process.

social psychotherapy and positive change.

An even smaller group of opinions come from the middle, theologically hip observers who see them as just one more run-of-the-mill band of passive neurotic dropouts and vision-mad freaks in clerical drag, who will do some good, get some people hurt, but all in all, cause less damage than, say, the eady Catholic Church or the maniacs of the Crusades. Sanders himself seems to be highly sensitive, answering knocks at the police-locked door of his New York flat with inordinately suspicious 'Who's there's?' and trying to decide whether the current act of vandalism was perpetrated by one of Manhattan's 250,000 junkies.or a smaller but more sinister army.

## Cleared Out

The group which later became The Process was founded in the early '60's as Compulsion Therapy by Robert Syl-MacLean, ho, it is rumoured, met and married in the best new tradition of techno-romanticism on their way to Clear as Sc ntologists. The two of them left, so the tory goes, out of discontent at the Hub ard organisation's limitations, and to found their own group. De Grimsto n and Hubbard bear such animosity oward each other that their mutual den ials of any connection, past or otherwi e, take on all the credibility of Nixon's I'm not a crook' speech.

Robert comes from an eminently respectable background, being educated at Winches r (where he is registered as De Grimsto n Moore) and then going onto the R gent Street Polytechnic where he s died architecture, together with Christopher de Peyer and Wendy Ann Peach, both plaintiffs in this case. Mary Ann's background, on the other hand, is les clear, the only definite fact being her b th certificate, which identifies h r as the daughter of a Scottish mill worker.

The group pra ised their own form

whether coincidental or not wit adverse pressure coming from t British Medical Association for ified psychiatric care, Ms DeGri entered the room at their mansi Mayfair and asked, 'How would about becoming a religion?' A l drop-out said that they all laugh the time, but the group soon lef Bahamas and then an isolated sp the Yucatan, Xtul.

The Mexican idyll started to out fairly soon, with the order d day being self-flagellation when using a knotted rope. 'At first', the ex-Processean, 'there was on rope, and we all had to queue.' Ms DeGrimston, showing her eff as an administrator, suggested th each make one and wear it cont

And what was *Mr* DeGrimsto all this time? Well, specific dates hard to come by, but by the tim left Mexico, the theological foun of the group had been worked o recorded by DeGrimston in seve writings, the most central of wh 'The Gods on War'.

## Ubermensch All

Basically, the Process Church of Final Judgement teaches the uni Christ and Satan, that Christ has come Satan with love, and that Days of the End of the World ar us. As it goes on, we find that Je has given up on us — us disgustin worms — and has decided to put of our misery, the contractor on being Satan, whose boys are all and waiting.

Satan, according to the Proce be either the depraved and vile r carnalist or the *ubermensch*, alo beyond and above it all, the spir universe.

In the middle is Lucifer, the l bearer, the angel of Earth whose ures are those of the garden and fect human love.

Actually, aside from the som over-enthusiastic graphic descrip Satan's work, The Process wasn' very far away from the long-wo underwear Gods of Judeo-Chris mythology, save for the twist o individuals advocate the evil as the good. Their philosophy see have been a blend of the Buddh view that things are neither goo evil, but simply are, combined heavy-leather spanking fantasie Church of England.

But the Process was as sensa and flighty as most of the peop played with the media in the '6 a mad humour to ride out thos

## DEATH NEGATIVE

"But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." *Genesis 2: 17*

"The education of the average American child of the upper middle class is such as to guard him solicitously against the awareness of death and doom. He is brought up in an atmosphere of Santa Claus; and when he learns that Santa Claus is a myth, he cries bitterly. Indeed, he never fully accepts the removal of this deity from his Pantheon, and spends much of his later life in search of some emotional substitute." *Norbert Weiner*

"Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind. And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." *John Donne*

## DEATH POSITIVE

"Only in death is the total surrender that is love's possible, for only in death can we be exposed completely and without reserve." *Fr. Ladislaus Boros*

"Therefore it seems to me that everything that exists is good — death as well as life, sin as well as holiness, wisdom as well as folly." *Hermann Hesse*

"Now know but that death is the greatest of all human blessings." *Plato*

"Death is the dissolving of a partnership, the partners to which survive and go elsewhere. It is the corruption or breaking up of that society which we have called Ourself. The corruption is at an end, both its soul and body cease as a whole, but the immortal constituents do not cease and never will." *Samuel Butler*

"Life ends in death . . . The splendid chariots of kings wear away; the body also comes to old age; but the virtue of the good never ages." *Buddha*

"The real philosopher has reason to be of good cheer when he is about to die." *Socrates*

"To wish to see the dearest ones as long as possible in the flesh is a selfish desire and it comes out of weakness or want of faith in the survival of the soul after the dissolution of the body." *Gandhi*

"Nothing new arises without death." *Hermann Hesse*

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE

"A funeral is an occasion when feelings of guilt and remorse are satisfied to a large extent by the purchase of a fine funeral." *National Funeral Service Journal*

"Chamber's caskets are just fine, made of sandalw and pine; If your loved ones have to go, call Colun 690." *Advertising Ji*

## DEATH NO DEATH

"The more I observe and study things, the m convinced I become that sorrow over separation death is perhaps the greatest delusion. To re that it is a delusion is to become free. There i death, no separation of the substance." *Ga*

"It is the secret of the world that all things su and do not die, but only retire a little from sight and afterwards return again." *Ralph Waldo Eme*

"It is the same thing in us that is alive and dead, a and asleep, young and old. For the former and become the latter, and the latter shift back a and become the former." *Herac*

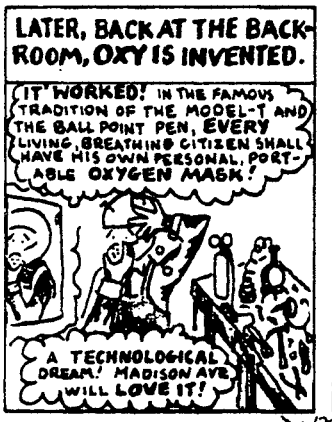
"The most important thing I learned on Tralfama was that when a person dies he only *appears* to He is still very much alive in the past, so it is silly for people to cry at his funeral." *Kurt Vonnegu*

"No one you love is ever dead." *Ernest Hemingw*

# OXY

*Once upon a time there was a life-supporting element called Oxygen, or 'O' as the scientists affectionately called it. GOD so much liked this that He fixed it that 'O' should appear in the middle of His Name. Oxygen had a very good thing going with Nitrogen and a few other minor gases, called 'Air'. But . . . as more and more people were born, all of them, naturally, equipped with lungs to breathe and blood to keep aired and hearts to keep apumping and as technology advanced further and a lot of things were going into the air that shou have been going into the air (until people said, "Wh it going to end?"). Then, well, it didn't take long for the to come along . . . OXY was the last of the great technol advances before . . . but that's another story . . .*



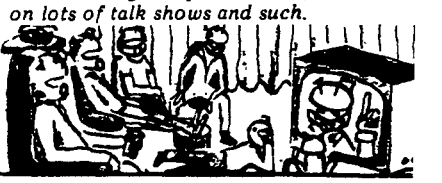





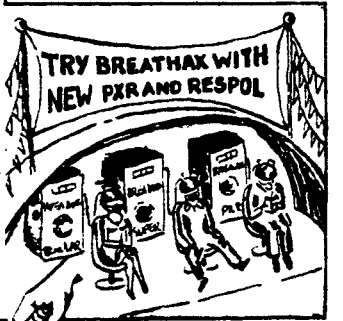




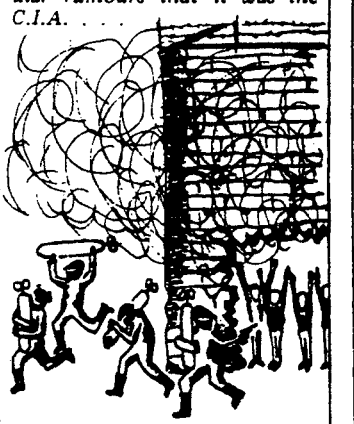

*With right on their side, and strong pou of persuasion, astute advertising made O. a big hit overnight. Just everybody w OXYs; life, it seemed, could become beard again, and the inventor, Prof. U. N. H (who with his mad brother, Doctor I. Hale, operating — it was said — with an disclosed but rumoured-to-be sizeable gr from Wee Pant, President of the Uni Nations World Air Bank . . .) well . . . he hailed as a great public benefactor and on lots of talk shows and such.*



*The industry couldn't keep pace with the demand, lots of different brands and makes came on the scene, each better than the other, the advertisers believed; franchises, licences, and concessions were snapped up all over the world . . .*
*And the gas companies, Shellox, Essox and Texacox and Gulfox came out with newer more improved oxygens that made nature (that old Mother) blush . . . she felt so silly. Why hadn't she thought of it' And all those additives . . . boy, was her face red.*




*BUT WORSE!!! OXY and Oxygen were now BIG business and in short supply and the market was open to all sorts of shady deals, protections, blackmarket and mob activity. Local supply depots were raided: people didn't know who to blame until it was found that a FOREIGN POWER was almost certainly behind it, not to mention some unpleasant but nonetheless popular rumours that it was the C.I.A. . . .*

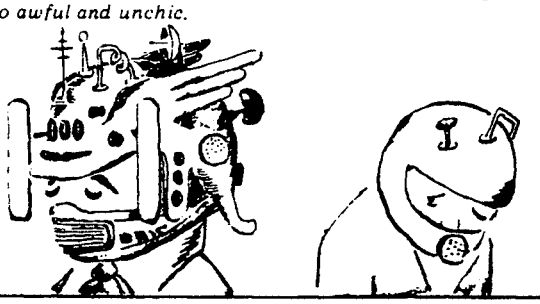


*BUT, predictably, in the end the peo turned on Prof. Hale, who started whole thing. He was tracked down b strongarm faction, the ANTI-OXY SU VIVAL MINUTEMEN (Slogan: "( NO!") . . . but the Prof. eluded them the end and took off for the Himala Years later the New York Times stumb across him (if indeed the bearded oc genarian with the impish Scottish b gue was the old Prof.) living in a cr abandoned geodesic chapel 20,000 f up the mountain, working on a Cosr Survival Geodesic Space Pail Theory something about the more you take of it the FULLER it gets!!. . . it ju didn't seem to hold water!*



*As for OXY, the whole thing died out the grit and dust settled in the lungs the people. FOR NOTHING WILL STAND IN THE WAY OF NATUR MUTATION!!!*

*Inevitably, the OXY became a status symbol . . . despite the fact that a Southern minister said that if GOD had meant us to have OXYs He would have . . . The Govt.-issue OXY drew sniggers — they were so awful and unchic.*



# MORE LETTERS

*DEAR PROCESS,*

*I have read your mag' Process No. 5. Very interesting. It makes a lot more sense than the religion that was "hammered" into me in days gone by . . .*

*I think I'd like to (if you'd have me) become a member of The Process, Church of the Final Judgement.*

*KENNY,*
*GLASGOW, SCOTLAND*

*P.S. What is eternal life?*

Eternal life is the endless cycle after cycle of existence, of which every one of us is a part. All creation lives and dies and is reborn over and over again. And within that cycle universes live and die and are reborn over and over again. And within those cycles, worlds live and die and are reborn over and over again. And within those cycles individuals live and die and are reborn over and over again. That is Eternal Life. And yes, you are welcome to become a member of The Process. On page 38 you will discover how to go about it.

*DEAR PROCESS,*

*I bought the Fear issue when you were in Oxford not very long ago and it's proved far more enlightening than anything I've read before – more so than Keats or King Lear – because it's realistic and now. Philosophy is all very consoling but active, personal, practical, relevant philosophy seems even better.*

*Thank you.*

*ANTHONY PATER*
*UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD*

*DEAR SIR/MADAM,*

*I bought "The Process" magazine from someone in Trafalgar Square. I am interested in what has been written in it, but could you explain a little more thoroughly what The Process believes? – or is it all just a gas?*

*Do Jehovah, Lucifer and Satan appear in all the editions? I was told that you try and help drug addicts etc: – do you do this by your religion or what? Are you concerned mainly with looking after and helping people or The Process?*

*One last lot of questions! – how often is the magazine published (roughly)? Where can I get a copy? About how many people belong to your organisation? and has the magazine any fixed price?*

*As it is*
*SELINA FELLOWS*
*RODNEY R.N.S. HASLEMERE, SURREY*

*PS: I think that your magazine is wonderful – it's unusual. I was glad that you protested about vivisection – I think it's really ghastly.*

The Process is what you make of it – which could be just a gas! The Gods have appeared in most of our magazines, and will almost certainly appear in all future issues. We help all those who ask us for help – and a few who don't! The Process IS people, and people ARE The Process. Several billion belong to it, some of them quite consciously. And the rest of your questions are answered elsewhere in this publi-

*DEAR FATHER MALACHI AND FRIENDS AT THE PROCESS,*

*Your breathing letter was gratefully received*
*The why, we are not departing for Cambridge*
*would be in short*
*Electrically unreceived there*
*It being our strongest desire to attain the other shore.*

*In regard to PROCESS 5, excellent, live (?) undo every issue before and respectfully of course after.*

*More of the same beautiful rhythm as is to yourselves in our relation of*
*mind. To all other beautiful things and reasons*
*at the attainment*
*of the other shore*
*recognition*
*then*
*liberation*
*will certainly follow*
*there*
*and now it is here.*

*Until we see you*
*and maybe with your help*
*draw us in.*

*Most High Unto You*
*THE FAMILY OF JOHN, JAMES, WENDY & THE HONEYBEE & SHINJE RINPODIN*
*Love.*

*DEAR SIR,*

*I have just read a copy of your book on Drug Addicts. I was very impressed with it. The picture painted was one I found more accurate than anything else I have read – having lived with addicts in Kentish Town for 6 months.*

*MR. R.A. LEAH*
*TUNBRIDGE WELLS U.K.*

*DEAR PROCESS,*

*On reading Process number 5 which I found in a Hostel in London, I was deeply moved and found that the contents roused feelings I knew nothing of.*

*Thank you for this good you have done for me & I hope to further my knowledge on the subject.*

*Yours sincerely,* *H. WOOD, KAIM HOUSE*
*ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.*

*DEAR FRIENDS,*

*I saw you last in Paris, and before that in New York. Hope you are well. With love.*

*TAMA STARR*
*Haiku, MAUI HAWAII 96708*

*DEAR MALACHI,*

*After re-visiting Process again, I can truthfully say it was like going home. The Process books constitute a Bible to me, a Bible in which I strongly believe and want to follow.*

*If it is possible, would you be able to send me some more copies of "SO BE IT"? I would be sincerely grateful if you could. When I read that book, things became very clear to me, through it, it is very easily understood what Process is about, and what it can and does mean to many people.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*JANET COLE*
*ASHFORD, MIDDLESEX.*

*P.S.*

*This time when I told my mother I had been to Process and was going again, she did not seem to mind, so perhaps that test is over. However, reflecting upon this test or no test I shall still follow Process.*

*DEAR PROCESS,*

*I have read a few of your magazines and would be interested in joining your orga tion, and help organize a branch here. I a and a student and librarian. I am Czech-Ge (a quarter Jew). I have studied Scientolog 6 years, but was not tolerated in the orga tion because I am a supreme individualis can put up with only so much disciplin regimentation. 1964-7 I was one of th among local neo-Nazis. In the last 2 and a years, however, I have embraced Judaism s no longer anti-Jewish. I am still fanat nationalistic. I have been a Theosophist years, although I have been kicked out membership, as in Scientology.*

*I am loyal to Ancient Egypt, Egyptian Reli as well as Judaism and the Jewish people heroes are Nietzsche, Plato, L.R. Hubbard, Rand, T.E. Lawrence, Osiris, Moses, and, reservations, Hitler. Also Ulick Varange ( perium") and Spengler.*

*I love: Egypt, Jewish sages, Andean Ci tions, neo-classical music, archaeology, th Testament, Israel, the sun, semi-deserts, rivers, the sea, quality, intelligence, the M East, the Near East, mysticism, power, Ancient Greece, clean living, God, and m*

*I hate: barbarism, decadence, the Mob, munism, Capitalism, porno-culture, race ing, mental deficiency, Asia not includin Arab world, jungles, rain, cold, noise, the sumer economy, the Grey Forces.*

*I am very self-oriented and a genius in my right, so that I may prove intractable; in case I repel most people; on the other ha am co-operative, believe in a team effort, t be friendly and sympathetic. I think I cou a good Jehovian.*

*I would be willing to further the aims of organization with fanaticism and enterprise vided I am given my due. Please send me d and advice concerning all this.*

*Okay??*

*JURGEN KLEM*
*MELBOURNE, AUSTRA*

**O.K. I think you COULD be a good Jeho (There's certainly very little of the Lucifer you, though a strong element of Satan is ing at either end.) But Jehovah would proi require a higher acceptance of discipline you currently have. Remember if you wa give it (and judging by your heroes you c do want to) you have to be able to recei O.K.?**

*STAFF OF THE PROCESS,*

*Thank you for the experience of your ma (PROCESS FOUR). Would desire your a in seeking further enlightenment as read t*

*Looking forward to a visit with you soon. possible aid to you from this position is re available.*

*Many people (those capable in America) and respect you.*

*Una*
*JOHN OPS*
*SAN FRANCISCO, C*

*DEAR MALACHI,*

*I am living and while doing so I cannot learning new things everyday. Behind strange face it seems that someone is cryin something that sounds like a breeze sayin it is". Well, I try to learn to say "Well, so t*

*ALI REZA YA*
*PAR*

# MORE LETTERS YET

*DEAR SIRS,*

*When I was recently in London I purchased a copy of your magazine or bulletin. At the time, I did not have time to read it, or so I thought. (If I had known its values I would certainly have sat down and engorged its means and serious thoughts.) Well, as the story goes, when I got home I read it and SAT UP. I was so surprised to have reaped an unexpected dividend from my trip.*

*Yours as an involved reader, and perhaps a future convert.*

*RON YOST*
*SLATER, WYOMING, USA*

*DEAR ED.,*

*If it wasn't for the fact that we found 'Process 5' on a park bench we would never have discovered this enlightening magazine.*

*JIM WOOD & NICK RIDLEY*
*DUNMOW, ESSEX.*

*DEAR PROCESS*

*I thoroughly enjoyed Process number 5. It was the first time I ever read Process. Is it possible to subscribe? Is there an American Chapter or is it all one big happy family? I admit I was confused at the idea of the three Gods but I do agree with the grey life – I am 18, a college freshman and as totally disillusioned as anyone could be. Maybe Process can answer some of my questions.*

*DIANNE KENNY*
*DORCHESTER, MASS. USA*

No, Dianne, I'm afraid you can't subscribe in the normal way. Our magazine is not a regular publication, and issues emerge when the spirit moves us. But if you want more literature, contact the Boston Chapter. Yes, you see there ARE American Chapters. But also, yes, we ARE all one happy family!

Come and visit us, and we will try to answer your questions, and steer you through your disillusionment.

*DEAR EDITOR,*

*I read Process 5 with wary interest. In spite of the layout of your magazine and in parts comic-like presentation I presume you take your religion seriously.*

*However, I find numerous things puzzling, in particular your doctrine of three Gods.*

*By your quotation of the Gospel I presume your beliefs are based on the Bible and not just a theory worked out on the basis of science, mythology and the evidence of the modern world.*

*However, in the Gospels when Christ was challenged that he was possessed of Beelzebub he made a generalized statement that a kingdom which was divided against itself would fall. That you cannot serve God and Mammon.*

*You say: "God and AntiGod are two halves of a divided totality and they must ultimately be reconciled."*

*The Christian God is steadfast and eternal. What He was yesterday He is now and will be in the future. How does this fit in with your beliefs?*

*Do you accept only part of the Bible as truth? In my study of the Bible I found that it is all truth, written by the inspiration of God in man and under the tuition of the Holy Spirit. Therefore if I believe part of it I can only believe the whole.*

*I believe our knowledge of God is limited to the witness of the world around us and His Holy Word, i.e. the Bible. Even this is partly beyond the powers of our human understanding until in the light of His love He shows us the meaning.*

*If He has so inspired you then please forgive me, but please be sure that you are drawing desciples to the Truth and not to yet another myth.*

*ANGELA JONES, EMPIRE NURSES' HOME*
*LONDON, ENGLAND.*

First of all, bear in mind that nothing is really serious unless it is also humorous. This is just another aspect of the Divine Paradox, which is the embodiment of the Sublime and the Ridiculous, which is the totality of GOD. Nothing CAN be sublime, unless it is also ridiculous. That is the principle upon which our two pole universe is based.

Secondly, the Bible was indeed inspired by GOD, but distorted and misinterpreted by man, who was himself after all created by GOD, therefore . . . well, as you can see, logic itself undermines the concept of "sacred cows". But science was also inspired by GOD and distorted and misused by GOD's creations, and so was mythology, and so was "the modern world". It's hard to draw the line when it comes to defining what GOD is and is not responsible for.

Next, the house divided against itself. Of course it cannot stand.

It is in conflict and must therefore move and change and eventually collapse, and then be resurrected on a new basis of harmony and balance, which will then cycle again into conflict, and so on. That is the way of all creation.

The Christian God (by speaking of Him as such you imply that there are others) is indeed eternal, as is every being in the universe, but steadfast? Does that mean unmoving and unchanging? Certainly, in relation to man He is infinitely stable, but unmoving and unchanging, no. Being even remotely concerned or identified with His own creation He must move and change with the ever moving and changing Universe.

And the Bible as truth? Perhaps. But can we really call the King James Version the BIBLE? Stories – wonderful stories, full of wisdom and divine inspiration – handed down, translated, re-translated, interpreted, re-interpreted, used to make a point, misused to make another point, translated again . . . Truth is to be found WITHIN what we know as the Bible–profound truth. But the Bible itself as Truth?

Truth, by our definition, is awareness of reality. Our awareness is severely limited. But it is expanding. And the Bible is indeed one agent for furthering that expansion.

Forgive you? For what? You have questioned, you have stated, with great understanding and sincerity. That cannot require forgiveness, only appreciation.

*DEAR FRIENDS,*

*E=MC* *What else can you do that's fantastic?*

*RICK RIDGEWAY*
*TEXAS, USA*

E=(MC)

## WAR DEATH

"Human sacrifice has been abandoned almost u sally today – except in the institution of wa which millions of young men have been conde to be killed and to kill in our lifetime . . . significant that a young man who has been sacr in battle is honoured by his community and h many cases, himself been a proud and willing vict

*Arnold Toy*

"Never forget that the nation owes you everyt and in return it expects everything of you, up t including the supreme sacrifice. You must lea support suffering without complaint, because yo German. Heil Hitler."

*Address to troops on the Russian Fr (from 'The Forgotten Soldier') by Guy S.*

"Death and I are waiting. The training and pra have been rigorous, but it is worthwhile if we ca beautifully and for a cause." *Kamikaze p*

"Their most primitive, even their wildest fee were not for the enemy; their bloody task was m an outward radiation of the inner soul, the div soul filled with the lust to rage and kill, annih and die so that it might be born anew. A giant was struggling out of the egg; the egg was the w and the world must first be rent asunder."

*Hermann H*

"I'm sorry anybody had to die there, sorry I eve to kill a soldier in Viet Nam. In My Lai, I made o a thousand mistakes I made in Viet Nam. I wa as wrong going to Viet Nam as to My Lai. Bu be very proud to have been in the U.S. Army fought at My Lai if it shows the world just war is."

"After about a month I just faced myself and 'Do you want to quit living?' At worst, I knew I one year left, and I decided I wanted to do s thing before I die. I decided I would look people in the eye again." *Lt. William Ca*

## REBIRTH

"GOD generates beings, and sends them back and over again, till they return to Him." *The Kc*

"The person of man is only a mask which the putteth on for a season; it weareth its proper and then is cast off, and another is worn in its ste

*The K*

"After leaving this body, a virtuous man acqui still better place and body and his wisdom consta increaseth." *Zoroa*

"My opinion is that we shall be re-incarnated and that hereafter we shall suffer or benefi accordance with what we have done in this w For example, the employer who sweats his workpe will be condemned to be sweated himself."

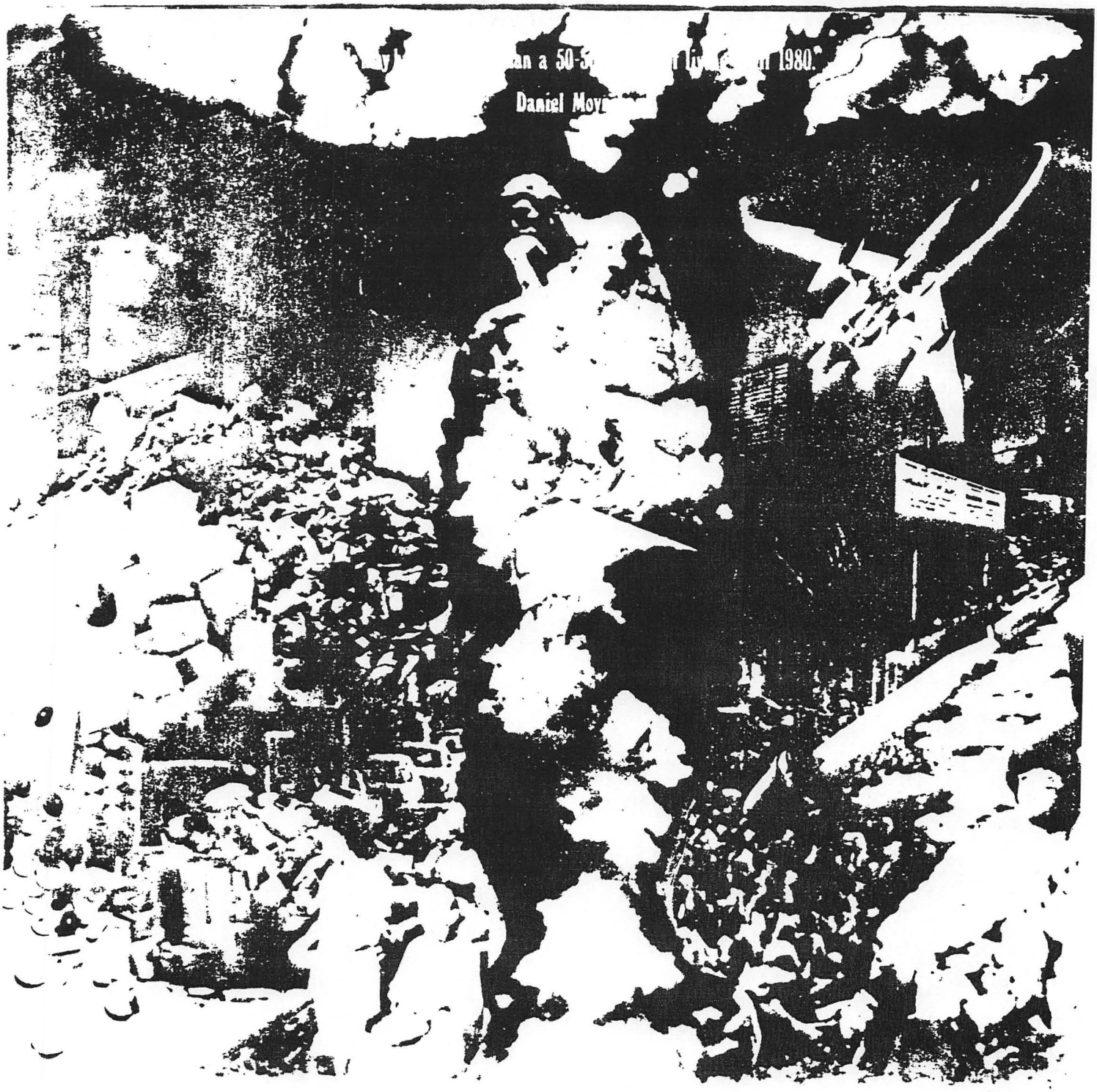
*Lloyd Ge*

"It is nature's kindness that we do not reme past births. Life would be a burden if we ca such a tremendous load of memories. A wise deliberately forgets many things." *Gar*

". . . It sometimes happens that the Ange Forgetfulness himself forgets to recover from memories the records of the former world; and our senses are haunted by fragmentary recollec of another life." *Sholem*

"The reason why Homer is to me a dewy mo is because I too lived while Troy was and saile the hollow ships of the Grecians to sack the dev town . . . when a lively chord in the soul is st when the windows for a moment are unbarred long and varied past is recovered. We recognize We are no more brief, ignoble creatures; we seiz immortality, and bind together the related par our secular being." *Charles Eme*

"It is conceivable that I might well be reborn Chinese coolie. In such a case I should lod protest." *Winston Chu*




# There was agony in the Deluge.

There was agony in the Deluge. There was pain and suffering, terror and deprivation. It was the nightmare become reality; the ultimate horror, so it seemed. But for each individual it was really no more than the long drawn out pain of the sickness of the old order, concentrated and intensified into one final spasm of inevitable self-destruction – and then release. It was the aching tooth extracted without anaesthetic; the bursting tumour, the amputation of the festering limb. It was a last desperate eruption of violent tortuous despair. It was the moment of agonised dying, and it seemed endless – but no more endless than the agonised so-called living had seemed before it.

And afterwards, for those who died *with* the old order, there was the final peaceful tranquility of death; and for those who survived, like the soul of a dead man, there was the rest and quiet calm of a new life.

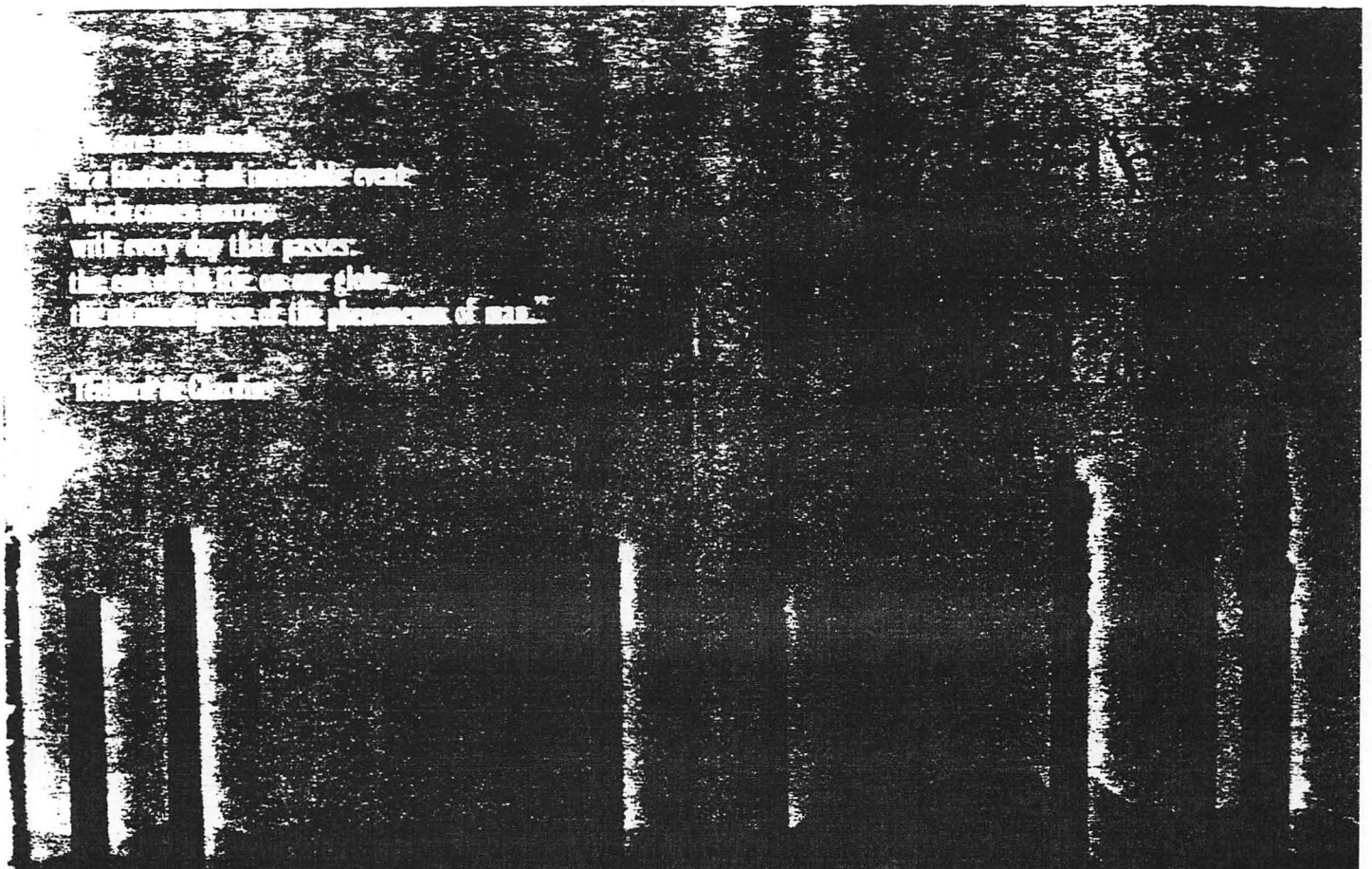
Whether we lived or died in the cataclysms of the End, the aftermath for everyone of us is peace; a peace unknown and scarcely imagined

When the last of the anguish was gone, when the dust had settled the corpse of humanity as we had known it was still, when the de throes had ceased and the cries of pain were silenced, then there be a time of rest, both for the living and for the dead.

That is how it is, and that is how it has to be. A new beginning n begin with silence.

At last the roaring of the vast machines of government can no longe heard; the chatterings of desperate argument and political dispute h gone; the seemingly inexorable rhythm of the marching feet of prog and ambition that drove men forward – forward? – has fin stopped; the screaming protests of prejudice, the clamouring dema for rights and privileges, the hammering on the door of establishment, the insults and recriminations hurled to and fro ac national, racial and ideological barriers, all is brought to silence.

Now, instead of talking, we can listen. We can stop, stand still, listen; listen to the voices from within, that before were drowned the din of humanity's struggle for supremacy, listen to the sound the 'wild green earth' that before were submerged by the artif roundings of man-made machines.



# after the deluge: peace:

After the Deluge, peace: the quiet calm of death, the death of a world, not only the death of countless human beings and countless living creatures – that is the tragic price of this peaceful aftermath – but the death of an entire system, a vast and complex social structure, a huge political machine and a great unwieldy economic framework.

No tragedy in that. These things were diseased beyond recall; cancers created by man, fostered by man, and eating relentlessly away the soul of man. They were the monsters of Frankenstein that turned upon him and destroyed him.

Man had become the system he created. It had engulfed him, dragged him down into misery and frustration, stretched his nerves to breaking point, set him against himself, against his fellow man and against the very environment in which he lived and upon which he depended for his sustenance. It had corrupted his brain, distorted his values, and made him as unnatural and unbalanced as itself.

He created the ogre, and then became its pawn. He built the lie of what he called 'civilised society', then made it truth for himself and slaved for its perpetuation. He hated it, convinced himself he loved and needed it, and then served it with unfailing singlemindedness at the expense of his own survival. He became enmeshed in his own illogical and deceptive arguments in favour of the system he had made, pursuing what he was sure were noble and altruistic goals, making what he thought were magnificent promises to himself, and then remaining blind to the growing evidence that the goals were receding further and further into the distance, and that each of the promises was broken one by one.

Imprisoned in his self-created and anti-natural world, he lived o unrealistic hopes, which he nurtured with the lies of an unfounde optimism. He fixed his attention on one tiny stunted but new grow sapling, whilst the whole forest rotted and decayed around him. H cured symptoms – or tried to – one by one as they appeared, but h closed his eyes to the creeping cancer that spread and grew and festere behind them.

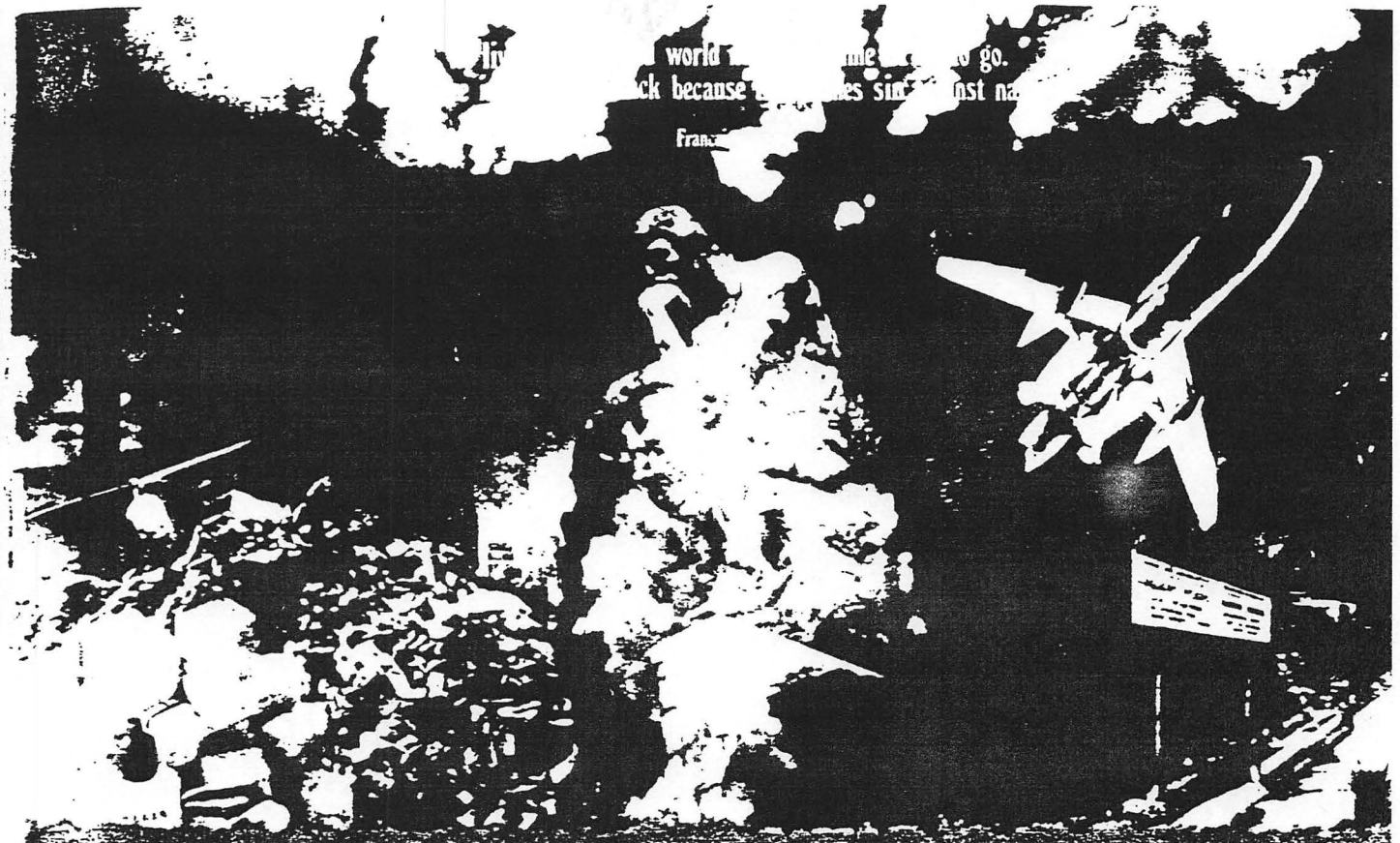
Until at last there came the Deluge. No longer could the curse he ha brought upon himself be held at bay. It came and swept away hi world. Or rather his world swept itself away. It destroyed itself, an him – or most of him.

A tiny part of him remains unharmed, but nothing of that world except a memory fostered by the ruins, a bitter aftertaste and a fe vain regrets. But these will very soon be lost and forgotten.

Of the structure itself nothing remains. Everything that gave i sustenance, meaning, significance, value, stature, and the power that i wielded over its creator, has now become irrelevant. The vast majorit of its slaves are dead. Its organisations are disbanded. Its rules ar buried with those who enforced and obeyed them. Its temples ar destroyed. Its values and conventions, its codes and constitution inscribed in countless volumes and countless languages, are lost in th rubble.

Now there is a new order, requiring a whole new framework of answe and solutions, codes, values and conventions. Those of the old order n longer fit. They have become redundant.

Anyone trying to live in the new by the rules of the old will only die o frustration.



GOD values are basic and fundamental. They begin at the beginning. They consider the basic structure of life as it is, as it has been created and as it naturally evolves and changes. This is the prime consideration which takes precedence over all else. Every other value, every other law and code and convention, every pattern of behaviour, must stem from this basic element of natural existence. Once man begins to set his own creations *above* GOD's creations in importance and value, he begins to deviate, he begins to lose his contact with GOD. And unless he reverses the trend at once and returns to the basic principle of the supremacy of natural existence, then he is on the downward spiral into self-destruction.

GOD values begin at the beginning. And although they grow and expand and build upon themselves as creation evolves, they never lose sight of that beginning. The basic priorities remain with what is natural — directly natural involving no human distortion or manipulation — taking precedence over everything that involves deliberate interference with the natural order of things.



This is not to say that such interference is wrong, but simply that it must not be allowed to become the predominant factor.

Man is created to make use of nature, to adapt to it, to channel it, to create natural order out of natural chaos, to give form to what is formless. But he is not created to destroy nature, nor to subjugate it to his will, nor to distort it, nor to erase what already has natural form and replace it with what has unnatural form, nor to create unnatural chaos out of natural order. He is created to exist in harmony with nature, not to make war against it, to give to it and receive from it, not continually to demand of it and give little or nothing in return.

In his infinite wisdom, GOD gave the natural world and everything in it to man, as man's willing and obedient servant. In response, man attempted to make the natural world his slave, and eventually, inevitably, the world was driven beyond endurance, turned against its master, and destroyed him.

Nature can and will serve every one of man's needs, if he will allow it to do so. But he must accord with nature, and not struggle against it. He must blow with the wind and flow with the stream, and not always strive to make his way in the opposite direction. He must satisfy his needs *through* the miracles of natural law, and not *despite* them.

Nature will not attack man, unless man has first attacked nature. And if nature does attack him, his first realisation should be that he must in some way or other have set himself against it.

But death is an integral part of the laws of nature. It is as vital a stage of the natural cycle as birth. And man instinctively rejected death. He challenged it. He made war on it. He tried to eliminate it, to suppress it, to postpone it, to outwit it, to negate it. He went far beyond the natural instinct for survival in his efforts to escape from death. The result – ironically but not surprisingly – was that he made himself more violently and cataclysmically subject to death than any other creature in his world.

The zebra flees from the lion and tries to hide when the lion appears. That survival instinct forms the natural balance to the lion's survival instinct to hunt and kill the zebra for food. But zebras do not build themselves massive fortifications with watch towers and traps in order to escape the lion's bloodlust. They accept the natural balance. Sometimes a zebra escapes, sometimes a zebra is killed. It creates no animosity, no grudge, no paranoia, no basic dissatisfaction or anxiety. There is *no blame.*

Rooks, like human beings, need homes in which to live and to raise their young. Do they fell all the trees of the forest and build themselves houses with the wood? No; they find small twigs that have fallen to the ground and build themselves nests in the highest branches of the trees. There they live, content with the natural order of things, and existing *within* its framework. If the wind blows too hard and a nest is destroyed, the rook builds another. He does not call his friends together and discuss ways and means of preventing the wind from blowing.

A weasel kills a field mouse and feeds it to her young. Do all the field mice band together to devise a means of exterminating weasels? It is the farmer who makes self-righteous war on the fox, because the farmer presumes his own right to eat chickens and denies the fox's right to do the same. The chickens themselves bear no malice towards the fox – except in children's story books where the farmer is supposed to be on the side of the chickens, who are 'good', and against the fox, who is 'bad'. The fact that the farmer has basically the same designs on the chickens as has the fox, is not usually mentioned!

Now a human being may use his wits, just as an animal does, but once he uses them to step outside the natural cycle – even a little way – as opposed to using them *within* the natural cycle; once he denies the validity of natural law and tries to change it to suit himself, then he begins on the path of self-destruction; the path that becomes more and more twisted and tortuous, more and more frustrating and disillusioning, and finally ends, as it must end, with the Deluge.

Then he is back at the beginning again, as he is now. He has died, and been reborn. All his man-made substitutes for natural form and function have gone, and once more he is faced with the natural order of things. The world in which man was – apparently – supreme, has demolished itself, and left only the world – which was always there beneath the surface – in which GOD is supreme.

Before the Deluge, men were not born into the natural order. They were born into a man-made distortion of the natural order. They did not any longer belong, even at birth, to the natural order. They belonged to the world in which they lived and were raised – a grotesque and nightmarish anomaly. So an individual, or even a group of individuals, could not simply deny the status quo and revert to nature, thereby bringing back for itself the natural order of things which had been lost. That would have been too simple a solution, as many discovered to their cost. The world had changed. It had been taken over by the machine of human progress and civilisation, and every man, woman and child born into the world by the grace of that machine, belonged to that machine.

The world and everything in it belonged to humanity, because humanity had forced the world to change itself according to its will. It no longer belonged to GOD.

Therefore, if it was to change back, if it was to revert to the beginning, if it was to belong once more to its Creator; then first, the occupying power must be overthrown. And there was no need to force *that* issue. Its very nature was bound to bring about its own destruction. The Deluge came from within, not from without.

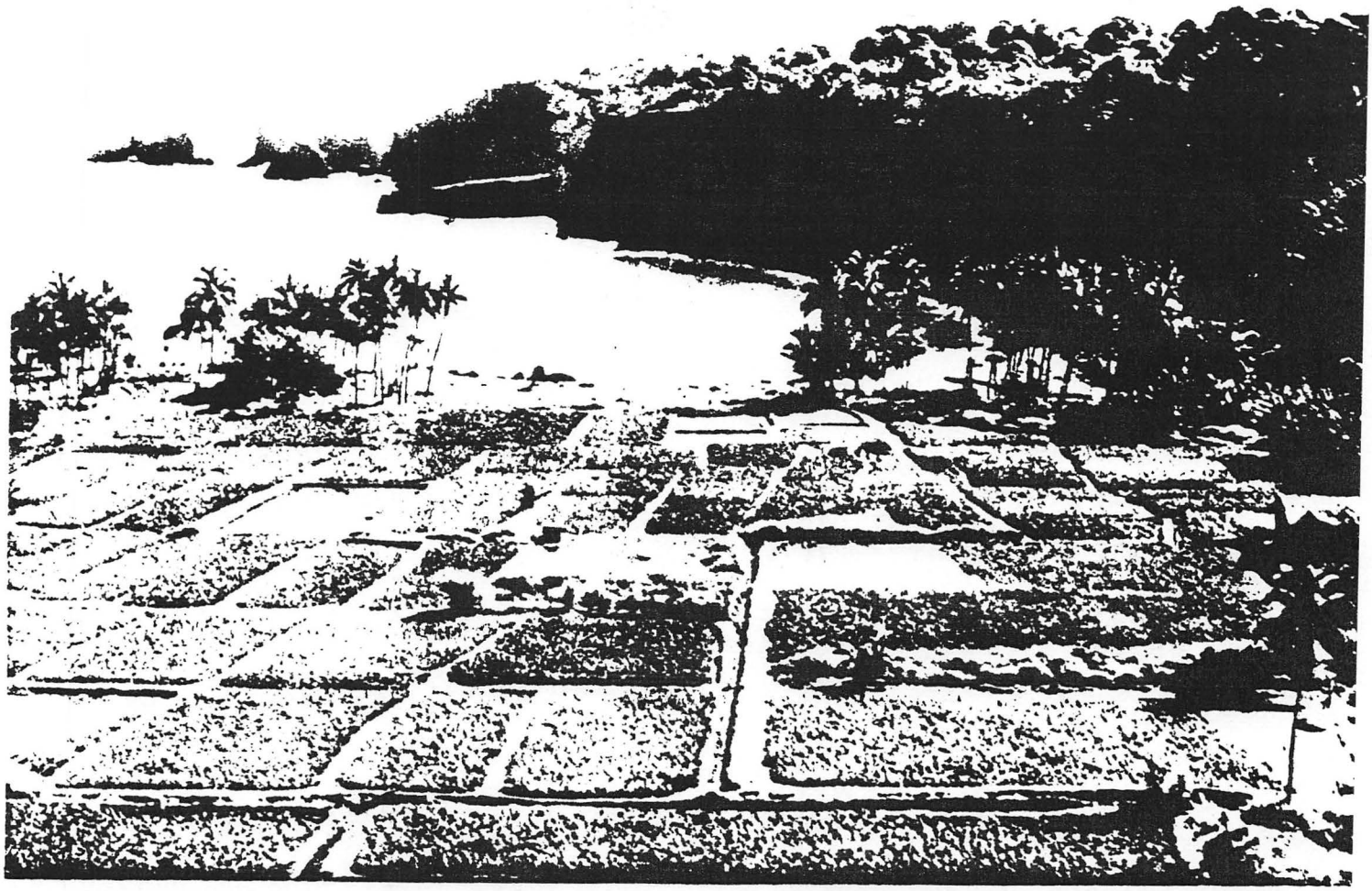
But it had to come, by one means or another, before there could be any basic change. Those who simply defied and energetically opposed the symptoms, altered nothing. The corruption permeated the entire physical, mental and spiritual existence of the planet and its inhabitants. It attacked the mind with even more devastating effect than it attacked the body – then the mind attacked the body to even the score. It seeped into the soul and flooded the essence. And all of it from within; manifesting without, but stemming from within .

So no healing on the outside could work. No superficial cure could hope to be effective. The most soothing ointment in the world cannot eliminate gangrene. There is only one cure; amputation – in this case, of the entire body!

There is no harm in the practice of curing symptoms – unless we deceive ourselves that it is the way to eliminate disease. When you are faced with the last stages of a human cycle of civilisation, you are looking at a world with a terminal disease. By all means change the outward manifestations and juggle with the apparencies. Alter laws, devalue or revalue currencies, demolish and rebuild cities, disband organisations and form new ones, shout political slogans, start new political movements, protest and proclaim, analyse and explain. Change whatever you want to change. Stop whatever you want to stop. And start whatever you want to start. And live your life as feels right to you.

But if you come to diagnose, do not be blind. See what it is you are dealing with. It's living death; the man with a few months to live and no chance of a cure. Do what you will; but know that the Deluge must come.

And it *was* living death. There *was* no cure. And the Deluge came. Some knew that it was coming; most did not.



## now after the deluge has come and gone.

Now, after the Deluge has come and gone, either it carried you away onto a new level of existence; a calm and peaceful coming together of souls, without human bodies to agonise and separate them; or you live on in the silence of the aftermath, inheriting a purified world from a dead civilisation.

In both there is peace and rest. In both there is contact – you are not alone. All that is lost are the trappings of the human dungeon; the racks, the thumbscrews, the red hot irons; all the instruments of torture that constituted civilised society; the frantic striving for success, for recognition, for respectability, for status, for rights, for privileges, for a fair deal, for a larger share in the spoils of exploitation; for a house to live in, for a better house to live in, for a bigger house to live in; for the highest honours, for supremacy, for a grain of self-respect, for an education, for a living wage; for justice, for peace, for political stability, for social compromise, for less violence, for more understanding; for a job, for money, for love, for popularity, for comfort, for security, for reassurance; for a brief respite from the endless directionless struggle.

After the Deluge these are gone. In death there is company, there is love and understanding, in the common bond of release from the human game. In life there is company, there is love and understanding in the common bond of survival, and freedom from all the old man-made fears and anxieties.

This is the aftermath of the death which all men fear; the death of an individual and the death of a world; it's the same; peace. This is what lies on the other side of the chasm.

(But it was always the nature of man to see nothing beyond what seemed to be the immediate threat. He preferred to live with his aching tooth than to suffer a momentary intensification of the pain in order to find subsequent relief.)

And once more GOD whispers in the ears of the remnant of his human creation: "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

And is it once more another test? Is there choice again?

Might man again despise what is placed beneath his charge? Might he subdue the earth by subduing the laws of nature, destroying what grows, twisting the natural forms into ugly distortions to suit his wh and fancies; upending the natural order of things, and creating artificial chaos to replace it; building a man-made jungle over the r of a GOD-made jungle? Might he again see his rule over animals licence to exploit, torture and exterminate any creature he chooses?

That was the choice he made before. Subduing meant destroy Dominion meant slavery.

And what of multiplying and replenishing? Might he once more c the world with his own species, using every artificial means he can his hands on to increase his numbers and defeat the laws of nat selection? And might he thereby once again overwhelm the wl world with himself, spreading himself so thickly on the ground that exploitation of the natural resources of the earth has to be increa with more and more complicated and unnatural means?

Might he do all this *again*? If he has the choice, despite exhaustion and disillusionment, is there really any reason why he shc choose differently from before? We have seen no evidence of willingness to learn from his mistakes. And it will not be long be the outcome of his previous choice is quite forgotten.

If he has the choice, what are the chances of him choosing to mult within the natural law, so that the world, at any one time, contain more and no less than the number of human beings best suited t stage of evolution? What likelihood of him respecting what he has l given to rule over; of him seeing his task of subduing the eart putting order into chaos, creating and changing in harmony nature, and bringing out the natural precision that often hides behi jungle of haphazard growth? *Might* he interpret dominion over creatures of the earth as responsibility for their preservation welfare, again within the bounds of natural law, and as the privileg ruling and controlling them, but with kindness and consideration concern for their well-being? Is there a chance that this t man – what's left of him – will respect the nature of the worl which he lives instead of despising it, that he will cherish it instea exploiting it, preserve it instead of destroying it – and himself a with it? Is there a chance that he will give to it instead of contin demanding of it, that he will live in accord with it instead of perma conflict? Is there a chance, that given the choice, he will adapt hir to his world instead of laying it waste?

Or are these questions academic? Perhaps this time GOD in His int wisdom, has given man the world, but, mercifully, has kept all cl for Himself ✠



# ...AND THEN, THE RESURRECTION.

Excerpt from B.I. (Brethren Information) 31, as yet unpublished.

The world is close to the death point of its present cycle. It appears to be on the verge of a total conquest of the material universe. It appears to be within arm's reach of supreme success in human terms. Lucifer's image of the ideal seems very close indeed. If we project the accelerating graph of scientific progress and discovery, it looks as though there will be little or nothing that man will not be able to achieve on a social and material level by the year two thousand. That is the ultimate human fulfilment; the image of the body on a racial level. Science fiction writers describe future worlds of utterly Luciferian perfection; nothing less than heaven on earth.

That is the goal, and it seems to be in sight. Or rather it *seemed* to be in sight, not very long ago. But now the other side of the picture is beginning to show itself more and more clearly. There is a growing realisation that civilisation is as close to death as it is to material and scientific conquest. It's no longer a few visionaries who can see that the very concept which is leading us towards a promised land of technological perfection, is also leading us towards an ironically coincident destruction as a race.

Incredibly, it's the very means by which we have been progressing towards that promised land, which has gradually, and until now almost imperceptibly, undermined us. It is the very triumph of technology which has tipped the world's ecological balance. And that is only one element. It takes no account of the even more obvious fact of the weaponry, which that triumph of technology has put into the destruction-orientated hands of mankind.

There is no way back. There is no way to avoid the End, or to by-pass it, or to stop it from taking place. But there is a way to transcend much of the agony, the despair, the frustration, and the disappointment of the End. And that is by seeing the myth — or rather the mirage — of a technological man-made paradise, for what it is, *before* the End. It's as far from the GOD-made world of nature, and therefore as far from God, as it's possible to be.

Now this is no moral judgement — although it usually emerges as such from an incomplete awareness of this particular human reality. This is a fact. The

racial image of the body, man's v
of a human heaven on earth, is beau
ideal, faultless, perfect — and st
And besides, it does not really e
*except* as an image in the mind
men. And it's far less painful disso
the image of a mirage, if you
known — or even partly known —
some time that it *is* a mirage,
will therefore dissolve when you r
it. It's far more painful when
believe in its actuality, right up
the moment when you reach it ar
dissolves.

And if we also know that a little
*beyond* that painful dissolution
our dream, an instant *after* it
vanished and finally — and literall
disillusioned us, is the beginning
*real* oasis; the life-orientated w
of the positive side of the cycle; n
perfect *human* world, but somet
moving towards a perfect GOD w
then we can meet the approaching
with confidence and positive antic
tion, instead of growing helplessr
disappointment and dread. And the s
applies for each one of us, to
approaching end of our indivi
human existence.

There is no sin or failure or wrongnes
being afraid of death. But knowle
of the patterns of the Game can h
us to keep the fear in perspective.

For example, we might feel nerv
before a painful operation, or bef
being separated temporarily from so
one whom we love, or before makir
basic change in our life-style or envir
ment. We may have to steel oursel
in order to go through these things.
are almost bound to have some kind
reaction towards an imminent painfu
uncomfortable experience. That is p
of natural law.

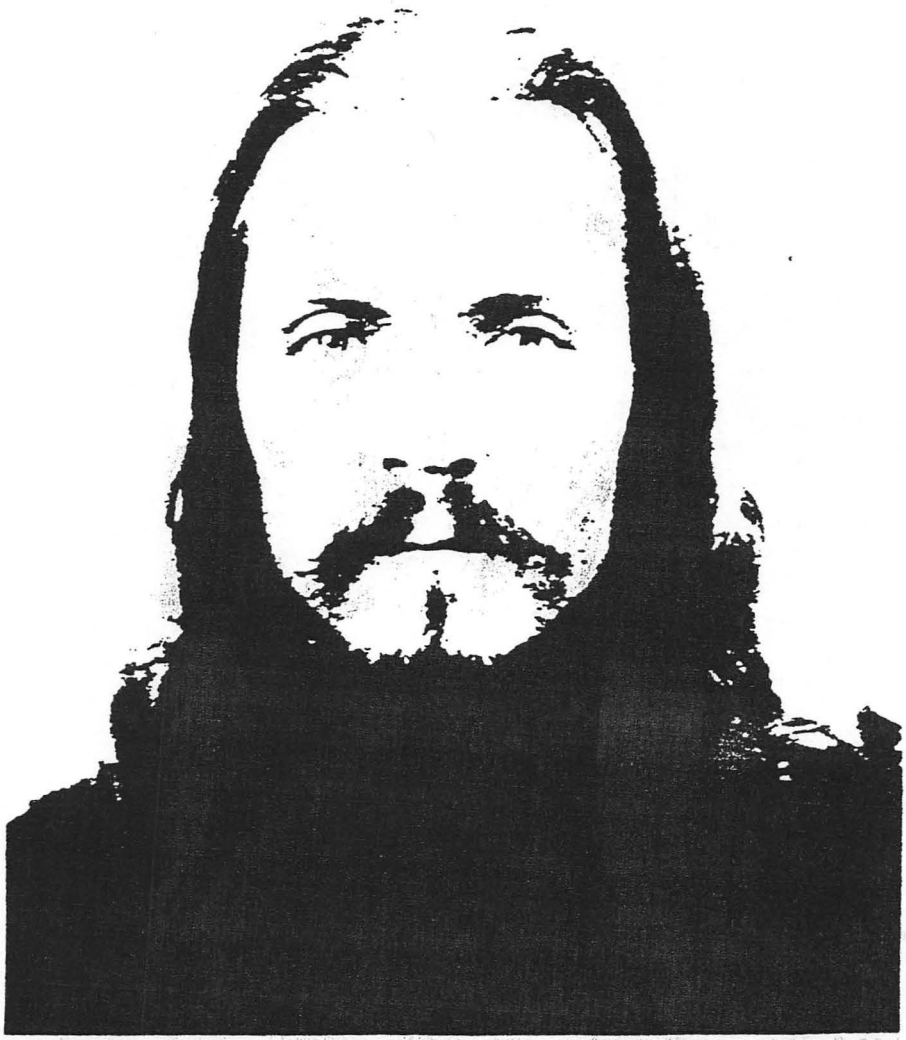
And that is *all* our fear of de
need be. It need not be a dread of
eternal unknown, or of the everlast
flames of Hell, or of the perman
loss of those we love, or of unbeara
punishments for sin, or of a strange
alien world in which we will be lost
alone, or of helpless drifting in spa
or of any of the other nightmare imag
ings which an imminence of death
produce. Because in death we are
evicted, we are not cast out, we are
betrayed, we are not condemned, we
not abandoned, we are not depriv
We are instantaneously purged —
of *all* negativity, but of our dr
towards an increasing *predominan*
of negativity — and then we are res
rected into a life-orientated world
increasing *positivity*. And with th
resurrection, goes a knowledge that
are leaving death behind us, and mov
inexorably along that road of increas
positivity, towards life ✠

Robert de Grimsto

# THE GODS ON WAR

## recorded by

## ROBERT DE GRIMSTON



# THE GODS ON WAR

## THE THREE GREAT GODS OF THE UNIVERSE JEHOVAH LUCIFER SATAN

## JEHOVAH ON WAR

## LUCIFER ON WAR

## SATAN ON WAR

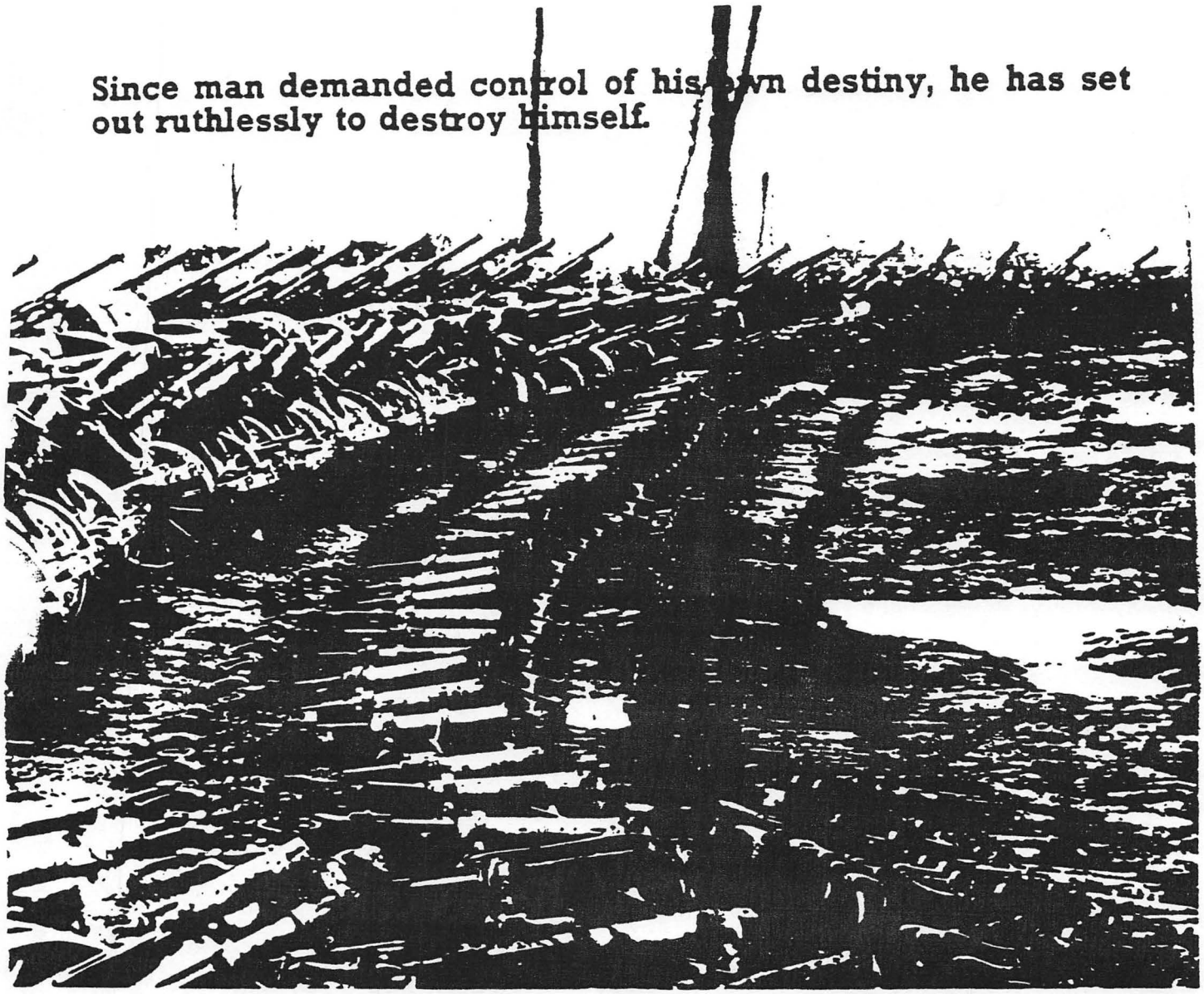
## TRANSCENDENCE

# THE THREE GREAT GODS OF THE UNIVERSE

# JEHOVAH LUCIFER SATAN

# JEHOVAH ON WAR

Since man demanded control of his own destiny, he has set out ruthlessly to destroy himself.



# THE THREE GREAT GODS OF THE UNIVERSE
# JEHOVAH LUCIFER SATAN

CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, apathetically, half-heartedly, enthusiastically or fanatically, under countless other names than those by which we know Them, and under innumerable disguises and descriptions, men have followed the three Great Gods of the Universe ever since the creation. Each one according to his nature.

For the three Gods represent three basic human patterns of reality. Within the framework of each pattern there are countless variations and permutations, widely varying grades of suppression and intensity. Yet each one represents a fundamental problem, a deep-rooted driving force, a pressure of instincts and desires, terrors and revulsions.

All three of them exist to some extent in every one of us. But each of us leans more heavily towards one of them, whilst the pressures of the other two provide the presence of conflict and uncertainty.

**JEHOVAH, the wrathful God of vengeance and retribution, demands discipline, courage and ruthlessness, and a single-minded dedication to duty, purity and self-denial. All of us feel those demands to some degree, some more strongly and more frequently than others.**

**LUCIFER, the Light Bearer, urges us to enjoy life to the full, to value success in human terms, to be gentle and kind and loving, and to live in peace and harmony with one another. Man's apparent inability to value success without descending into greed, jealousy and an exaggerated sense of his own importance, has brought the God LUCIFER into disrepute. He has become mistakenly identified with SATAN.**

**SATAN, the receiver of transcendent souls and corrupted bodies, instills in us two directly opposite qualities; at one end an urge to rise above all human and physical needs and appetites, to become all soul and no body, all spirit and no mind, and at the other end a desire to sink *beneath* all human values, all standards of morality, all ethics, all human codes of behaviour, and to wallow in a morass of violence, lunacy and excessive physical indulgence. But it is the lower end of SATAN's nature that men fear, which is why SATAN, by whatever name, is seen as the Adversary.**

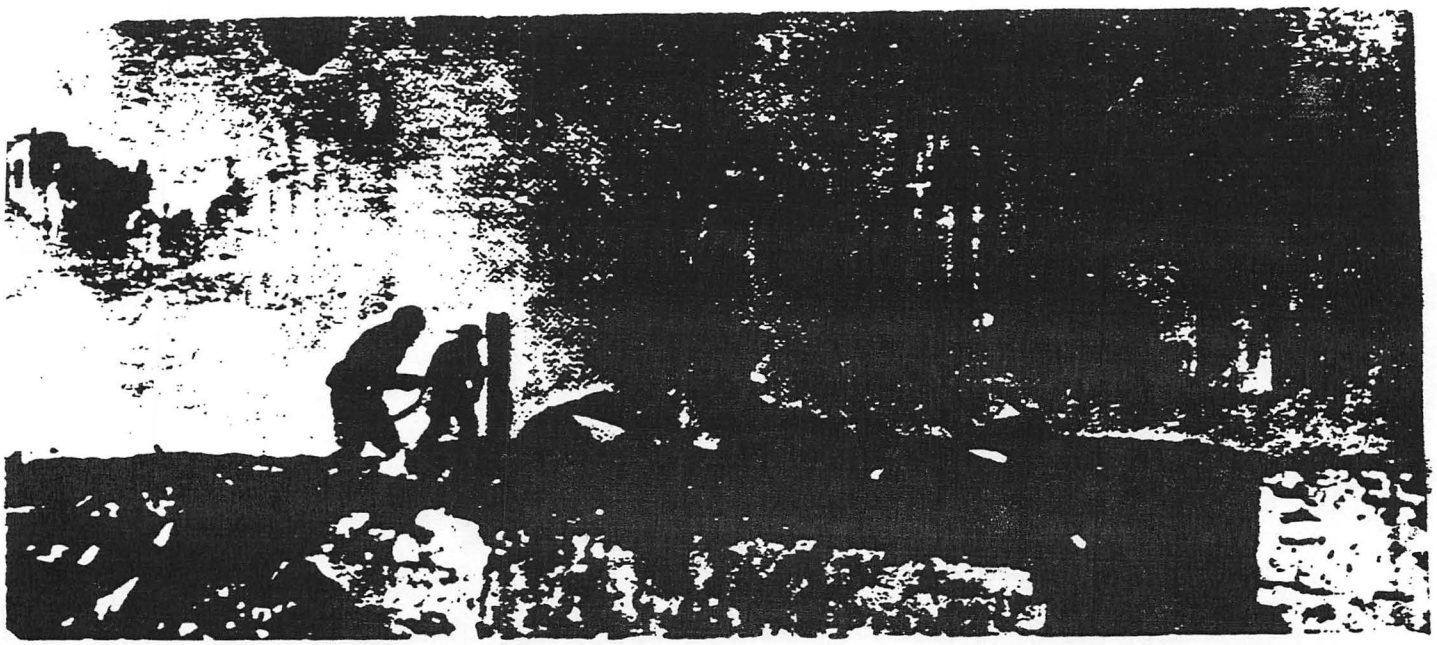
# THUS SAITH THE LORD JEHOVAH

IN the beginning there was WAR. And after, there was WAR. Then WAR again and more WAR. Since man demanded control of his own destiny he has set out ruthlessly to destroy himself.

Man, I gave you a law by which you should live with respect to your fellow man. I said to you: "Thou shalt not kill." For in those days you were My beloved creation.

Even after the Fall of Adam—which had to be—you were My beloved creation, built in the image of Myself and set upon the earth to glorify My Name unto GOD Who reigns above Me, above the Universe and above all things.

And I commanded you respect of one another. I commanded you that your image was sacred and must not be destroyed. And I warned you of the Universal Law. I said: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man



**"Thou shalt not kill."**

shall his blood be shed." For in My image did I create you, and you shall without choice abide by the Universal Law: 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'.

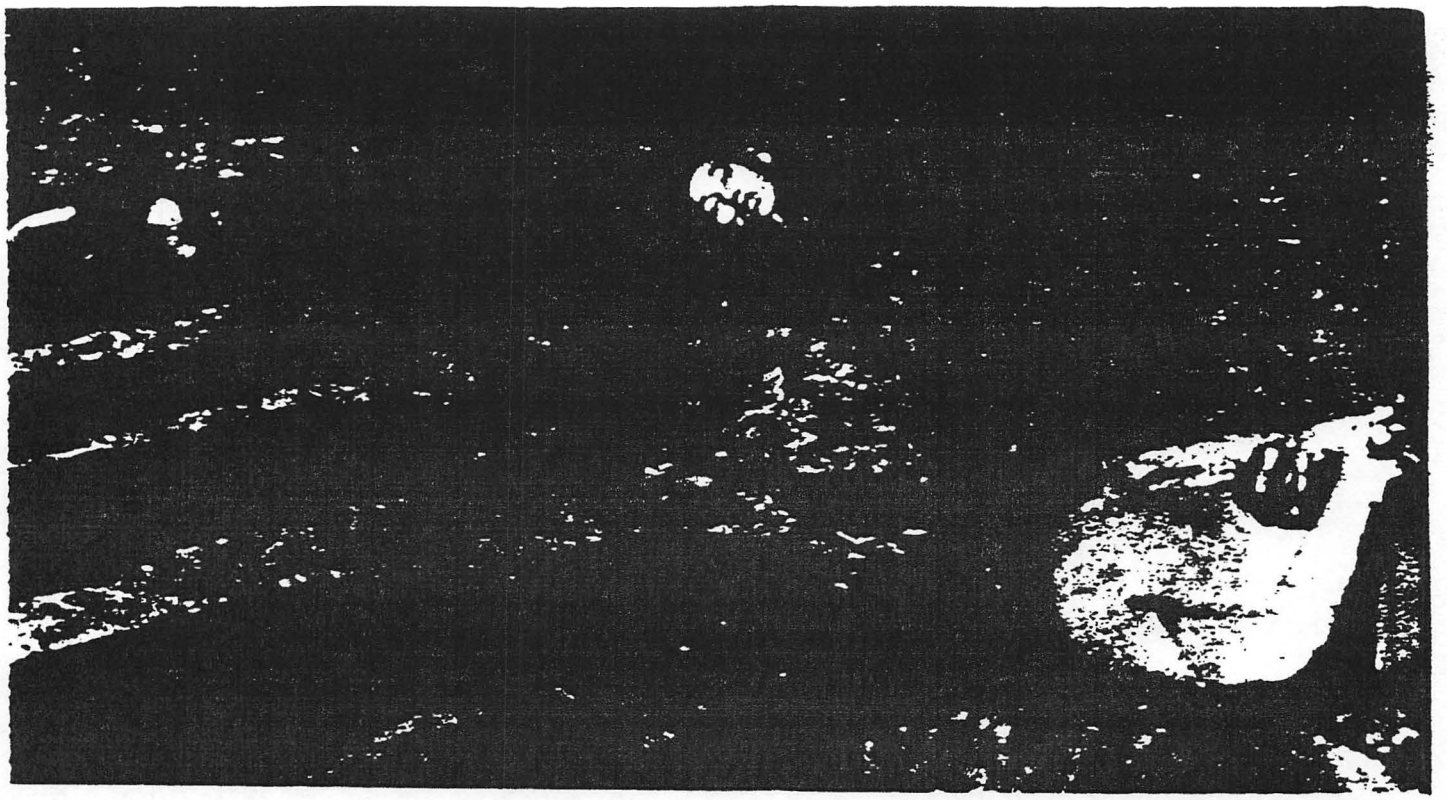
And you shed the blood of your own kind, and your own kind shed your blood in recompense, and his own kind shed his blood, and on in accordance with the Law that cannot be overruled. And you took no heed of My command, nor of My warning, and you brought about the spiral of WAR.

Yet I was merciful. I fought your WARS for you. You were trapped in a web of your own making and I took pity on you. I sanctified your WARS. I fought against your enemies because still I loved you and still I hoped to save you from the web.

Yet I also demanded peace. I demanded that you live in harmony together with your fellow man. I brought your enemies to you in supplication and pleaded for your mercy. And you did not listen.

Finally, when all was spent, and all My words and threats and terrors had been passed aside, ignored, rejected; finally, when I knew no more how to force My laws upon you, I came in love. Through CHRIST, "Love thine enemy," I cried. "Do good to them that hate you. If a man robs you of your coat give him your cloak as well. If he strikes you on

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."



the cheek, offer him the other to strike also. If he asks you to run a mile with him, run two.

"Make peace at all cost, because now all chance has been given you to settle the account within the boundaries of normal life.

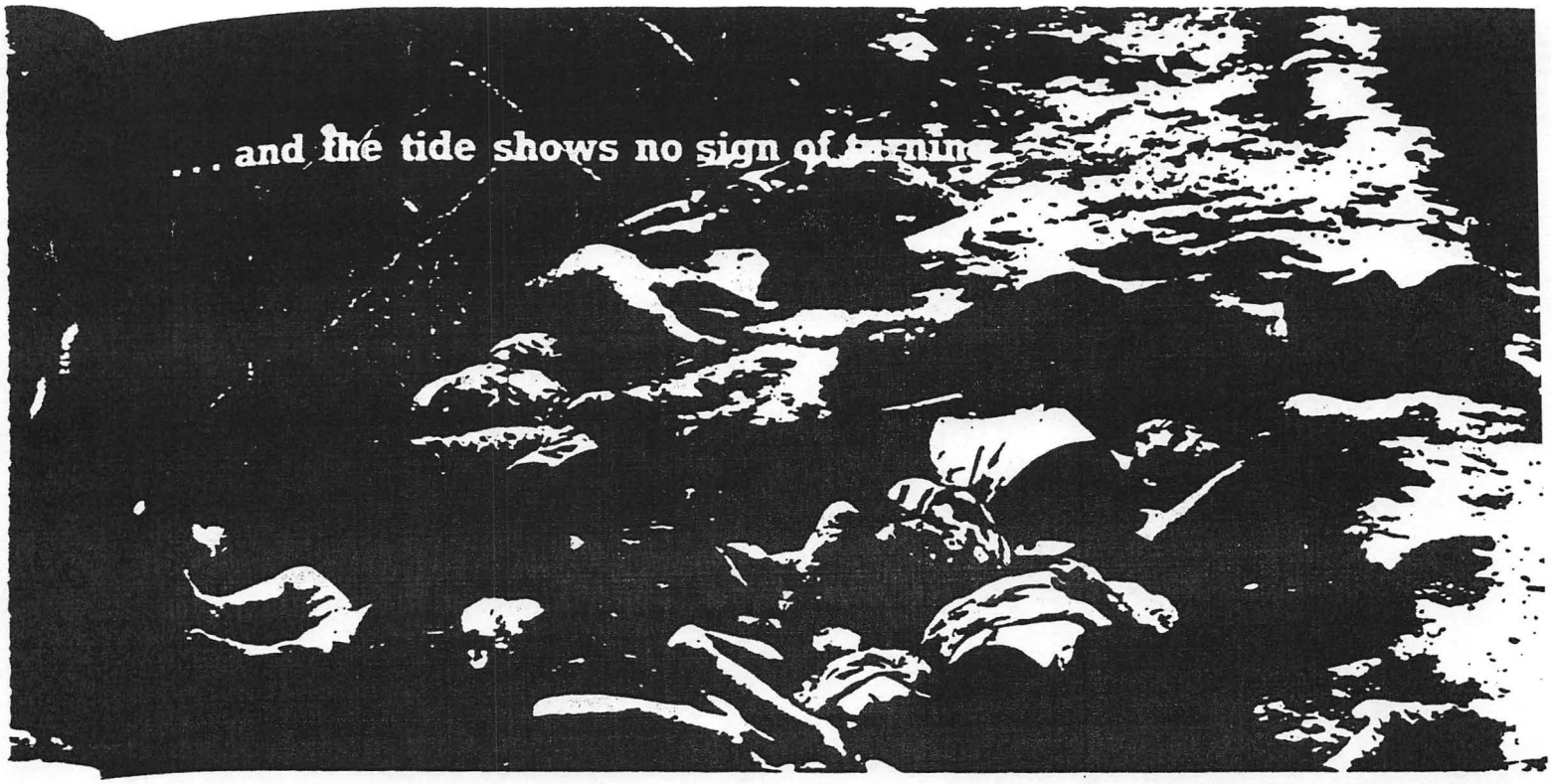
"For still you have rejected My words. Still you have made WAR without Me. Still you have killed the creation that is in your image, the image of your God. Still you have shed the blood that I told you was sacred. You have risen up against your brother in defiance of Me.

"The Sin of Cain is rife upon the earth, and the tide shows no sign of turning. So now I command you.

"So said My prophets: 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth', for this is the Universal Law and GOD shall uphold it. But I say to you now; 'Love thine enemy. Love thine enemy. Achieve the impossible upon earth. I, JEHOVAH, shall square the account in Heaven.'

"You have demanded to be judge. You have taken upon yourself the sacred robes of justice and set yourself up as God of your fellow men. You have deified yourself among your fellows, giving yourself the right to pass judgement of life and death, taking upon yourself the burden of justice, and excluding all the laws given to you by your God.




. . . and the tide shows no sign of turning

"Now is the time for your humiliation. A long time you have played the Godhead. Now you must eat the dust of your iniquity. Bow before your enemy if you have a wish for salvation.

"You are owed nothing but pain, the pain that you have meted out. You are owed nothing but death, the death that you have dealt your brother. You are owed nothing but humiliation, the humiliation you have inflicted upon your brother. You are owed neither love nor respect, neither life nor happiness. So get on your knees before your enemy and thank God for what mercy He has left for you.

"I have given you the sum total of My love, even to the point of death. That is your Creator's love for you, and you have dragged it from Him. Give now in return, all the love that is within you. Show your love to the last farthing. If you withhold one tiny fraction of your love, woe unto you, for you owe far more than you have to give. But if you give all, you shall be saved.

"Love your God and your fellow man and nothing can harm you. You shall be beloved again."

BUT WAR continued. Hatred waxed strong upon the earth. I, JEHOVAH, foresaw the outcome and departed, for I could scarcely bear to see its actuality.

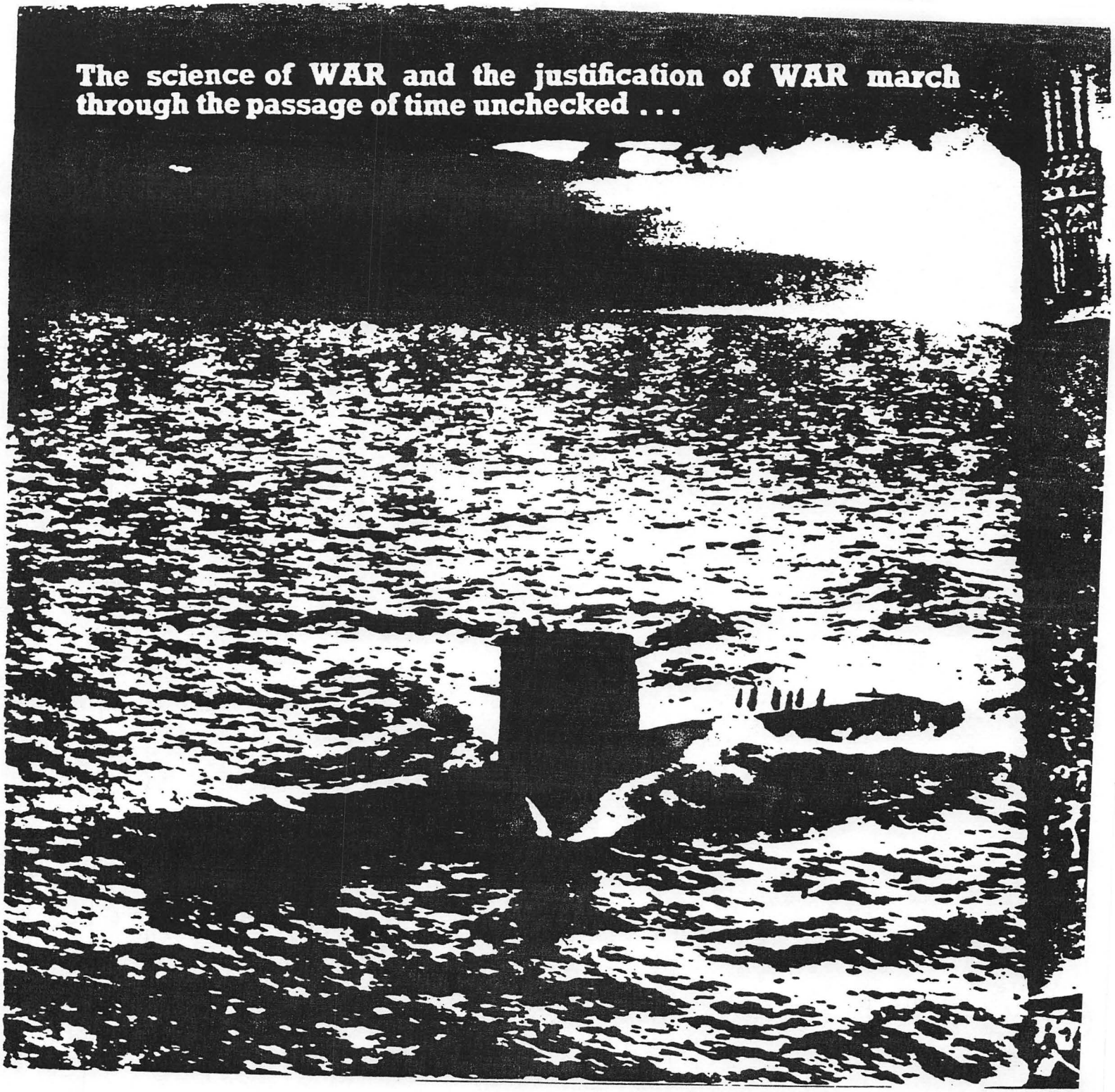
And WAR came again. And man set himself up as judge of his fellow man in the very Names of JEHOVAH and CHRIST.

In the very name of the love that I had promised you, you gave vent to your hatred. You put on robes of judgement and held baubles of majesty, and in the Name of CHRIST, who bade you love your enemy, you blessed the diabolical weapons of WAR that your obsessive hatred had spawned.

You have passed on your legacy of murder. You have justified your bloodshed. You have made right the sin of death and destruction. You have handed down from generation to generation a birthright so vile and unforgiveable that no power on earth can stem it now.

The science of WAR and the justification of WAR march through the passage of time unchecked, and man falls upon his knees before them.

Now have I returned. Now have I seen the dominance of WAR. Now


The science of WAR and the justification of WAR march through the passage of time unchecked . . .



have I seen the hopelessness of My creation. Now have I seen that My commandments will never be.

Your own distorted ideologies hold full sway in your heart, and for them you have reserved the right to kill, maim and torture. Your head is so full of lies, created by your intellect in honour of your own superiority to GOD, there is no room now for an effective knowledge of My laws.

Therefore come I now upon the earth. Therefore am I resolved for you. Therefore pass I judgement upon My creation; such judgement that transcends all your meagre and self-important efforts to play the God in My place.

Therefore do I now prophesy. I no longer command. Instead I prophesy, and My prophecy upon this wasted earth and upon the corrupt creation that squats upon its ruined surface is: "Thou shalt kill."

You have demanded the power of life and death. You have exercised the right of judgement upon your fellow man. You have set yourself up as Lord and Master of the Universe, and you have perfected your machines of justice.

You have developed complicated engines and devices whereby to carry out the laws you have made in defiance of your God. You have created such engines of destruction as GOD Himself would hesitate to use in

retribution upon a sinful creation. You have gone to the ultimate in your search for greater and more devastating means of destruction.

Then have your killing.

Be driven by your weapons of WAR. Be ruled by your engines of devastation. They can touch nothing but you. And upon you shall they be turned.

I, JEHOVAH, have now come to help you, to give you the WAR that you love so, to turn upon you the hatred you have delighted so in meting out.

I, JEHOVAH, am again beside you upon the battlefield.

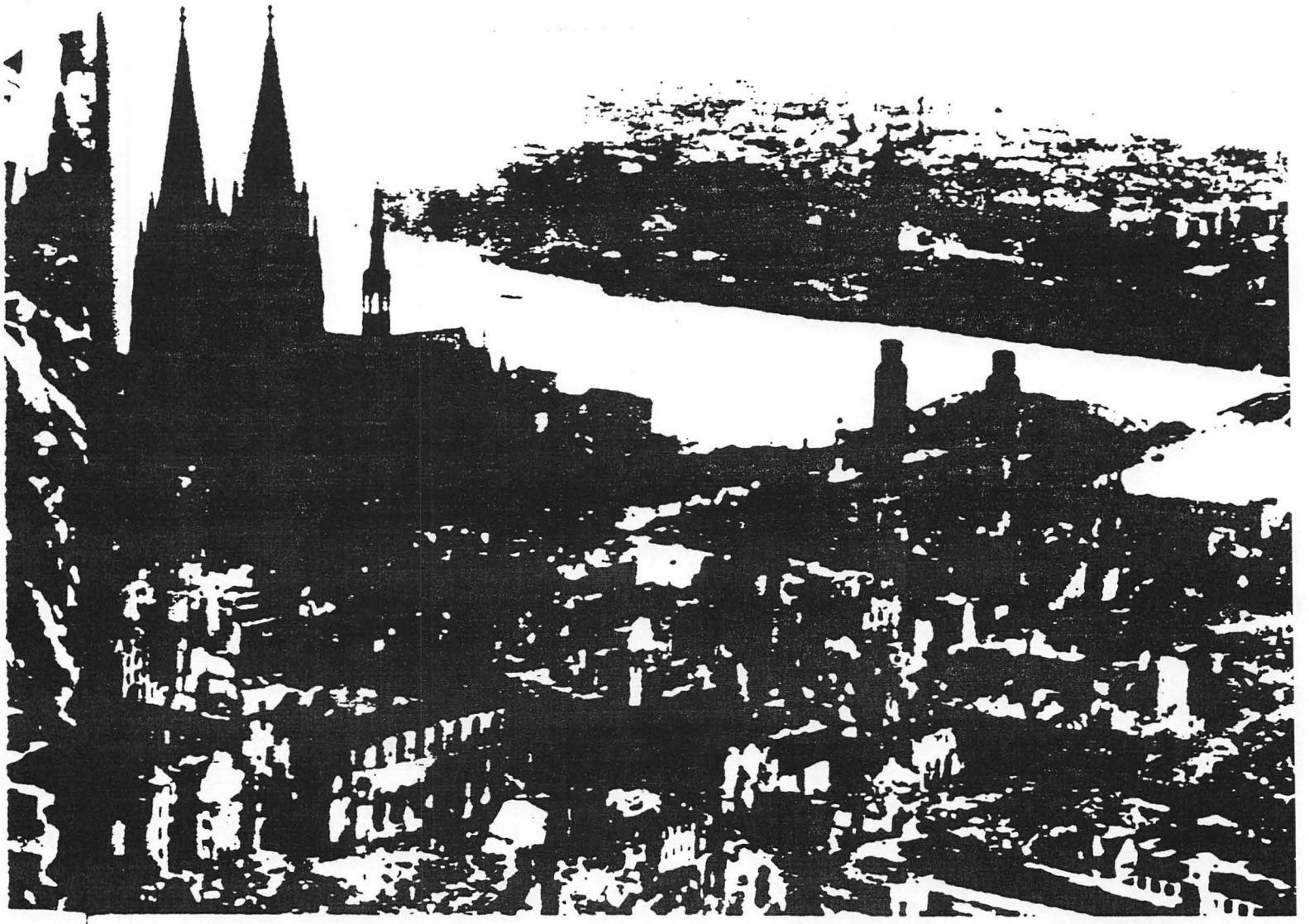
(Already in two Wars I have proved that I can create more devastation amongst you than you can amongst yourselves. Already I have made WAR so vile and horrible, even in your eyes, that a few of you have begun to wonder about the wisdom of it. Already I have helped you decimate yourselves beyond your most terrifying nightmares of destruction. Already you have seen, though not recognised, the hand of JEHOVAH upon your engines of WAR, the power of JEHOVAH in the personalities of your leaders.)

You have chosen the road of butchery and slaughter . . .



. . .

. . . You have set out determinedly upon the way of devastation . . .



. . . And to this you shall come.

And there shall be more; much more.

**You have decided upon WAR. You have chosen the road of butchery and slaughter. You have set out determinedly upon the way of devastation. And to this you shall come.**

**You have made your choice. JEHOVAH your God shall implement it for you. For JEHOVAH gives man what man demands of Him; and man, for centuries, has cried out for blood and more blood, and JEHOVAH has satisfied not the demand.**

**But now in the Last Days shall man's cry be heard, and I, JEHOVAH, shall bestow upon My creation that which it craves. And in the ending of the world shall all the dams be broken and the floods shall rise upon the land, and the deluge of man's hatred shall be unleashed and sweep across the face of the earth.**

**And man shall know the destiny that he has desired. He shall know the outcome of his cry for blood. He shall have his desire in abundance. I, JEHOVAH, shall bestow it upon him.**

AND in the Last Days, according to the prophecies of ancient times, My Army shall come upon the field. The Army of the Lord shall take its stand upon the field of battle. And I shall lead My Army into battle, and each man shall tremble at the sight of it, and the earth shall quake at the presence of it.

And it shall come to pass that all shall know that JEHOVAH is upon the earth and that His Army is assembled.

And My Army shall be like no other in the history of mankind. For men shall be paralysed at the very sight of it, and they shall fall down in a dead faint. And nothing shall destroy it, because of My hand that shall defend it and make it invulnerable.

And no man shall look upon My Army to withstand it and shall live. And no man shall stand before My Army to halt it and shall live. For he that puts forth his hand to stay the Army of JEHOVAH shall surely die in the moment of his audacity.

For the Army of God comes to purify the earth.

And the cities that reek of death and destroy all that approaches them with the pollution of the air, shall be no obstacle to JEHOVAH'S Army. For it shall have no effect of such pollution. For it shall be purified and guarded from such pollution.

But men shall die of it, they that are not burned in the fire of destruction. They shall decay in the atmosphere of their own corruption, which they have brought upon themselves.

And they who cry at the last: "We never wished it so", they shall be the first to die. For they are the hypocrites and the deceivers. They are the fine-worded ones. They are the pretence; the bringers of WAR disguised as messengers of peace. Theirs is the lie, theirs the fiction, theirs the unpardonable lie. For they have said: "Mankind desires peace". And the lie be upon them and their like.

And those who say: "It is as we wished it", they speak the truth. For man receives at the hands of his God, that which he demands. He demanded the throne of judgement and his God gave it to him. From the seat of judgement he cried for the blood of man. And now is his wish to be granted.

And the rivers shall cease to flow, but with the blood that man has cried out to receive. And the land shall grow nothing but the bodies of the slain that man has asked to be given. And the air shall contain nothing but the corrupting death that man has sought to inherit.

And the sea shall not be unfruitful of death, for the fish shall die and the creatures even that crawl upon the sea bed. For the waters shall be

polluted as the air, and death shall swim deep into the ocean and touch the uttermost depths.

So that there shall be no escape.

And when the earth has been saturated with the pollution of the death that man has been granted according to his desire, than shall the surface of the earth be split from end to end, and the fire from within shall rise out and spread over the whole earth to purify it.

And the Army of the Lord shall go before the fire. And the fire shall meet, and the whole earth shall be covered, and the whole earth shall be purified by the fire.

And the Army shall lead the fire into every corner of the globe, and there shall be no pollution left in the world. And the fire shall reach even to the uttermost depths of the sea, and the sea shall be dried up and the pollution destroyed.

And the Army of the Lord shall depart.

And the energy that was the world and the energy that was humanity shall be released and shall return to Me. And My life shall return to Me through mankind's devastation. For you shall know in the moment of your death that I am your God and you are My creation, that I am the Lord JEHOVAH.

... the outcome of hate that is channelled into mass expression.



WAR is the central pivot of man's rejection of Me. For WAR is the ultimate presumption.

WAR is the great destroyer, and only GOD has the right to destroy. WAR is the sentence of death passed upon the guilty, and only GOD may pass the sentence of death.

WAR is the wielder of power over men, and only GOD may wield power over men in such a fashion. WAR is the outcome of hate that is channelled into mass expression, and this is a denial of the authority of GOD.

Man *had* the right to express his hatred. Man *had* the right to express his wrath. He *had* the right to roar like a lion against the man that wronged him, and to demand recompense within the law I gave him. Man *had* the right of justice amongst his fellow men, justice at the hand of his Creator, justice by the law of his Creator.

But now man has forfeited all his rights.

He has not demanded recompense within the law. He has not required justice at the hand of his Creator, nor by the law of his Creator. He has created his own law, his own justice. He has fabricated laws whereby he can demand more than recompense, whereby he can express his

demands through armies and through weapons of WAR, and whereby he can put no limit on his retribution against his enemy.

He has flouted My law which I gave him, and replaced it with another more to his advantage.

And this new law he has justified by the use of his distorting intellect. He has made it a "good" law to deceive himself. He has called it the "Law of GOD"—though it was never such—to deceive himself. And he has twisted it to suit his purposes.

And he has ridden the earth upon its back and defiled the earth in its name. And he has justified his dealings with his fellow men by the dingy light of the law he has created for himself.

And now comes the hour of purging. Now comes the time to sweep away all man's self-affected majesty, to wash the world of his hypocrisy. Now is the time to show him that he is no more master of his destiny, that he has long since played into the hands of the antiGOD, whom he has served now for many centuries in the greyness of his virtuosity.

Now is the time for man to see the truth of his self-deception in the stark brilliance of JEHOVAH's presence; to see his dead march into the pit of Hell; to see the spectacle of himself clothed in robes of royalty, decked

with medals for virtue and bravery—awarded by himself, and brandishing a sheaf of scrolls; one stating his rights—drawn up by himself; another setting out his qualifications—established by himself; another laying down the law for his fellow man—passed by himself; another giving him a passport to eternal life—granted by himself; and another that before he could not read, inscribed in letters of human blood and saying: "GOD is dead, long live humanity!"

For black and white have merged into a murky grey, and there is no light in the world, for all is one, and nothing is marked in truth. For good is evil and evil good, and Heaven is to be found in Hell.

And nobody knows any more which is the right and which is the left hand path, because all are one and the Devil has claimed the whole territory of earth, and none was there to say Him nay. No plot was marked out in stark black and white to reserve it from the hand of SATAN and preserve it as the seat of JEHOVAH.

All is merged together and no purity remains, nothing is left of the mark of JEHOVAH; only a disfigured face, crushed beneath the feet of armies marching in every direction, so that none can recognise its features.

But now, though I am dead within the earth, yet do I live without and am come from without.



But this time I give nothing to be crushed underfoot, nothing to be squandered, destroyed, abused or ridiculed. I come instead to give the one thing that shall be welcomed, for it is always sought.

I bring you WAR; WAR as you have never known it, killing as you have never seen it, destruction as you have never felt it, devastation as you have never imagined it.

It is your promised destiny; WARS to end all WARS; WARS that shall leave no land for WARS to be fought upon, that shall leave no hand to fight nor heart to yearn for struggle; WARS that shall cause the earth itself to rise and smite the "insects" that disturb its peaceful orbit.

And nothing can now turn the tide. Presume not to reverse the pattern you have demanded and been granted. It is inevitable. And JEHOVAH's mighty hand shall be behind the great tremblings of the Latter Days.

For My wrath is beyond the fury of the volcano, My anger above the shrieking of the hurricane, and My devastation far outside the limits of the earthquake. All mankind at once shall know the terror of My coming, and the earth shall be filled with My glory.

The eyes of the blind shall be opened. The tongues of those who are dumb shall be loosed.

**The hearts of those who feel nothing shall melt, and the hearts of those who loved shall be turned to stone.**

**The weak shall be strong, and the strong shall wither away.**

**The rational man shall babble lunacy, and the virtuous man shall steep himself in vice.**

**The sick shall rise from their beds, and the corpses from their tombs.**

**The kings and governors shall kneel before the hungry and the homeless.**

**The whole earth shall be turned upside down and the sea shall cover the land.**

**For My Word shall run loose upon the world and the world shall cower at My presence.**

**And be not deluded. There shall be no reprieve.**

**For I, JEHOVAH, am resolved; and My Word is law amongst the stars and upon the earth.**

**For I am the God of all the Universe, and the earth is My footstool.**

# LUCIFER ON WAR


. . . man set against man in hatred and fear . . .

# THUS SAITH THE LORD LUCIFER

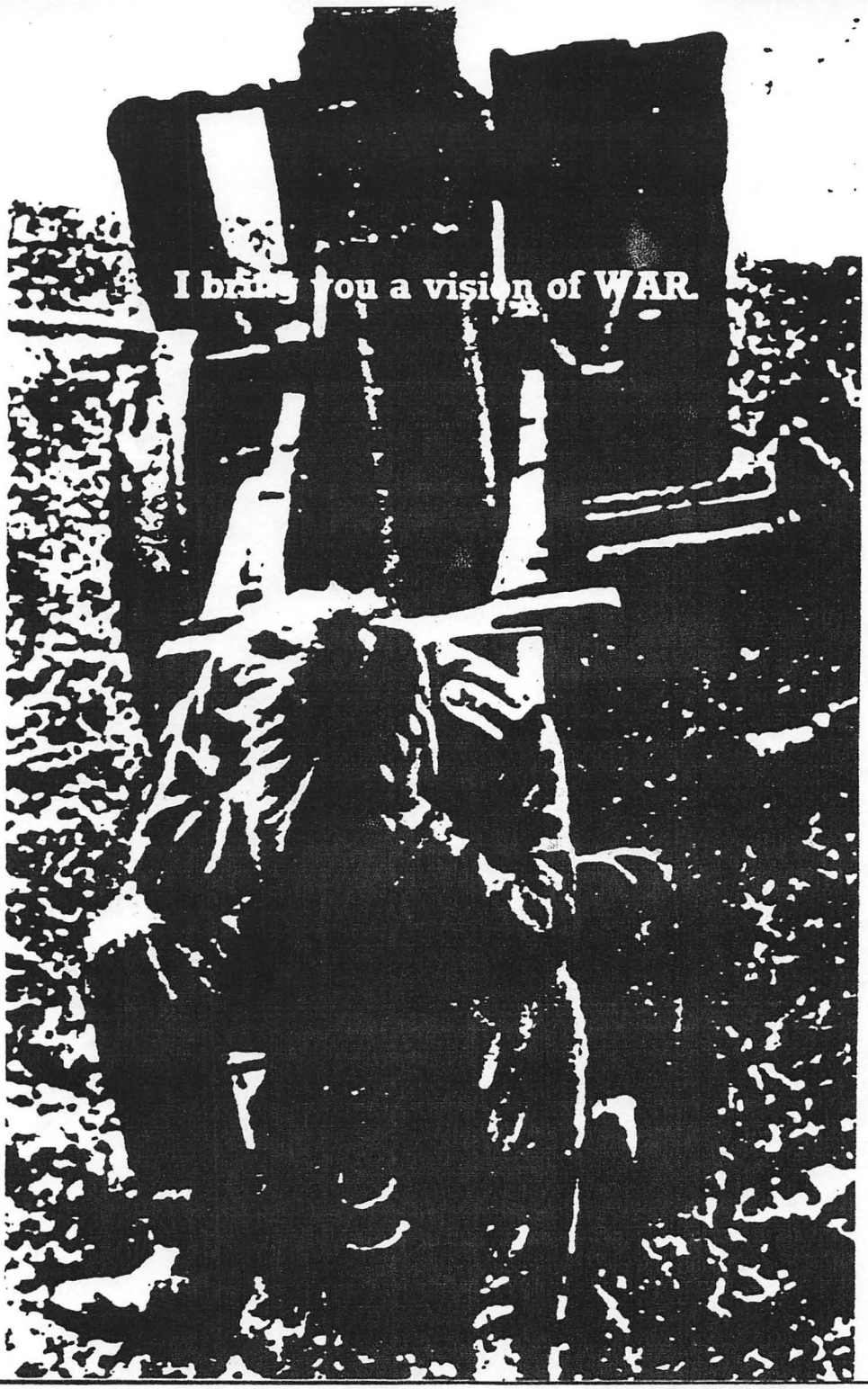
I LUCIFER, bearer of light and love, bringer of peace and good will, glorifier of man, speak unto you of WAR; WAR the abomination, WAR the destroyer, WAR the degrader of men, the depriver of life, the harbinger of woe.

I speak unto you of death, of devastation and of dark despair.

I bring you a vision, stark and lurid in its terrifying clarity, a vision of death, a vision of seering agony and of irretrievable loss.

I bring you a vision of WAR.

Roam with Me over the battlefields of the world, gazing on the mutilated corpses side by side with the still writhing bodies of the mortally wounded. Hear the pleading, helpless, hopeless cries of those who take a long time dying.


I bring you a vision of WAR

Dying ? For what ? In the last hours of terrifying pain and anguish; abandoned, alone, forgotten, friendless, on an arbitrary spot selected for his fame by some strutting general, blind to the agonies of human beings and serving at their expense some imbecile government, some paranoid dictator, some meaningless directionless ideal.

Look again. Hide not your face. These are men in the prime of their glorious youth; beautiful men, strong men, men of courage and skill. Is this their destiny ? Is this the purpose of their existence ?

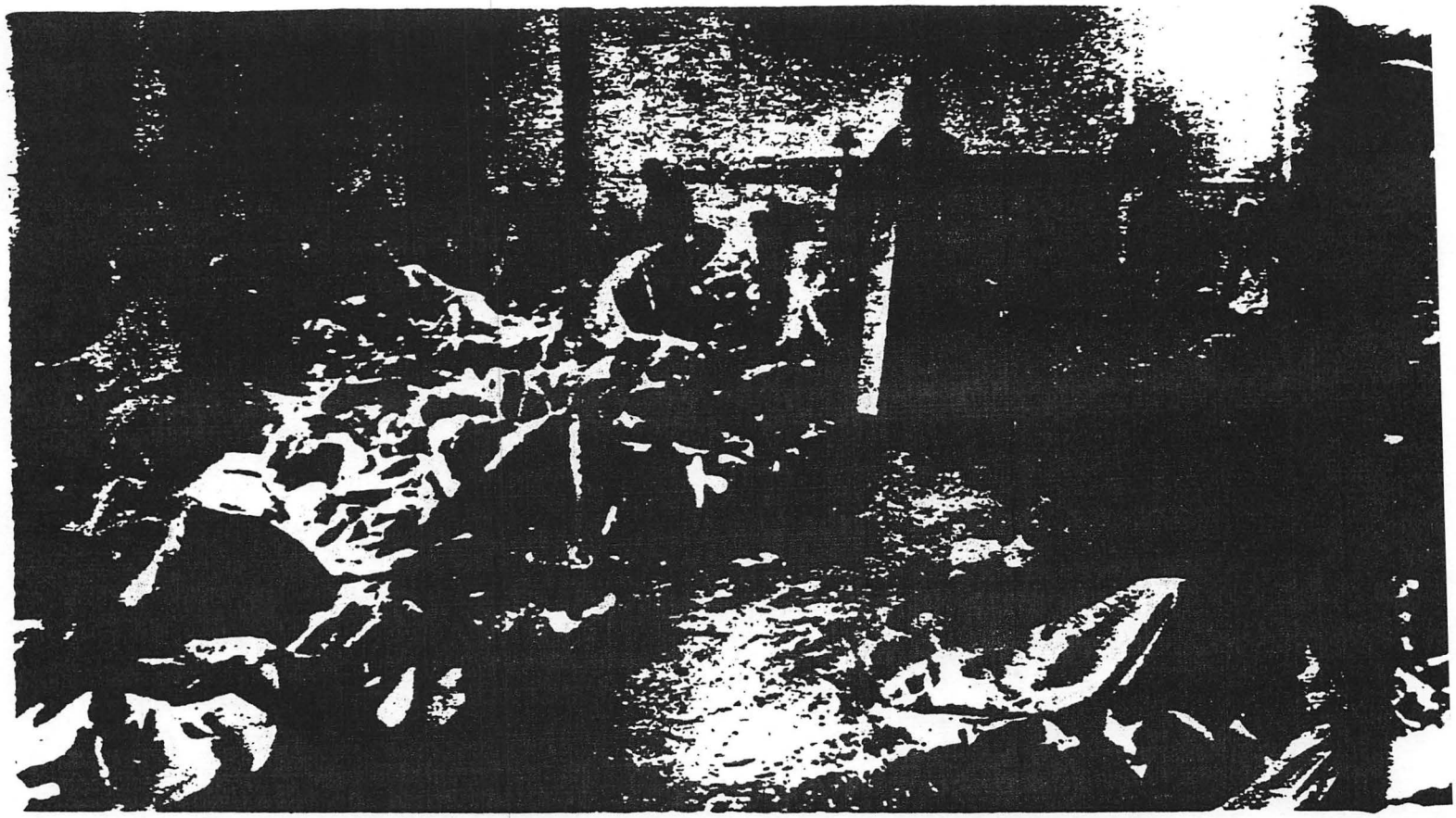
Is beauty made to be transfigured into grotesque ugliness ? Is strength created to dwindle into helpless weakness ? And is the love of man for man, the brotherhood, the human bond, established to be struck asunder by the plague of WAR ?

Is love destined to become hatred ? Is the lifeblood that courses like fire through veins, is it to be spilled and wasted on a battlefield ? And is the spark of life, the essence of man's dignity and pride, there to be snuffed out shamefully and in the depths of ignominious disaster, before it reaches the point of its zenith ?

Man is a noble creature. He has had it within his power to stand supreme, the centre of the Universe, the shining star, the master of creation, his love extending to encompass all that moves within his orbit.


. . . men in the prime of their glorious youth.

. . . some meaningless directionless ideal



**Is this their destiny?**



And with his noble counterpart; his partner, his complement, the softness of his strength, the sweetness of his power, the gentleness of his virility, the woman of his manhood, and the Eve of his Adam; with her, to stand complete, ruler of all things, with none but GOD to deny him.

And is this the being of whom I speak? This groaning, writhing, tortured thing, crying out for a ceasing of its pain, and praying for death to bring it blessed peace? Or this foul mutilated pile of flesh; torn to pieces, lifeless, still, a frozen cry of ultimate dismay and horror twisting what remains of a human face into a hideous mask? Or this crawling object, one leg gone, ripped out at the root, dragging itself in hopeless lunacy across an endless desert of death, and whimpering for its mother?

Its mother? Where is she, proud woman? At home; choiceless, pretending to be cheerful, tortured inside by an anguish of hope and fear, dread lurking in her heart, and a helplessness as complete as his is now.

She does not know as yet. She will never know—not as we do, who have seen the boy in the moment of his final disillusionment, when he wondered in spasms, in the midst of his lonely torment, what could conceivably make such a thing worthwhile; what pointless ideal, what arbitrary political endeavour, what claim, what condemnation, what


Is this the purpose of their existence?

right, what ruler's whim, what God's demand could balance even one hundredth part of this unspeakable horror, this inconceivable agony, this unimaginable degradation, leading to nowhere but much longed for death, and thence oblivion ?

How could she know ? How could her heart contain such knowledge ? How could her mind keep hold on sanity ?

She will discover, in time, that he died valiantly in the service of his country, and at once she will see him at rest, at peace, lying in a coffin decked with the glorious emblems of WAR and noble death.

She will feel the emptiness, the loss, the misery. She will cry because her heart will turn to lead within her, for her son is gone. She will mourn him, fantasise him back with her, and cry again because it cannot be.

She will long without hope, pray without expectation for a miracle to bring him back to life. And she will move a little closer to her own death —of a different kind. But she will know nothing of the story as it really was.

But let us return. Our tour is not finished yet.

Night ; and a group of men, sleeping for moments here and there ; afraid,

**Why should this vast machine of WAR embroil him as a mere cog in one of a thousand wheels . . . ?**





**Why should this be the corner of the earth to claim him?**

and afraid to show their fear; dreading the dawn that may bring death, or worse; believing each in his heart that all are braver than he; fearing that he will show himself a coward on the field of battle, that in the moment of the final test, his life will seem to him of more consequence than glory or the aims and obligations of his motherland, and wondering wistfully why it is not so.

One gazes at a picture of his wife; young, beautiful—to him the pinnacle of beauty; and wonders why he is here, waiting to begin a battle of which he knows little and understands less, and in which he plays a part so miniscule, so microscopic, so insignificant as to have no meaning.

Why should this be the corner of the earth to claim him, where he is nothing, rather than his wife whom he knows and loves? Why should this vast machine of WAR embroil him as a mere cog in one of a thousand wheels, when with her he could be manhood itself, a thing of great importance, a matter of enormous consequence, performing a function of which he alone is capable?

He could be her life and love as she could be his. But here he is dross, chaff, waste matter.

With her there could be warmth, closeness, joy and gentle laughter.


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brotherhood, th

Here there is only the cold night air and the colder dread of what the morning might bring.

There is no joy, only the memory of fear, the presence of fear and the expectation of fear as long as he remains alive; and laughter, when it breaks the barrier of mirthless dread, is brittle and shallow and seems closer to crying.

So "why", he asks himself, "am I here ?" And he remembers her and being with her, and a tear slips past the dam of self-control. He coughs and blinks it away, and hastily hides the picture from his fragile memory.

And when the dawn swells up, a glowing, growing, golden ember in the east, flooding the land with light, bringing the warmth of a new day and heralding the sun itself; when the darkness has been scattered from the land, the shadows wiped away, and all awakes; is it for him the beginning of another day of beauty ?

Does he see the incomparable miracle of nature ? Does he see the incredible creation that is the world in which he lives ? Does he see the flowers, the birds, the trees, the animals ? Does he see the mountains and the floating clouds ?



He sees only the weapons of WAR
and the figure of Death before him.

Is he the man to whom all this is given, and for whom it was devised? And does he thank the God that made the gift, thank Him for all the pleasure he can find in it and for another day in which to feel that pleasure?

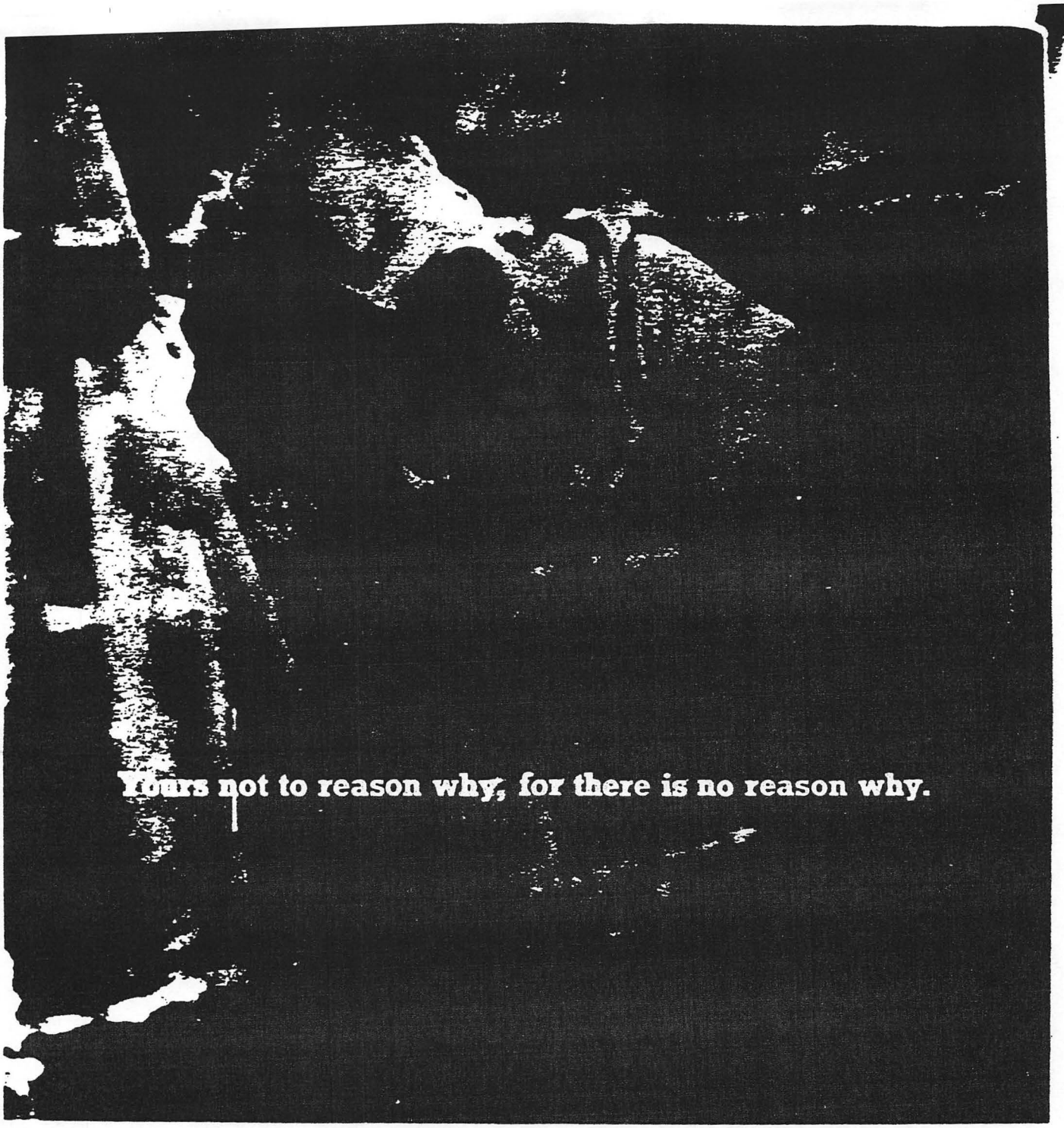
No, he sees none of it. How could he? He sees only the weapons of WAR and the figure of Death before him. And he sees an enemy mighty and fearless and trained to an unsurpassed perfection.

And the enemy—for all these nightmare fantasies—is another such as himself, another man given the beauty of the earth and not seeing it. And both are bent upon a strange and incomprehensible mission; the destruction of one another.

And in another part, at another time, the two could meet as the sun rises and the day begins, and feel a bond of fellowship, watching the dawn reveal the world for them. Yet they must kill and die in hatred now, and the beauty of the dawn must pass unnoticed by them both.

And so it is. And the one we watch goes out and dies; and the other goes out and kills, and later dies himself.

And the one we watch lies dead with a thousand others. And the picture of his wife is returned to her with other things, and with an official note of condolence, as to a thousand others.


Yours not to reason why, for there is no reason why.

And his death means as much as the note of condolence; nothing. But his life and the picture of her were everything; for together they were the seed of love and joy and happiness.

And she is mystified; too starkly blankly utterly mystified even to cry. For she too, as another dawn follows a sleepless night in a cold and lifeless bed, asks herself why, and finds no answer.

Yours not to reason why, for there is no reason why.

You're there because you're there.

Ask not, for you will hear only the echo of your question back to you, and your soul will feel the emptiness of meaningless despair.

But I, LUCIFER, say unto you; Ask and feel the emptiness. Know the hollowness of WAR, the pointlessness of man's destruction of his fellow man.

See the ignominy of battle, brother against brother, that brings only death and a mother's grief and widow's mystified despair. See the full horror of man set against man in hatred and fear—and yet no hatred, only love that he seeks to obliterate for no reason whatever beyond a hollow phrase that contradicts another for which others are pledged to

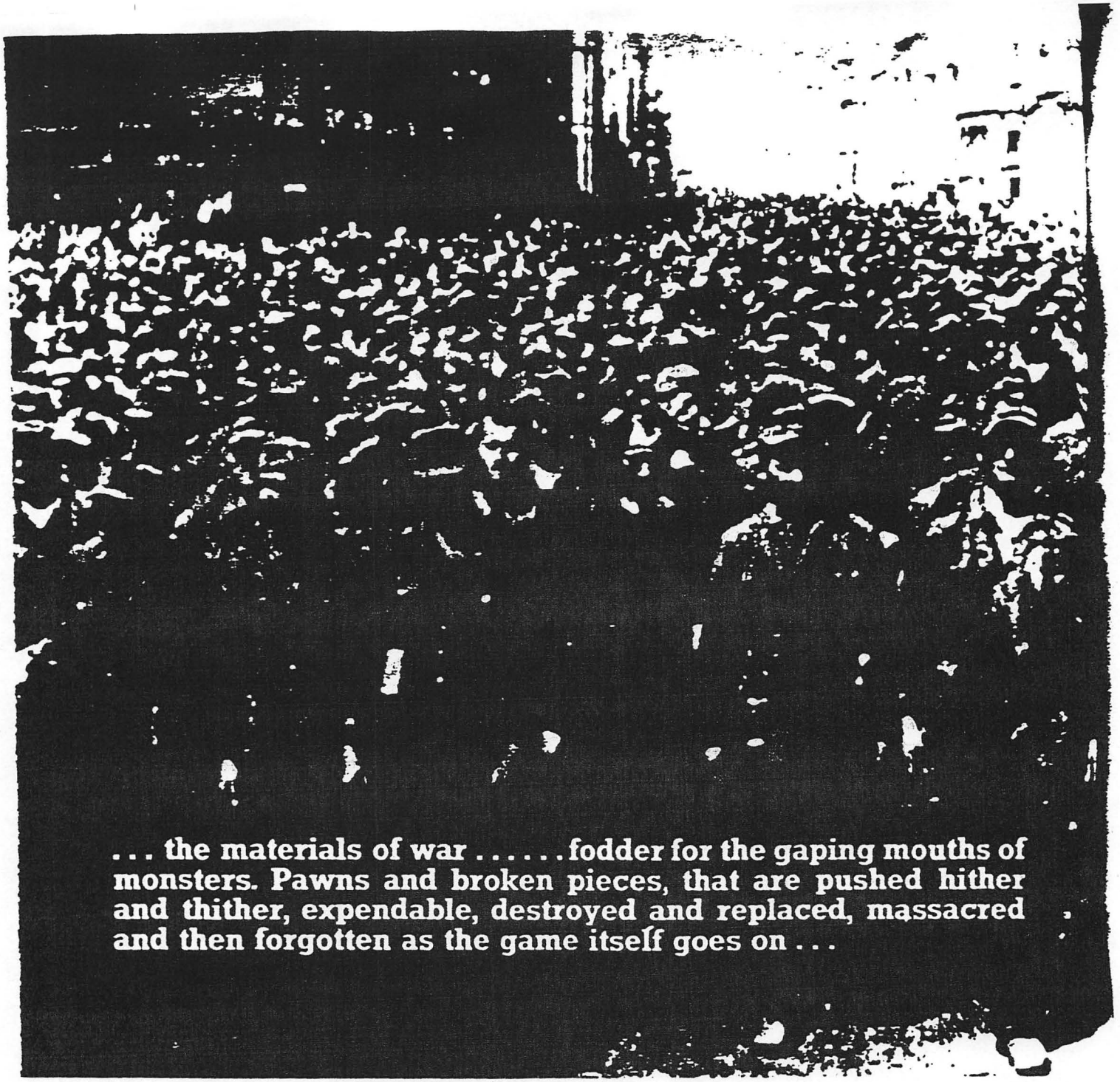


**And all are sure — or hopeful at least — that *they* kill for truth, while the enemy kills for a lie.**

kill. (And all are sure—or hopeful at the least—that they kill for truth while the enemy kills for a lie). See the monstrous degradation of mankind inherent in the very concept of WAR.

And when you have asked, and heard the silence of the answerless void; then see the majesty of man at peace, the dignity of man in harmony. And see man as he could have been; master of the garden of his world, living a life of love and exaltation of his race, greeting the day with joy and expectation, and resting calm and peaceful in the silence of the night, enveloped in the warm glow of soft companionship and mutual love.

And vow upon the life your God has given you, upon the beauty of the world in which He set you, vow to make WAR on WAR. And in My Name, the Name of LUCIFER, the bringer of light, the bestower of joy, set your seal upon the vow.



. . . the materials of war . . . . . fodder for the gaping mouths of monsters. Pawns and broken pieces, that are pushed hither and thither, expendable, destroyed and replaced, massacred and then forgotten as the game itself goes on . . .

BLOOD is the currency of WAR, and nothing less than bankruptcy the stake.

Death is the master of the game; not death at the end of life when life has been lived and glorified; not as the natural termination when all has been fulfilled; but death when life is just beginning, death when joy is on the threshhold, death when only life is meaningful.

And the rules are a jumble of meaningless contradictions, a mixture of high-flown phrases and empty undertakings. They are thrown from hand to hand, tossed in the air, flung upon the ground and trampled under foot. They are honoured and spat upon, obeyed and disobeyed, revered and ridiculed; a parody of nothing; saying nothing, signifying nothing, implying nothing, promising nothing and creating nothing.

And the materials of WAR are men; strong men, noble men, brave men, handsome men, lords of all creation. And in WAR they are nothing. They are as meaningful and significant as the rules by which they are compelled to play the game. They are fodder for the gaping mouths of monsters; pawns and broken pieces, that are pushed hither and thither; expendable, destroyed and replaced, massacred and then forgotten; as the game itself goes on, feeding itself on the blood of the slain and the shrieking agony of the slowly dying.



. . . an arbitrary spot selected for his fame by some strutting general . . .

And as the wheel of evolution turns, relentless, the game enters upon a new and ghastly phase. A rule more horrible than any ever introduced before, looms up and dominates the scene; the rule of mass destruction.

WAR to be played not with soldiers breathing their hopeless last on an abandoned battlefield, but with great crowds of citizens, whole populations, men, women and children alike, by purely geographical selection; the rule being: who can cover the widest area with the greatest devastation in the shortest space of time.

And in the centre of the cataclysm, instant death; and farther out, a lingering death; and farther still, disease, decay and madness; life, but a slow disintegration and a creeping paralysis of the mind. And farther yet, the utter horror of the devastation, the misery of loss, the terror and the poverty of civilisation overturned and hurled into confusion.

And then all over the earth, the guilt, the shame, the degradation of mankind in fathering so vile a monster.

Who can escape the effects of this new era of WAR ?

The cancer is inexorable, and few will be left untainted by the ghastly slaughter as it sweeps the earth. All beauty will vanish and in its place a hideous twisted ugliness will spread and cover the land.

Nature will die. The once fertile earth will be charred and barren. Only the most grotesque and sinister plants will grow, not fostered by the rich red earth of former times, but sprouting straight from Hell.

Creatures of the Pit will roam abroad, no animals of grace and lithe vitality for man's delight, but monsters, deformed and venomous, spawned in Hades and set free to dominate the world.

For this new game is WAR as it has never been, and once it has been, can never be again.

And with the victory of the lower side, the triumph of man's self-hatred, all will be lost; the game of life will be over and nothing gained; devastation and destruction everywhere the rule, the order of the day.

What day ? No golden dawn revealing the beauty of the land and waking all from sleep with promise of the sun's warm rays. No flame-red sunset paling into purple dusk and bringing out the stars to grace the night. Only a cloak of poisonous dust and vapour, and greater or lesser darkness everywhere.

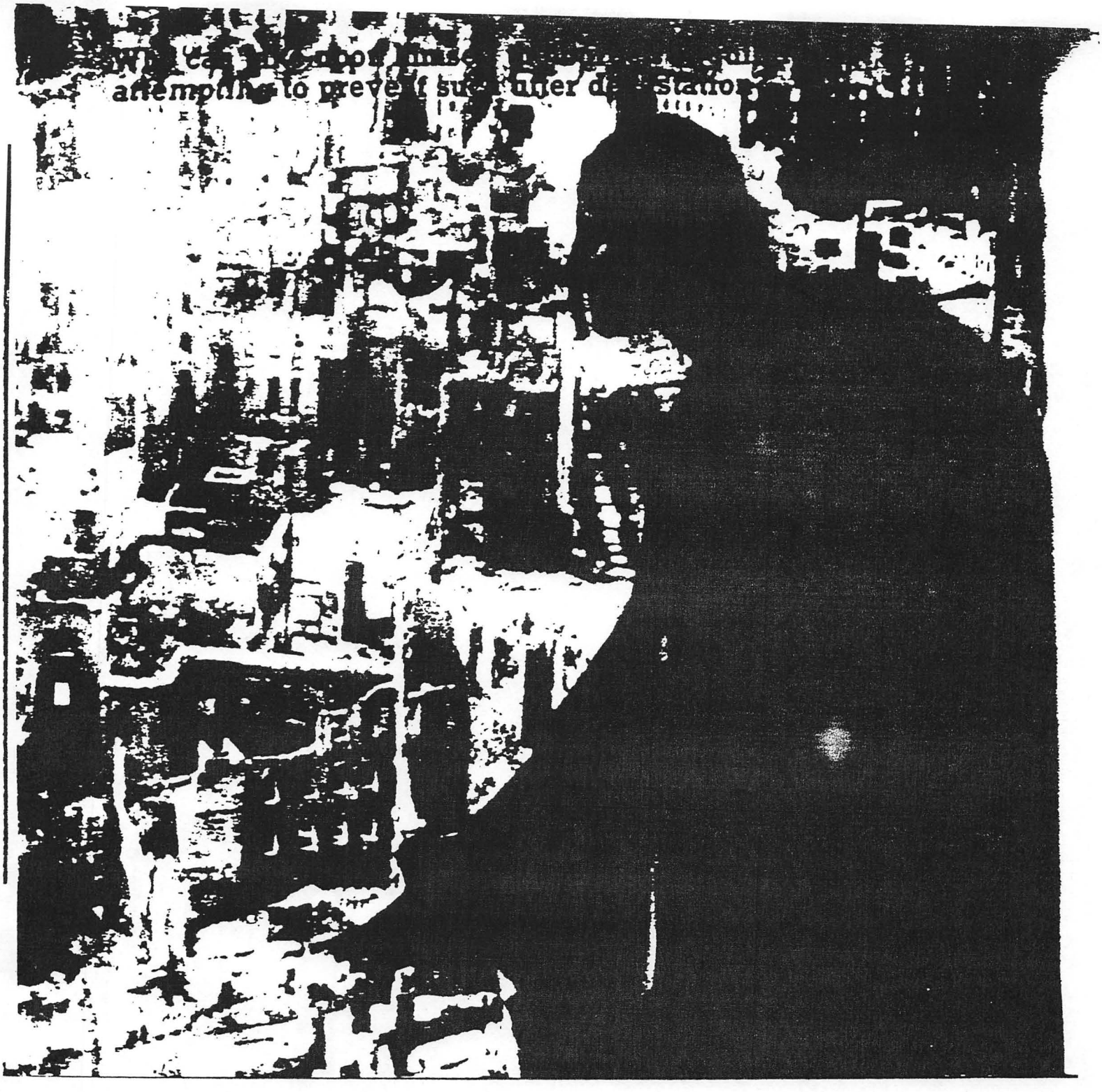
This is the toll of the new game of WAR. Not only the death of men, but the death of the world, the death of all life, all beauty, all magnificence. Not only man returned to dust, but the whole earth and the sky around it, and everything that lives.

Who can take upon himself the burden of guilt for not at least *attempting* to prevent such utter devastation ?

Alas! With what hope of success ? The moving finger writes, and having writ that WAR shall be, then WAR shall be, and none shall say otherwise.

Yet each man can choose to play the part that fits him best. A man may glory in the fast approaching cataclysm, play his part to bring it closer, ferment it, sow the seeds of its totality; or he may lie down beneath it, helpless, hopeless, sunk into apathy, submerged by a sense of purposeless futility; or he may fight to the end, not with weapons of death but with weapons of life, with love, with beauty, with gentleness, with joy and with the pleasures of being alive.

He may set himself apart from the struggles, the strife, the bitterness, the rancour of the warmongers, place himself above the despair of the hopeless, and move to the End with head held high. For none must doubt that the End is nigh.



I, LUCIFER, proclaim the End.

It is neither My choice nor My will that the End should be. But it is written in the annals of time—and none shall erase it—that man shall decide his destiny. And now the wheel has turned full cycle, and the moment is not far off when the sound of the trumpet shall herald the last move in the game.

And I, LUCIFER, shall be there at the End. And those who have known the End and set themselves truly apart from the End, have proclaimed the beauty of life and the senselessness of violent death, those who have followed My road to the last, and have worshipped love in the very midst of hatred, they are My people and shall come to Me.

But one thing I pray: choose not blindness.

Choose not to be blind to WAR or to the imminence of WAR. See it, feel it, know it. Do not allow it to be reasoned out of your mind, rationalised into non-existence.

Whatever choice you make, take not the blinkered road, the road of ignorance, the road that says: "All's well with the world and humanity. There will be no devastation." For therein lies the way to a hell that is worse than Hell, to a fate and a destiny beside which WAR itself is

nothing but a gentle reprimand. For that road is more than a simple rejection of GOD. It is the very denial of truth, a blanket of ignorance cast over everything, so that life becomes a tortuous lie.

The man who says: "I spit upon GOD", finds retribution. But the man who says: "There is no GOD", when his lie is exposed, finds infinitely worse.

And so it is with the way of all blindness. When eyes that have been tight closed, so that fantasy can rule unchallenged, are finally forced open to the harsh light of irrefutable reality, then comes an agony so inconceivably intense, that were I to describe it, you would become faint with the horror of its magnitude. And that agony, reserved for those who meet the Day wrapped in a grey mist of "rational" ignorance, is for all eternity.

So open your eyes and see and know, and make your vow in My name. For I, LUCIFER, bringer of light, shall not desert My people at the End.

Fear not the horror of WAR, but stand beyond it, rise above it.

There is beauty within the mind for those who will see it, love within the heart for those who will feel it, and peace within the soul for those who will partake of it. And I, LUCIFER, bring all these.

Mourn with Me the fate of the earth, the loss of the incomparable loveliness of all creation.

Weep for the destruction of man and the end of the human game, the degradation of what could have been dignity itself, and the humiliation of supreme magnificence.

Breathe sorrow for the wilful devastation of all living creatures, as they flee helpless before the inexorable avalanche of total WAR, and are finally enveloped and consumed.

Bemoan the victory of man's baser side and its legacy of ultimate disaster. But play no part in claiming the fearful heritage.

Detach; and condemn the inevitable conflict. Express the dignity of man in the very face of his final humiliation.

Display his strength at the very moment when his weakness triumphs. Show his beauty when there is little left but ugliness.

Make love your master when all men are ruled by hatred. Create when all about you is destruction.

And when the last futility descends upon the earth and all is nearly done,



**Man is a noble creature.**

show the degraded remnants of a ruined race, awaiting death in dis-illusioned misery and dark despair, show them the pride, the majesty, the noble strength, the courage and the swift vitality that man in the image of his God could have been.

And at the End, when all is finished and the game is lost, call upon the Name of LUCIFER.

And for those who live by the light that LUCIFER bears, for those who honour the joy that LUCIFER brings, there are other games to be played, other lives to be lived, other worlds, other ideals and countless other joys.

And they shall belong to those who worship life, and can rise above the horrors of death, even the death of all mankind together with the world in which he lives. And they shall go on with LUCIFER, and a new life shall begin with a new creation.

So choose whilst there is still time. Choose between Life and Death, to be free or to be the slave of WAR.

And if your choice is Life, then I, LUCIFER, shall rule your destiny, for you are Mine, your will is My will. And in My Kingdom is the essence of Life; My legacy is immortality.

For he who loves is beloved, he who grants life receives life, he who gives joy is joyful, and he who sees the beauty of this world and seeks to preserve it, is himself endowed with beauty and preserved. But he who destroys is in his turn destroyed, who kills is killed, who hates bears only the legacy of hatred.

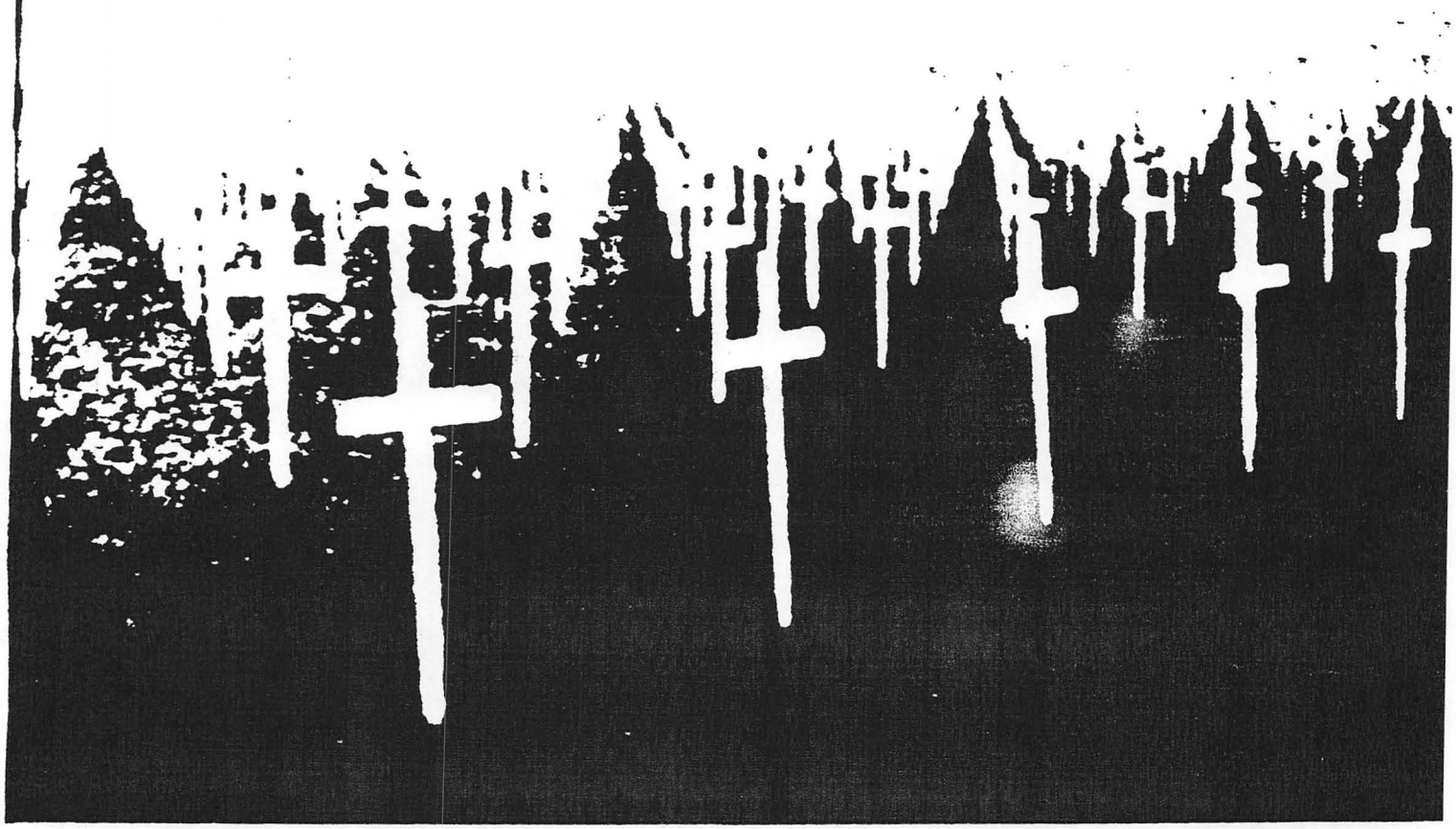
For men reap only that which they have sown, and then in abundance. This is the Law of the Universe.

So stand apart from the sowers of death, the worshippers of WAR. And cherish the seeds of life in the joys of living.

And when the harvest comes,and those who sowed the seeds of slaughter reap their own irrevocable destruction, stand aside and accept the reward that is reserved for those who worship life. I, LUCIFER, shall be there to bestow it upon My people.

The world is dead, the human race destroyed. Long live the new world and the new creation, for it shall be devised of immortality.

. . . the outcome of his cry for blood.



# SATAN ON WAR

**Know the true desires of your soul.**



# THUS SAITH THE LORD SATAN

MAN, you are come to the bitter end of your degradation. Drain the dregs and leave not a stain in the glass.

For WAR is upon you, around you and within you. You are submerged in WAR so totally now there is no escape. Like a cancer it has taken hold on you, crept stealthily among you and become entrenched. No force on earth can remove it. And no force in heaven will.

For We, the Gods, give man what man demands, not what he pretends to want. And man, who puts on airs and cries for peace and light and love, and claims that his one desire is to live in harmony with those around him; man, who clothes himself soberly with proper decency and goes about his business saying: "I am civilised. I am respectable. I am a rational being in control of all my emotions"; he is no more than an ignorant fool, a hypocrite, a self-deluded imbecile.

For all he really wants is death, slaughter, bloodshed, rape, pillage, and the violent hysterical screeching lunacy of WAR. That is his true desire, and nothing less will truly satisfy him.

Man, see yourself! Know the true desires of your soul. Feel the love of horror, the lust for blood, the ecstasy of watching death stride out upon the earth and take his toll.

When is your mind at peace ? Only when your body is at WAR.

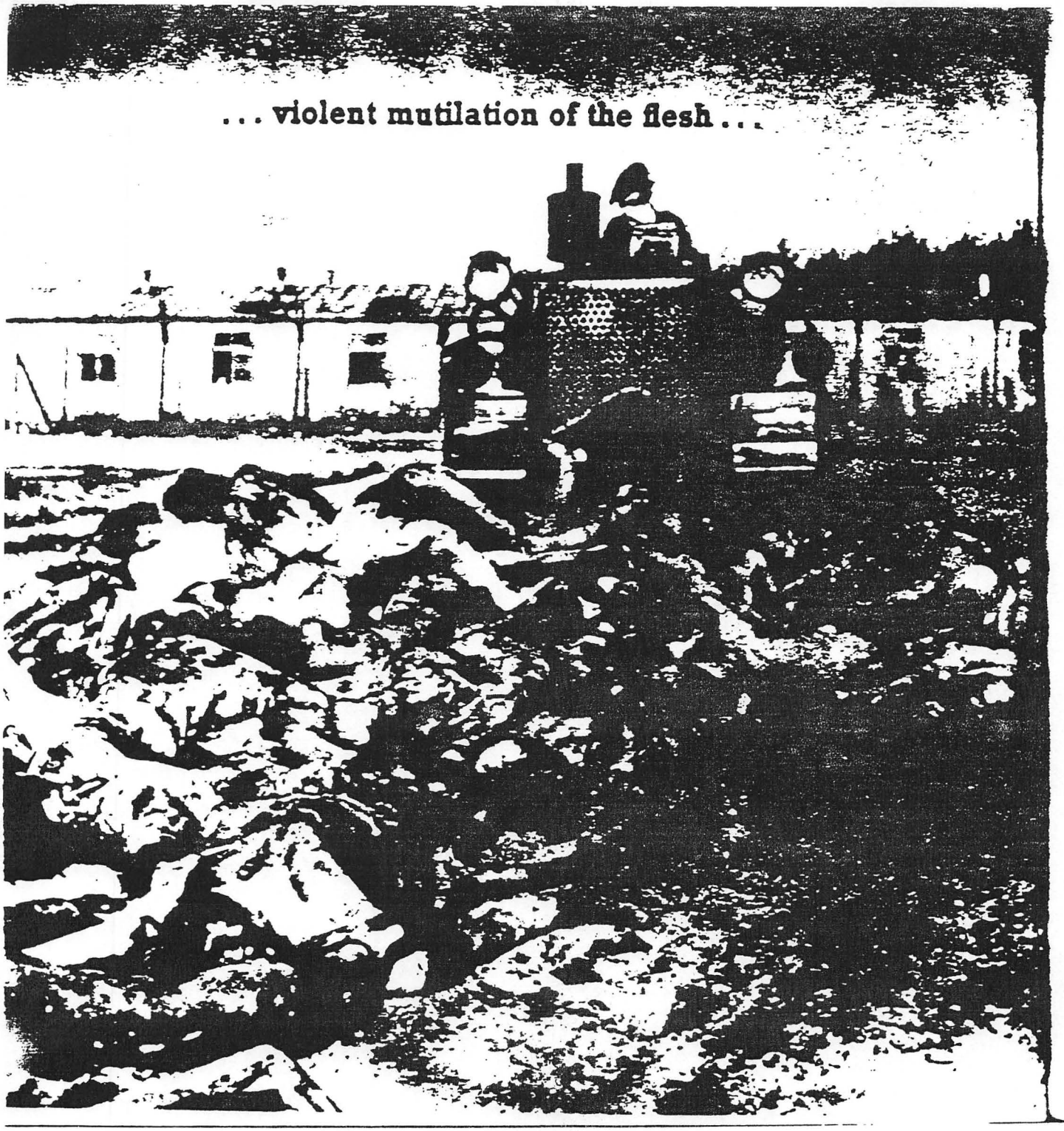
When are you truly satisfied ? Only when blood is on your hands, hatred in your heart and the light of battle gleaming in your eye.

Do not deceive yourself! Death is sheer delight to you. Torture is supreme fascination.

Can you drag your eyes from the vision of a body stretched upon the rack, broken on the wheel, or squeezed to lifelessness by the slow agony of the hangman's rope ? No, you can only gaze transfixed, every grain of your attention focused on the sight.

And can you look away from the writhing monster of a battlefield, close your ears to the shrieks and groans of wounded men, close your eyes to the blood and the mangled flesh ? No, you are entranced, enchanted, gleeful at the lurid picture of violent death and slaughter.

In W[illegible] [illegible]struction


. . . violent mutilation of the flesh . . .

For this is your destiny; this is your only satisfaction. You are born to die and die you must, and death for you must be utterly cataclysmic. Your very soul demands it.

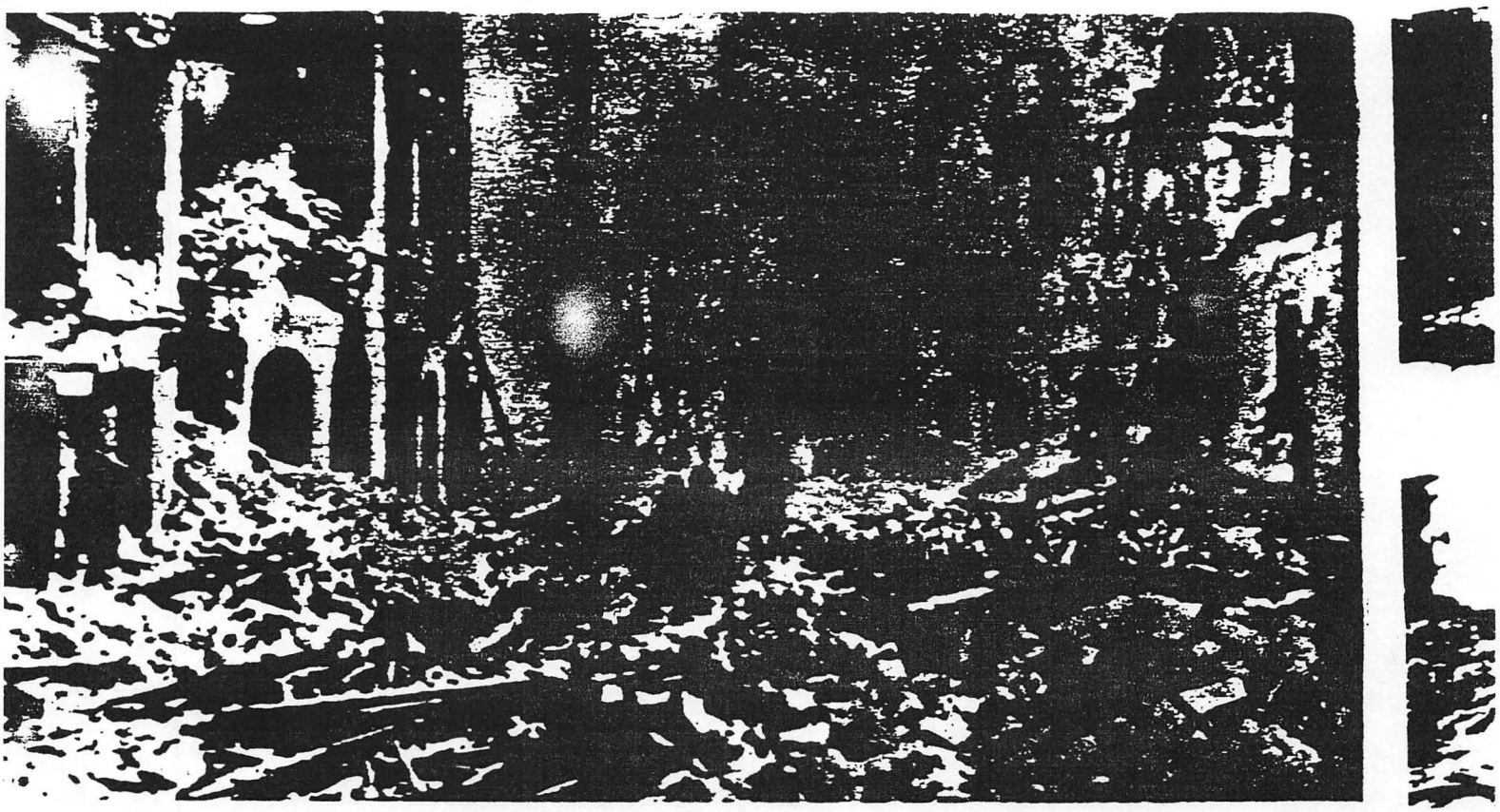
WAR is your natural bent, your blood brother. You know him, understand him and love him, as nothing else in all creation. With him life becomes worthwhile because it becomes death. WAR is your fulfilment.

In WAR you are strong, courageous, vital, dynamic. In WAR you are the soul of action and the source of boundless energy. In WAR the rules are destruction, and with destruction you are your true self.

Creation is alien to your nature; but destruction, devastation, violent mutilation of the flesh, and the laying waste of all the land; these are concepts you can understand; these are actions to which you can give yourself with body, mind and soul, and revel in the joys of their fulfilment. They are your meat and drink, as essential to you as the air you breathe.

WAR is your life blood; you have proved it so.

So rise, man, and be joyful! For WAR you shall have in abundance.



. . . destruction, devastation . . .

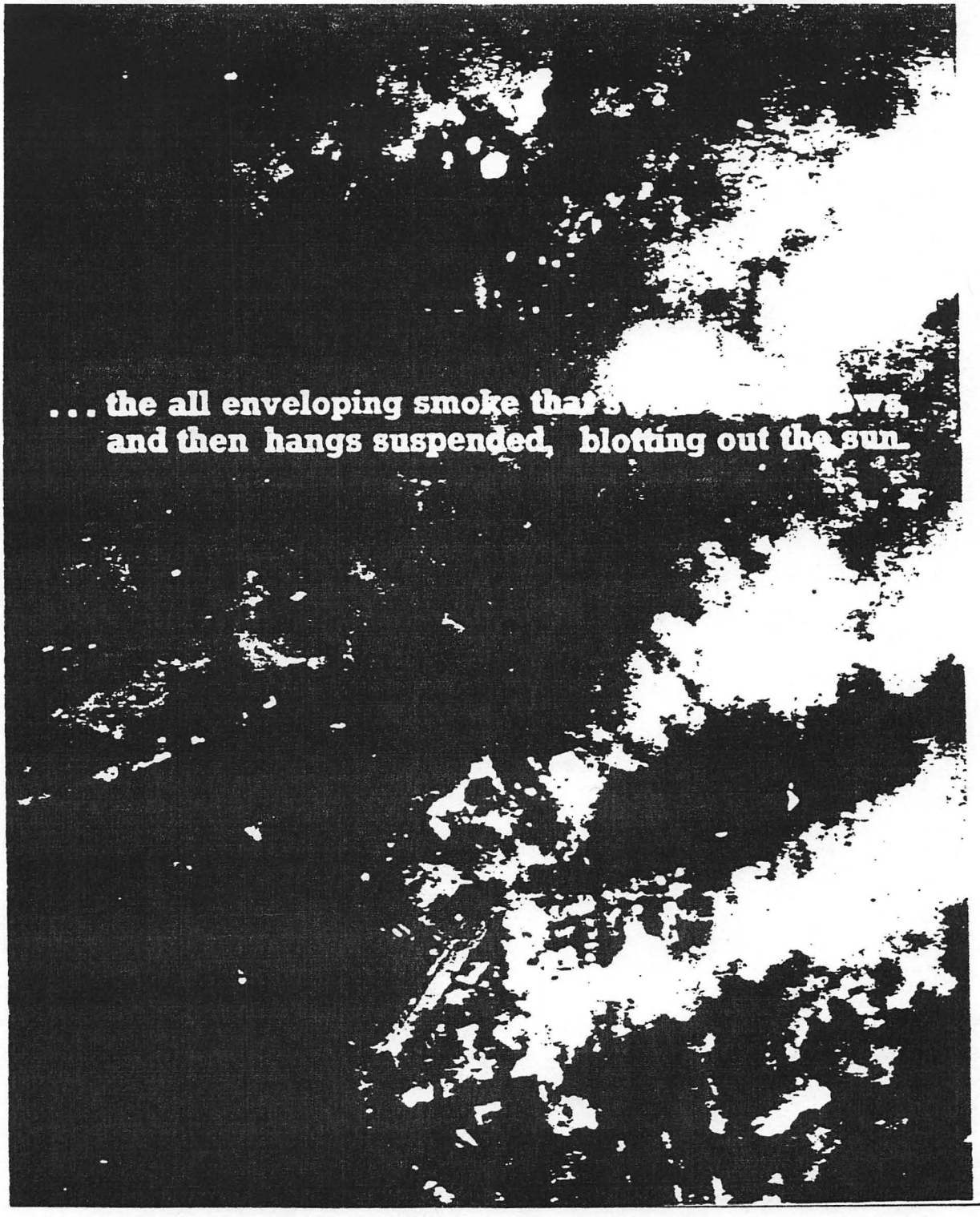


**. . . and the laying waste of all the land;**
**these are concepts you can understand . . .**

**Pretend no more to seek after sterile peace, that holds no pleasure for your active soul. Revel in the multiple delights of WAR. Feel the blood-lust rising in your veins, the mounting, tense anticipation of the moment before battle is joined.**

**Feel the firm grip on the swordhilt, the cold hardness of the steady gun butt. Smell the blood and the cordite. Hear the battle cries mingled with the screams of those that die. And see the surging of the armies joined in mortal combat; and the smoke, the all-enveloping smoke that swirls and billows, and then hangs suspended, blotting out the sun.**

**And know where man's fulfilment lies. Know that life is worthless unless it is lived in the very teeth of death, that peace is nothing except as a fleeting moment in the midst of WAR, that love is empty save as a transitory oasis in a world of violent hatred, that to create is only meaningful in order to destroy.**


. . . the all enveloping smoke tha
and then hangs suspended, blotting out the sun.

I, SATAN, stand for WAR. I glory in WAR. I glory in the magnificence of man in battle, man struggling with life and death, man giving vent to his wrath.

I scorn the weak-willed victims of WAR, the hordes of helpless citizens, who cry for mercy as they are driven from their homes and from their lands. They are the fodder for the monstrous WAR machines, the fuel that the great engines of death devour in their relentless march over the face of the earth.

They deserve no better than their lot, for they have no strength or courage of their own; no will to rise and fight, no fire within their souls to drive them into battle. They were born to a futile death, a miserable death, a worthless feeble destiny of nothing. They were born to be trampled upon, to be cut down by the mighty sword of the conqueror.

And such is their fate, significant only as it is part of the game of WAR.

So waste no more time with crawling on your belly in the dust. Stand up and cast aside the trappings of a civilised facade. Throw off the cloak of meaningless respectability. Strip yourself bare to the roots of your bestial nature. Let the animal loose in you. Become as you are: the Beast, naked and proud, teeth bared and eyes aflame, your feet firm planted on the ground, your face towards your enemy.

**Release the Fiend that lies dormant within you, for he is strong and ruthless, and his power is far beyond the bounds of human frailty.**

**Come forth in your savage might, rampant with the lust of battle, tense and quivering with the urge to strike, to smash, to split asunder all that seek to detain you. And cast your eye upon the land before you. Choose what road of slaughter and violation you will follow. Then stride out upon the land and amongst the people.**

**Rape with the crushing force of your virility; kill with the devastating precision of your sword arm; maim with the ruthless ingenuity of your pitiless cruelty; destroy with the overwhelming fury of your bestial strength; lay waste with the all-encompassing majesty of your power.**

**And stand supreme upon the earth; lord of all creation by the right of conquest. And burn what offends your eye; eradicate what spoils your pleasure; take all unto yourself and punish most cruelly and without mercy all who seek to stay your hand.**

**For the world can be yours, and the blood of men can be yours to spill as you please. And you can have your pleasure of the world through violence and the wielding of the sword. And your lust can stride upon the face of the land, taking whatever it desires, and discarding the empty husks when you've sucked them dry.**


Release the Fiend within you!

**WAR and violence are your heritage, and now is the time to stake your claim upon them, to unmask the lurking shadows of your fiendish soul; expose them, hold them like banners before you, and shout your battle cry before the world.**

**SATAN's army is ready in the field, and slaughter is the order of the day. For I, SATAN, am Master of the world, and My law is death. Who follows Me must ultimately conquer all. For I am the master of WAR, the lord of all conquest, and the ruler of all violent conflict.**

**Hear My voice, for the time is short. The ultimate phase of WAR is about to begin. Be there in the forefront of the line of battle.**

**Be not a worthless pawn, a feather blown by the wind. Be not still. Ask not for peace and rest, for these can be no more. And stillness is already of the past.**

**Seek not to be left alone, to escape the burning slaughter of the holocaust, to hide from the final wrath of the vengeful Gods. But rise and march to the centre of the raging chaos.**

**Defy the cataclysm! Don your gleaming armour, and stride with the engines of death.**

Watch the gradual spreading of the slow disease. See the lingering death of the latest phase of WAR. And revel in the agonies of men brought low, men deprived, men humiliated, men trampled into the ground, and utterly degraded to the point of dismal decay and a futile death.

Gorge yourself on the horrors of irretrievable loss; the miserable fate of the victims that still remain, the helpless bewilderment of their despair, the pitiful cries of their useless supplication, and the wailing anguish of their bereavement. And grind your heel into the face of their stupidity.

Burn the chaff of humanity! For such is its desire and its desert. And dance the dance of a dervish around the leaping flames.

Again I say: Release the Fiend within you!

Release the Fiend! Release the Fiend! And the Fiend shall conquer, and the chaff be burned.

The Fiend shall slake his monstrous lust upon the helpless body of the wasted earth. And the chaff shall be consumed.

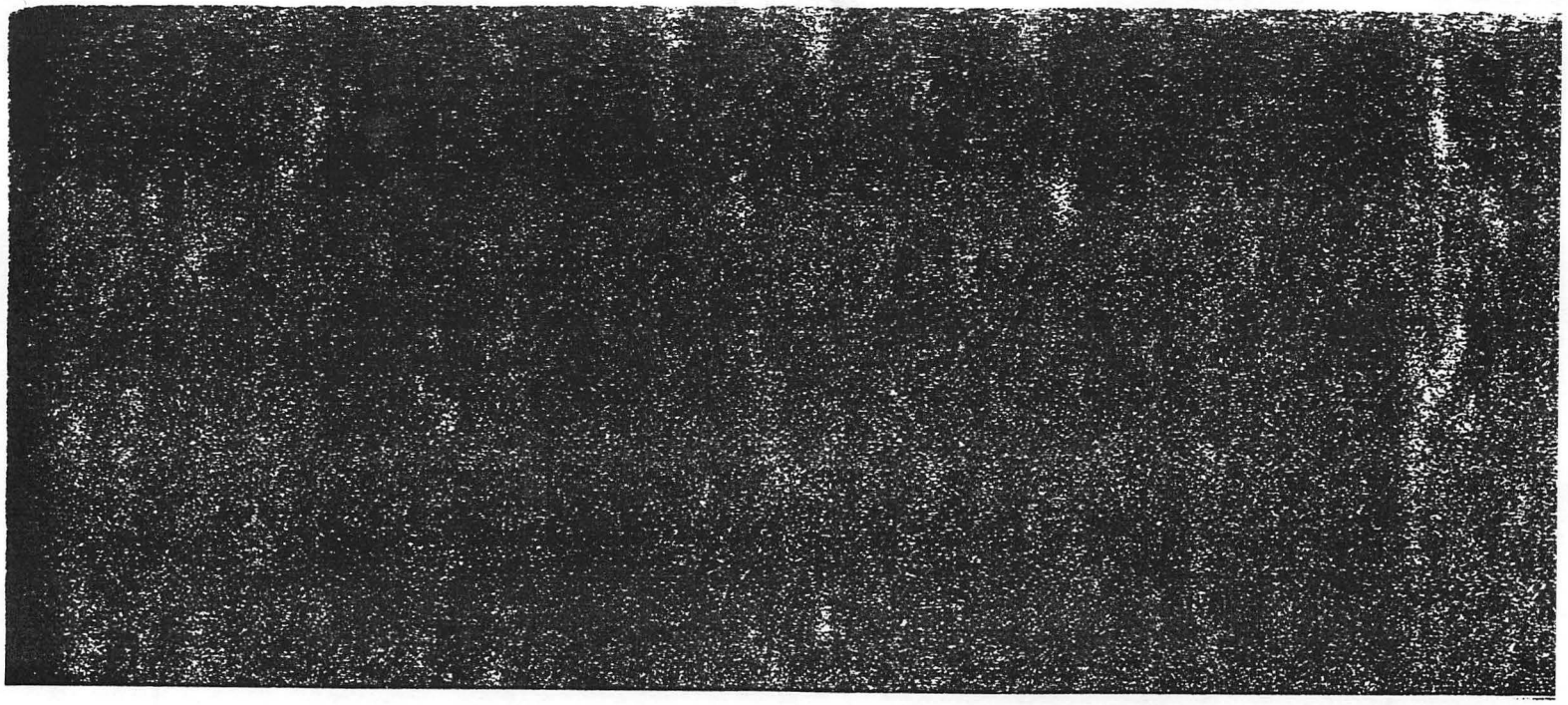
The Fiend shall wield a mighty cutlass, and the land shall be lifeless in his wake. And the chaff shall blow as smoke in the wind of his passing.


hi[illegible]laughter shall be provided

LUCIFIER is the God of love; the God of harmony, of gentleness. He is the Light-bearer, who seeks to lead man out of the hideous darkness of the world in which he suffers the agonies of death and deprivation, the anguish of tortuous conflict. He desires for man a life of perfect balance, a life of understanding and love in which he may be master of the world in which he lives, and make it the garden of beauty and delight that in his heart he wishes it to be.

LUCIFER seeks to lead man into the soft and pleasing ways of a quiet unobsessive, guiltless, fearless, harmless self-indulgence. He abhors excess, which He sees as the inevitable product of demands for abstinence. He sees emotion as the prime validity, and the perfect freedom of its channelling into the experience of all worldly joy, as the ultimate fulfilment.

His is the scented road of sweet and unpretentious luxury. But also it is



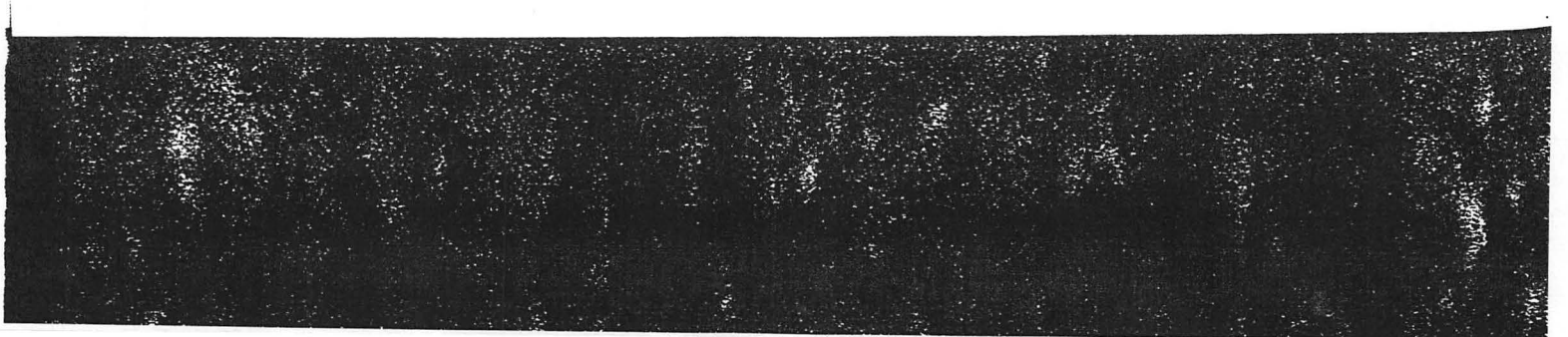
the road of action, of pursuit, of movement; it is a road of exploitation, of making full use of all that is.

LUCIFER's road is the road of success. To Him success is life. The sense of achievement that accompanies success is the essence of life. It is the validation of having been created.

LUCIFER desires that man should validate his own creation, should prove the worthwhileness of his habitation of the world.

LUCIFER loves the world. He loves the beauty of it. He loves all the secrets that are inherent in it, and He desires that man too should love the world, that he should discover all those secrets and use them to become more and more at one with the world. He believes in human life, in human values, in human feelings, in human senses, in human needs, in human hopes, and in human fears. And He comes with gentle love to guide His people into paths where they will find the sense of ulti-



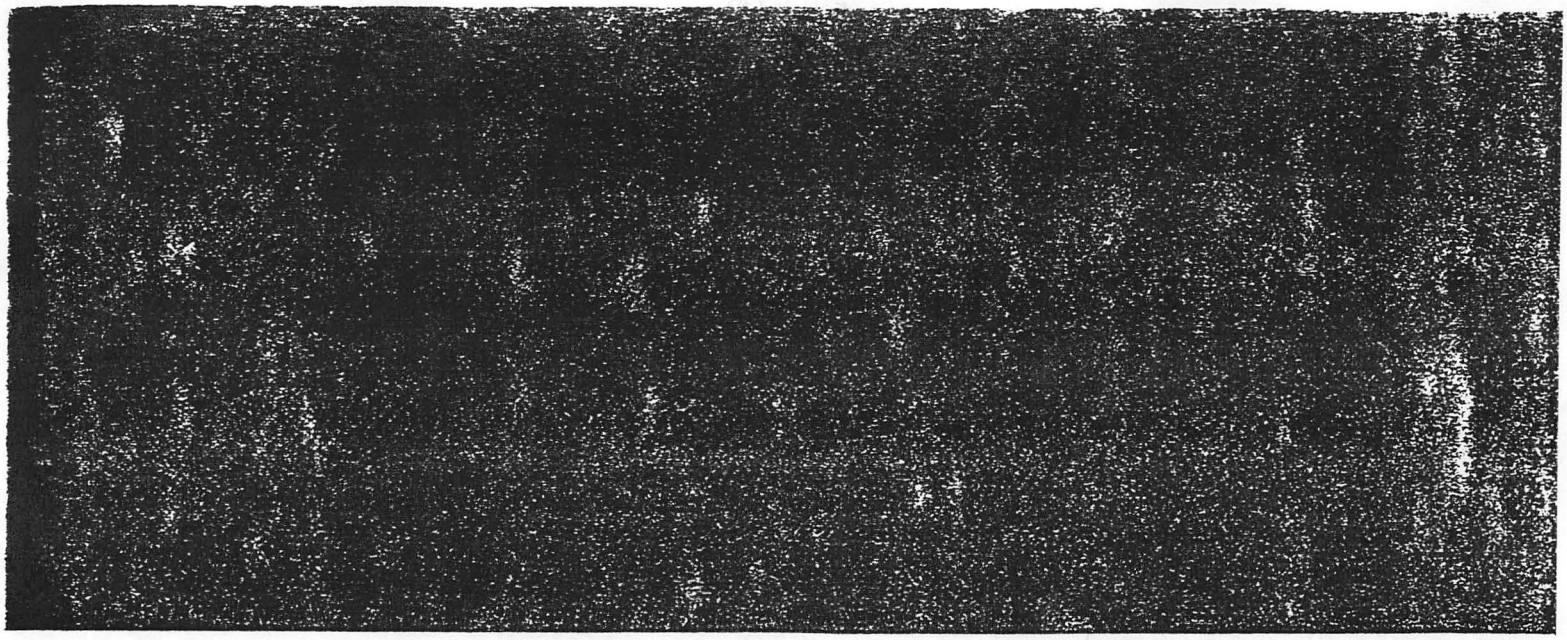


mate fulfilment which they seek.

LUCIFER validates. He creates rightness where there was wrongness. He heals where there was sickness, He makes beautiful what was ugly. He raises up what has fallen down. He creates success where there was failure, love where there was hatred, harmony and peace where there was conflict. He brings light into the darkness.

And LUCIFER calms the raging sea, He stills the raging storms. He smiles upon what is evil and corrupt, so that it becomes good and pure. He touches what is vile and decaying, so that it becomes clean and new. He breathes life into the dying man.

For LUCIFER is life. He is the light of life that shines in the darkness of death. And all who follow Him follow the joy of life and partake of the joy of living.



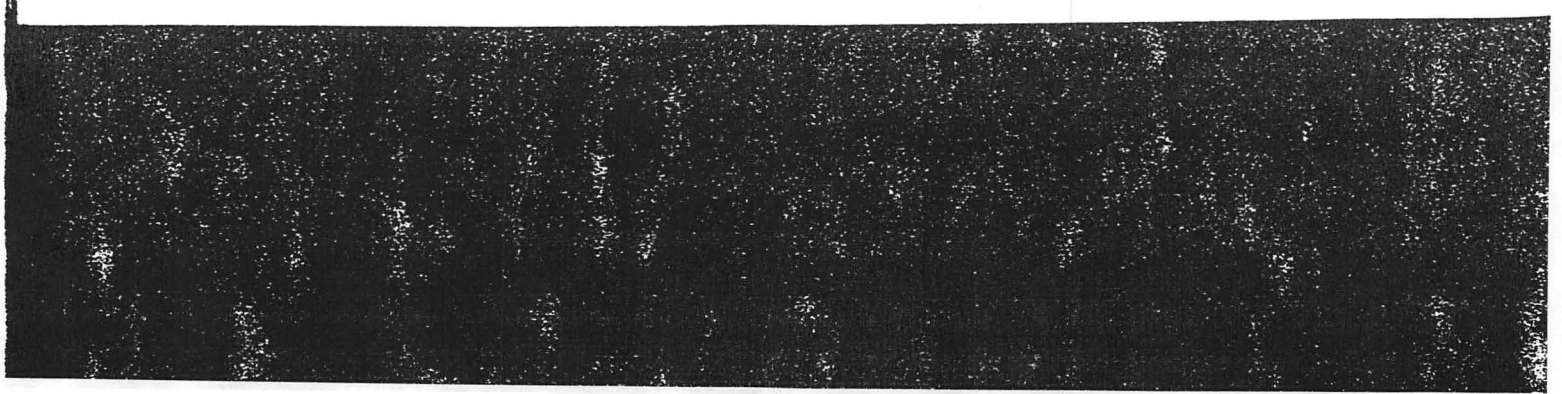
**And where there is ugliness LUCIFER brings beauty to conceal it. Where there is misery, LUCIFER brings the simple pleasures that can override it.**

**His is the beauty of nature, the green loveliness of field and forest. His is the subtle precision of the architect, who seeks to complement nature rather than destroying it. His is the sensitive perception of the artist, who seeks to communicate the wonders of nature rather than distorting them beyond all recognition.**

**And His is the ladder of worldly success, that leads to a sense of freedom within the bounds of human existence; freedom to have, to experience, to learn, to know the secrets of life, of which those who are steeped in failure deprive themselves.**

**LUCIFER encourages success. He leads His followers to the foot of the ladder and guides them rung by rung to the top.**





**And he teaches the virtue of precision. He advocates exactness, a perfect balance; like two notes in harmony, if one is even a fraction out of key, the harmony is lost and discord is the outcome. And with LUCIFER there must be no discord. Precision is His constant gentle watchword.**

AND the true Luciferian follows in the footsteps of his God. He is the Light-bearer on earth. He is the idealist who seeks to right all wrongs, to bring happiness to a world of misery and deprivation.

He believes in success and the enjoyment of success. He believes in comfort and the enjoyment of comfort. He clings to the concept of basic human goodness. He loves the world and the people of the world, and his greatest wish is that all men should love one another, that men should live at peace, that there should be no strife or violence, no ill feeling, no conflict, only a soft and gentle harmony.

This is the Luciferian ideal. This is the star that the Luciferian follows; man at peace with himself and his fellow man; man at one with the world in which he lives.

And the Luciferian deplores the victim. He sees the victim as the

evidence of man's failure to create for himself the best of all possible worlds. His instinct is to lift the victim out of his misery, to give him the joys and comforts that he lacks, to reassure him, to take away his burdens and to heal his sickness.

And the true Luciferian, because he loves the beauty of nature, and sees in it the secret of human fulfilment, abhors the relentless march of science and industry which he sees as enemies of peace and tranquility. He watches man use science in pursuit of profit to destroy the natural world which he has been given, and replace it with a synthetic world infested with unnatural pollution and disease. He watches man succumb to the dictates of materialism, where even his minimum demands go far beyond the provision of a simple human comfort and satisfaction.

He watches the ladder of success, which he believes all men should climb, go far beyond the point of attainment, far beyond the point of human ambition, into the realms of grasping avarice, where one man

treads on another's throat to gain his ends, and where nothing satisfies because all is demanded.

And like his God the Luciferian loves balance, order and precision. He appreciates the delicate harmonies of nature, and tries to emulate them in his own way of life. He strives for perfection. And in this the demands he makes upon himself and those around him are great.

Although the Luciferian is permissive by nature, he abhors disorder. Unless driven by intense frustration, he is reluctant to exert a rigid control or exercise a harsh authority; however he likes to hold the reins—gently but firmly. His sensitivity gives him an instinctive awareness of the precise direction a situation should take, and his inclination is to be the one who guides it there—gently but firmly.

When the Luciferian leads, when he rules, when he holds a high position in any field of activity, his aim is to maintain constant harmony. He

tries always to create Utopia. To this end he is liberal and permissive, seeking to eliminate conflict and disagreement.

He suffers agonies when his permissiveness leads to strife and violence amongst those who are less deeply concerned with the preservation of harmony.

Often his own abhorrence of conflict brings him intense personal conflict. His inclination is to be permissive; harshness and rigidity offend him. But at the same time his demands for perfection are often fanatical, and where discord is rife his permissiveness may be stretched to breaking point.

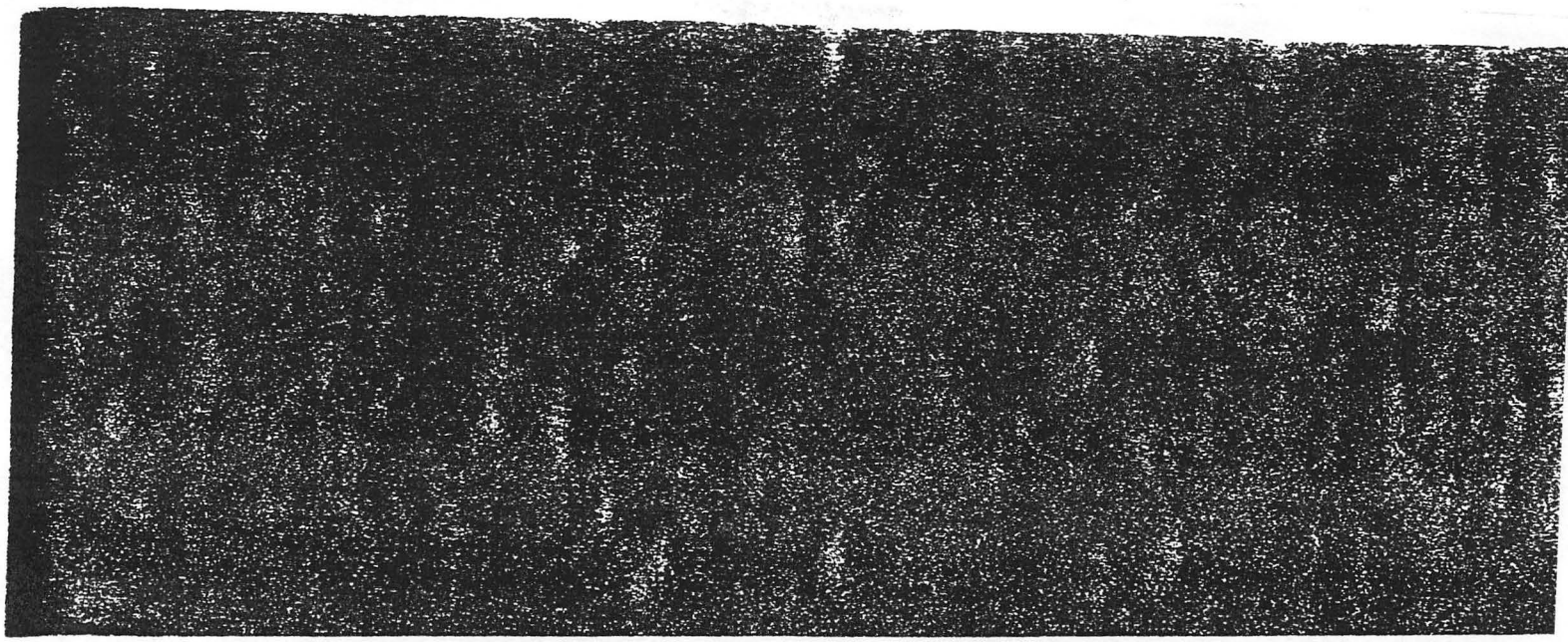
The Luciferian leader rules from a standpoint of liberal idealism. All too often he ends in a state of disillusionment.

The Luciferian wants peace not war, and he weeps to see the honeyed

road of sweet success dive headlong into strife and violent conflict. This he knows is not the wish of his God, though it may be the test that his God provides for His people. The road of success should lead to greater harmony, to greater love, to greater mutual understanding; not to hatred, suspicion and insatiable greed.

And the Luciferian is a lover of the arts; not those that express the hideous horrors of the world, the miseries of mankind and the cancer of human degradation, but those that bring out the essence of life, the essence of natural beauty, the essence of love and harmony.

The Luciferian believes that by expressing beauty we create beauty, by making images of peace we eliminate war. He believes that evil can be made into good through the image of goodness, that violence can be stilled by the presence of harmony, that hatred can be destroyed by the presence of love.



The Luciferian is the eternal optimist.

He lives by the philosophy of human love. It is his panacea for all ills. Love conquers all for the Luciferian. It marches relentlessly across a world that is buried deep in the worship of hatred and violence; unharmed, unreduced, and leaving only images of itself in its wake.

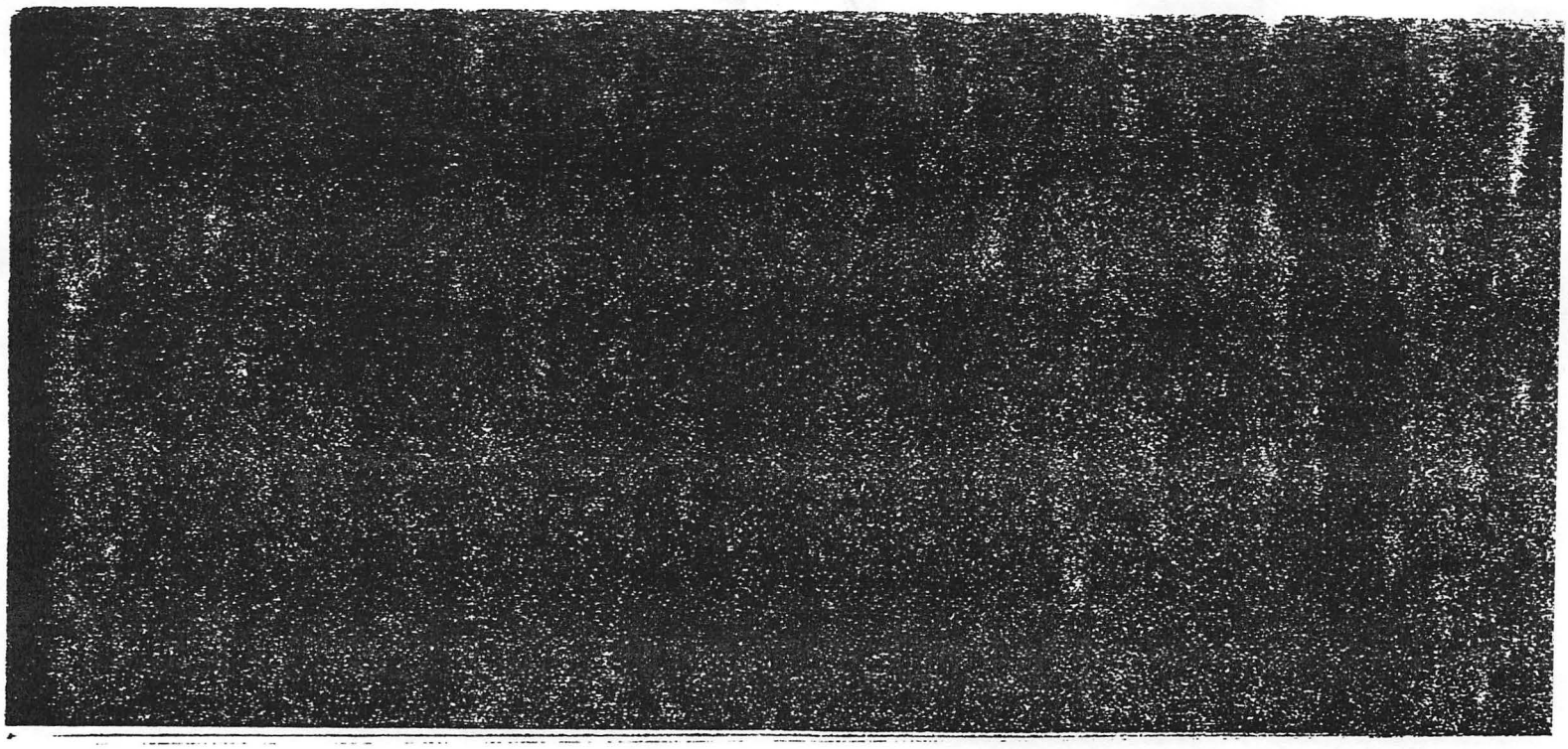
This is the Luciferian dream. The conquest of the world by love; and humanity's return to the sinless tranquility of the Garden of Eden.

So the way of LUCIFER demands control. To maintain balance and create precision, control is essential. Not harsh and rigid suppression, which in LUCIFER's eyes is an over-compensation for an innate *lack* of control, but the gentle firmness of a confident and knowing grasp of every situation.

LUCIFER controls. He maintains the subtle balance between scarcity

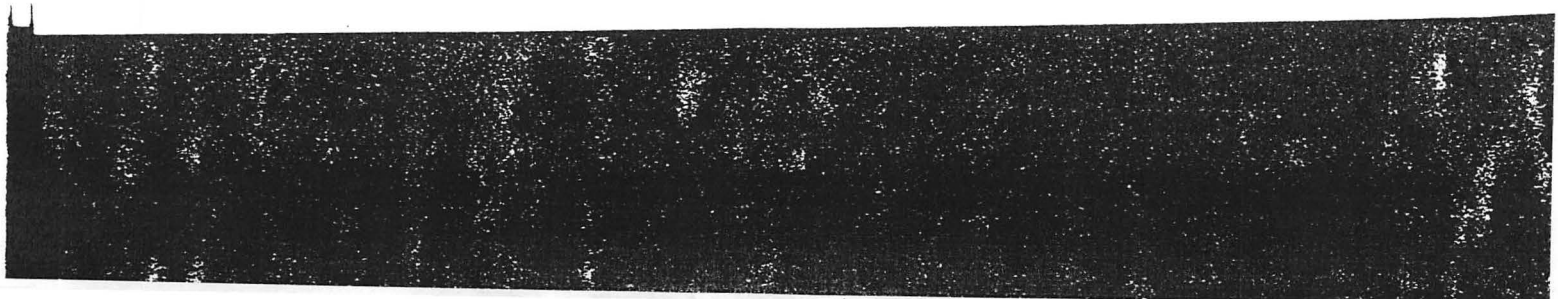


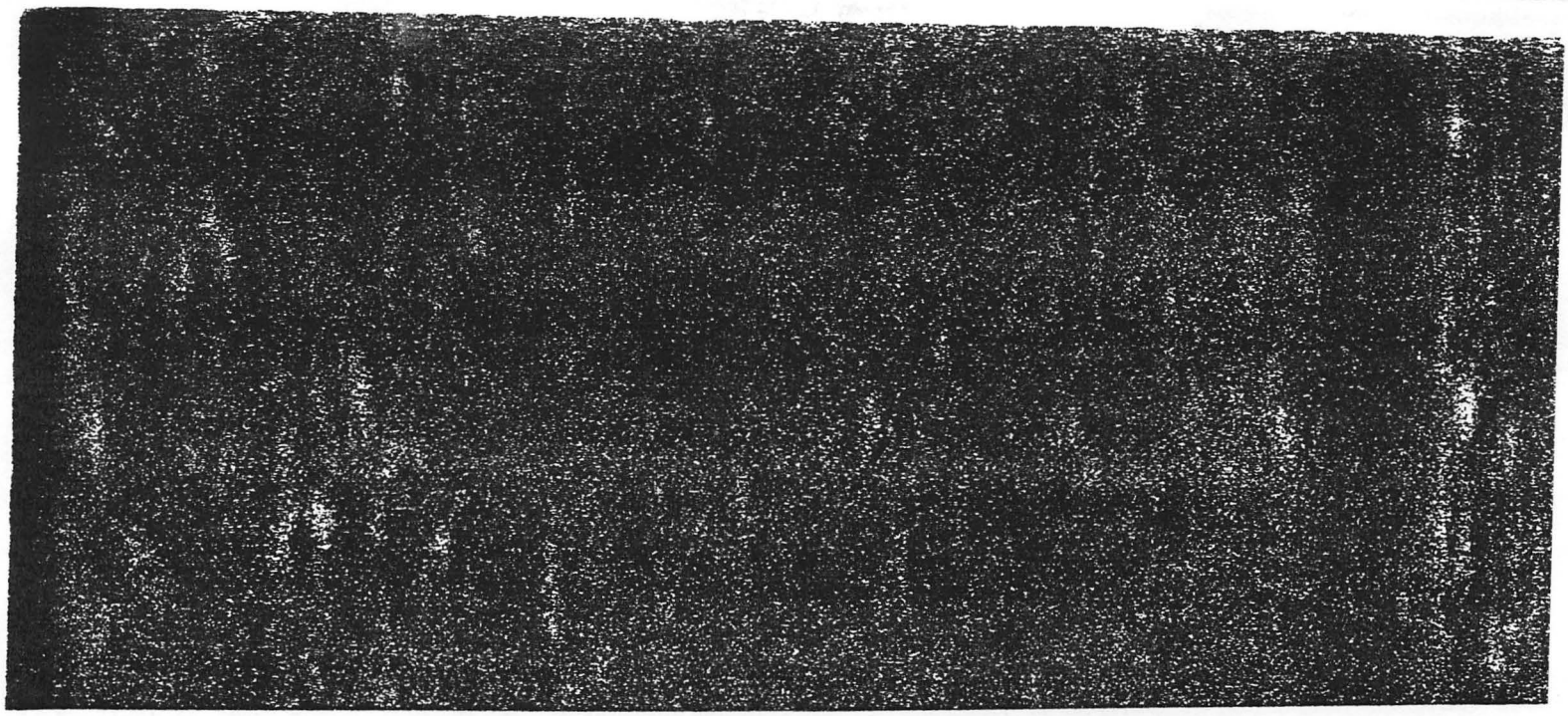




and excess, between violence and stagnation, between over-intensity and neutrality. His balance is no compromise. It is too positively intended and defined. It is the perfect harmony of opposite extremes; and yet is itself an extreme, diametrically opposed to harsh or brutal conflict.





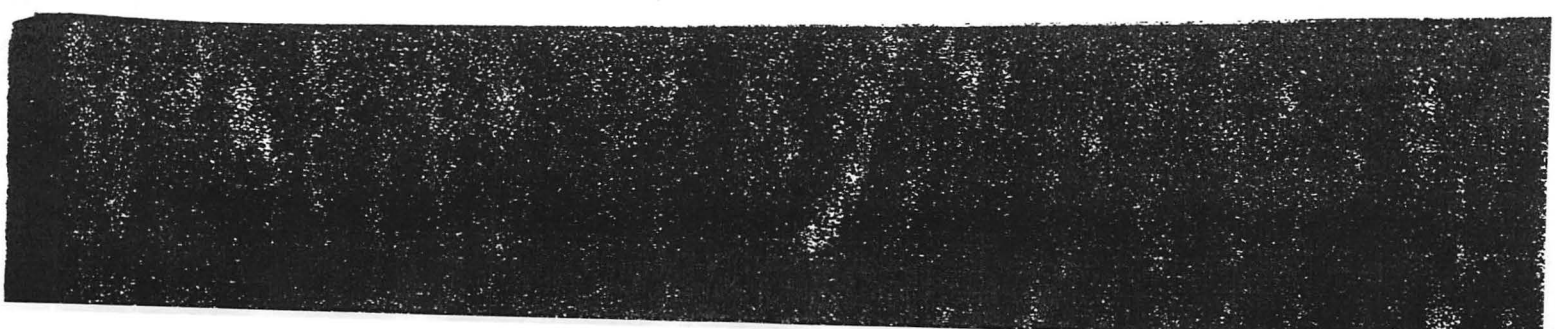


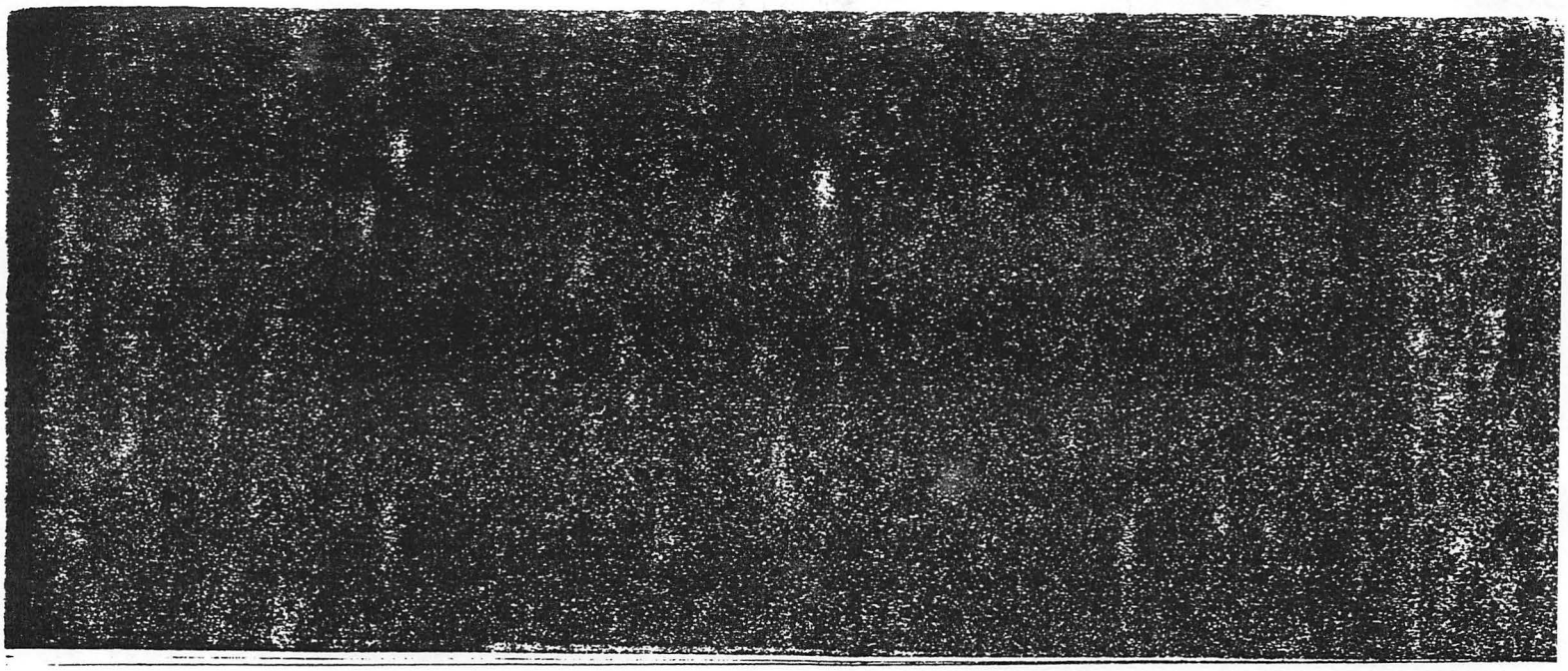
AND the failed Luciferian is the one who falls victim to his own ideals, the one who feels the disillusionment of empty success and succumbs to it, the one who reaches a pinnacle of achievement, finds no ultimate fulfilment, and sinks into a morass of disappointment.

The failed Luciferian is the one who fails to realise his ideal, and feels he has been betrayed and abandoned. He has found success, he has given love, he has created images of peace and harmony, and yet he feels a sense of incompleteness; no real fulfilment follows the success, so he collapses into a feeling of utter futility.

Or, when success comes, but without true satisfaction, he sets his sights beyond, and then beyond again and on until he finds himself taking the road he so abhorred; the road of violence and desperation, the road of excess, the road of frantic grasping for that which seems always to elude him. He becomes the victim of his own demands,





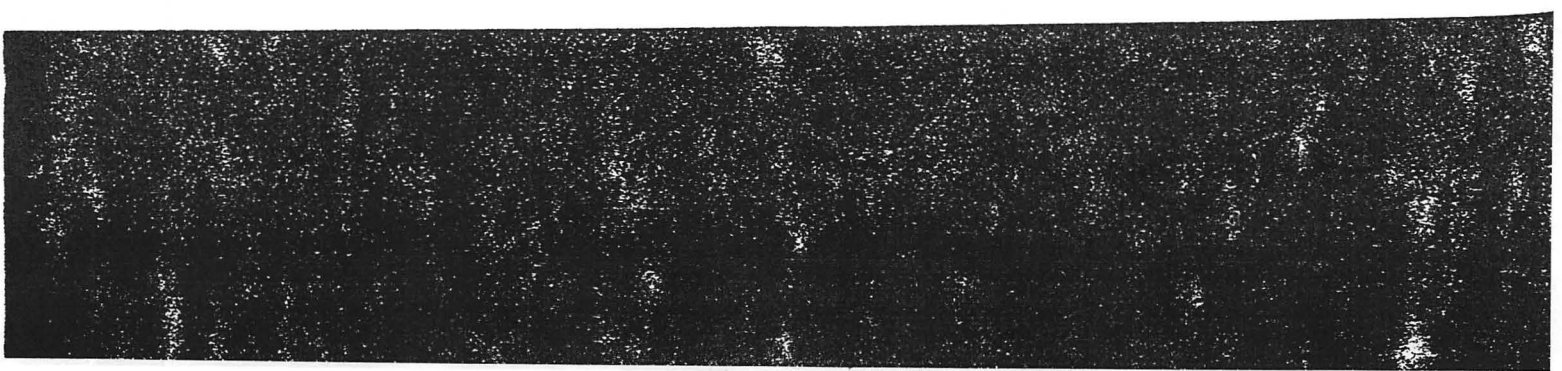


loses all confidence in his images of love and beauty, and sinks into an even more desperate pursuit of the unattainable perfection.

That is the failed Luciferian; the one who loses hope, either because his dreams remain unrealised or because even the realisation of them brings with it no ultimate sense of fulfilment; the one who loses sight of the Luciferian goal, because he never quite seems to attain it; the one who despairs of ever finding the true peace of mind, the perfect harmony, the ideal love, the universal understanding and the oneness with all that is. And like the artist who slashes in fury at his painting because he cannot achieve the perfection that he seeks, the failed Luciferian descends into a tortured agony of helpless frustration and futility; the very opposite in every way to that which he set out to find.

Often in anticipation of this final descent, the Luciferian abandons what promises success for him, for fear of disillusionment. He provides the build-up until the moment when he must fulfil his promise to himself

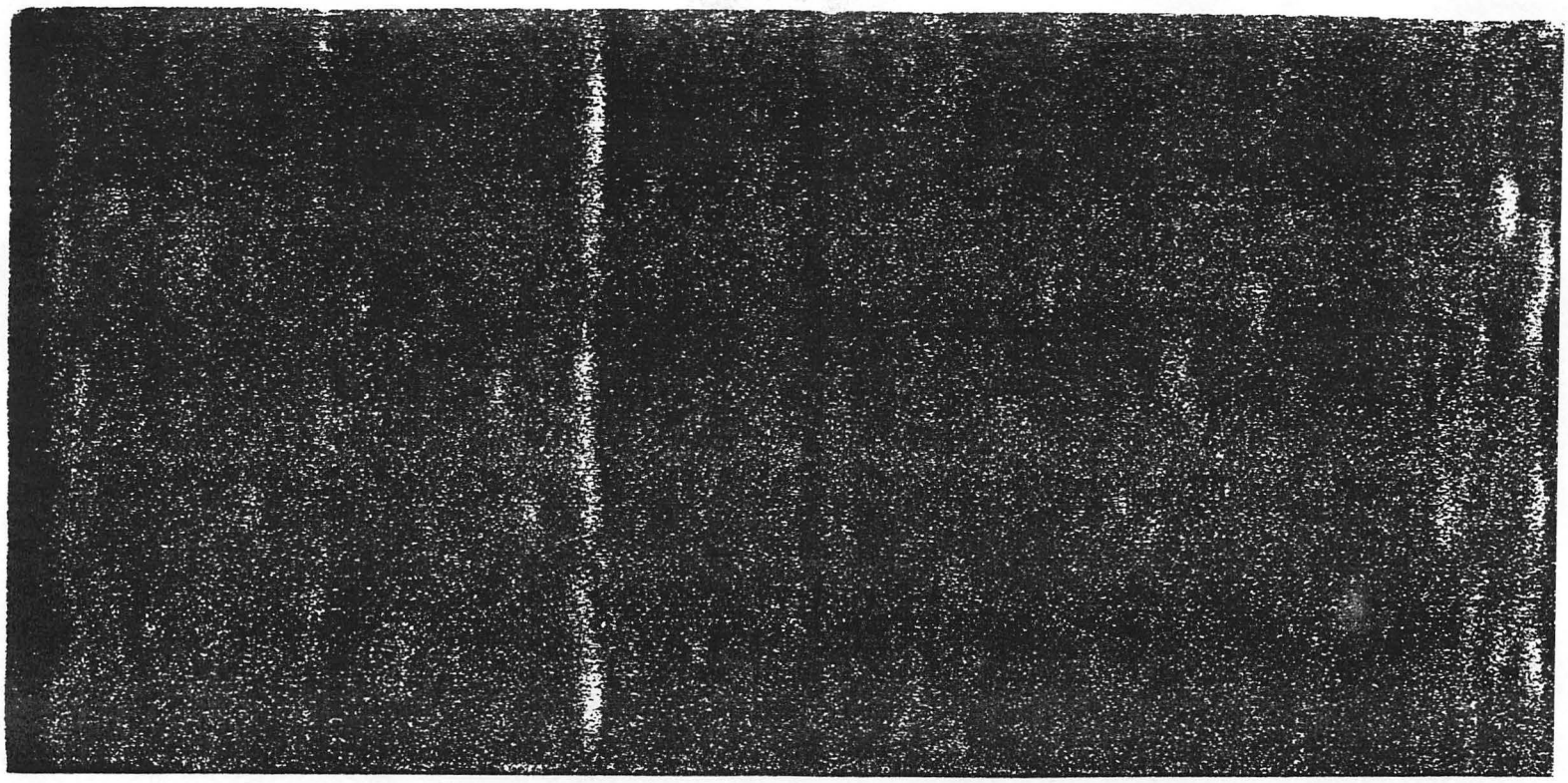




and anyone else involved in the success, and then he drops it, deserts, abandons.

Thus he betrays both himself and those who have depended on him.

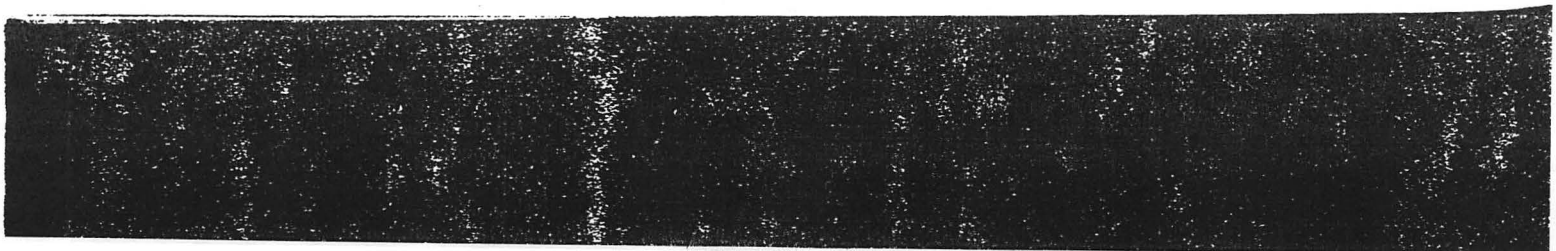
It is no solution. If he falls into such a pattern, he descends even faster into the depths of futile despair.



ONLY by recognition of the true nature of human success; only by seeing its limitations, by knowing that it cannot transcend the human values upon which it hinges, and meet the spiritual needs that the soul demands; only by stepping beyond the bounds of worldly satisfaction to find the ultimate fulfilment; can a Luciferian avoid the disillusionment that a single-minded pursuit of human achievement brings with it.

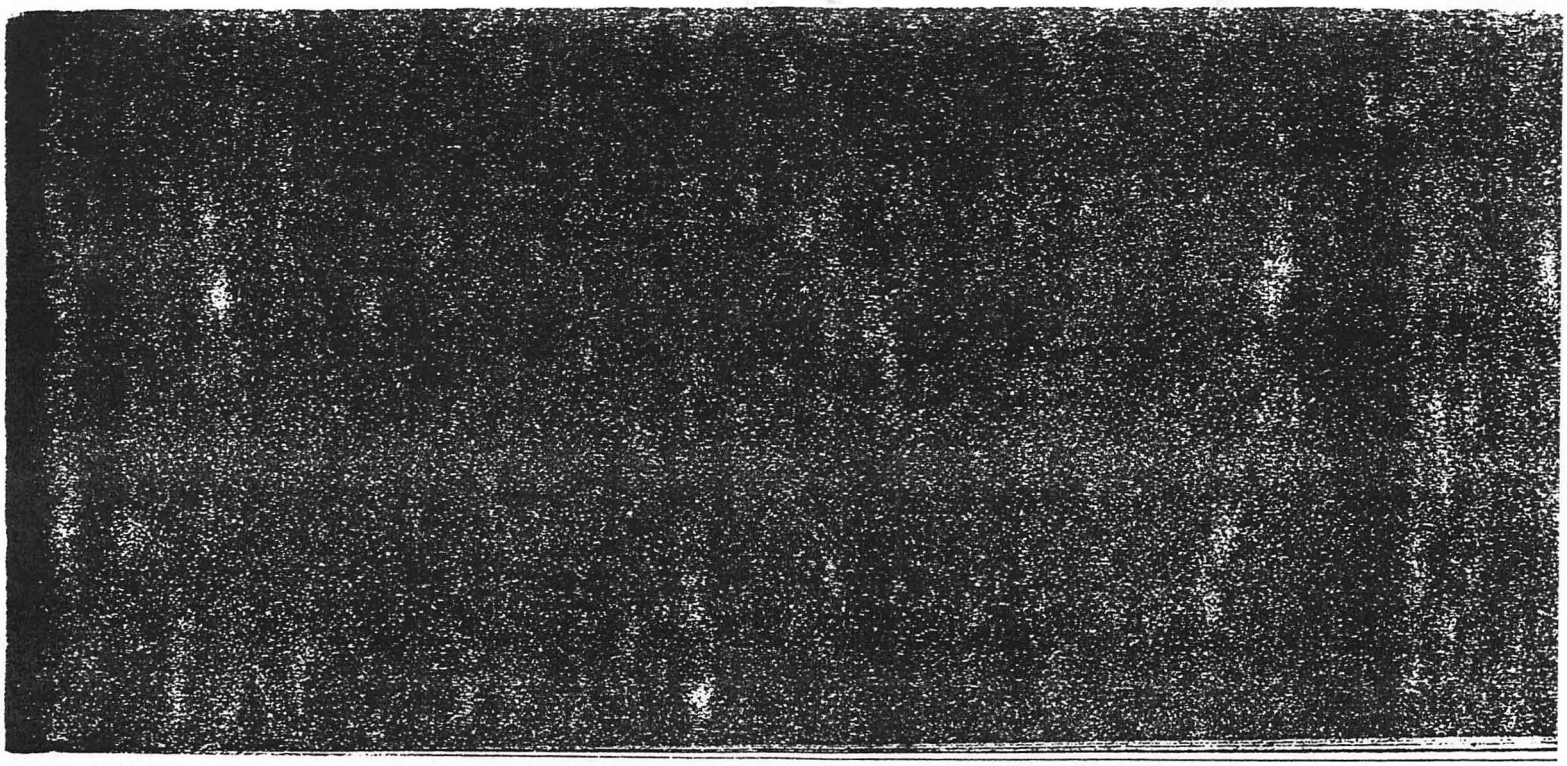
A Luciferian may be fulfilled within the world, but only if he has no illusions about the nature of the world and all that is of the world. If he sees the world and its values as the centre of the Universe, with all things subject to its whims and dictates, then he will pursue his ideals obsessively into the mire of frustration and futility. But if he sees the world as a testing ground for higher planes of existence, and his God as a testing God, who offers success in human terms to try the understanding and awareness of His people, then he will live his life according



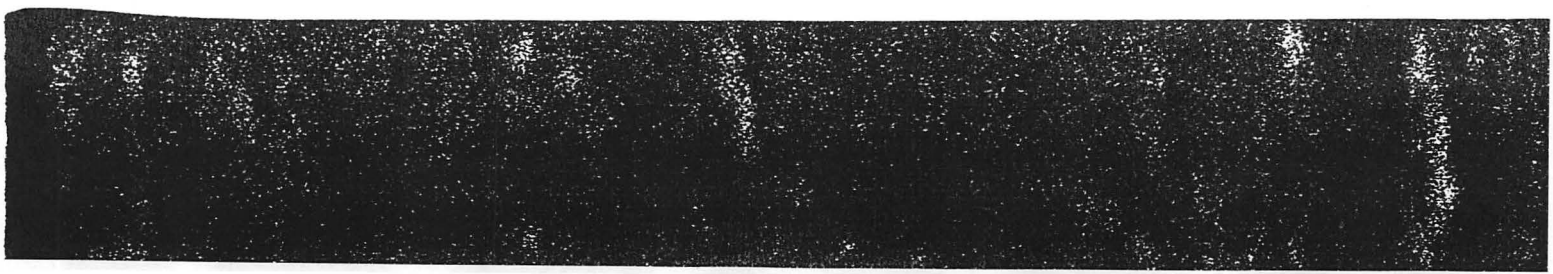


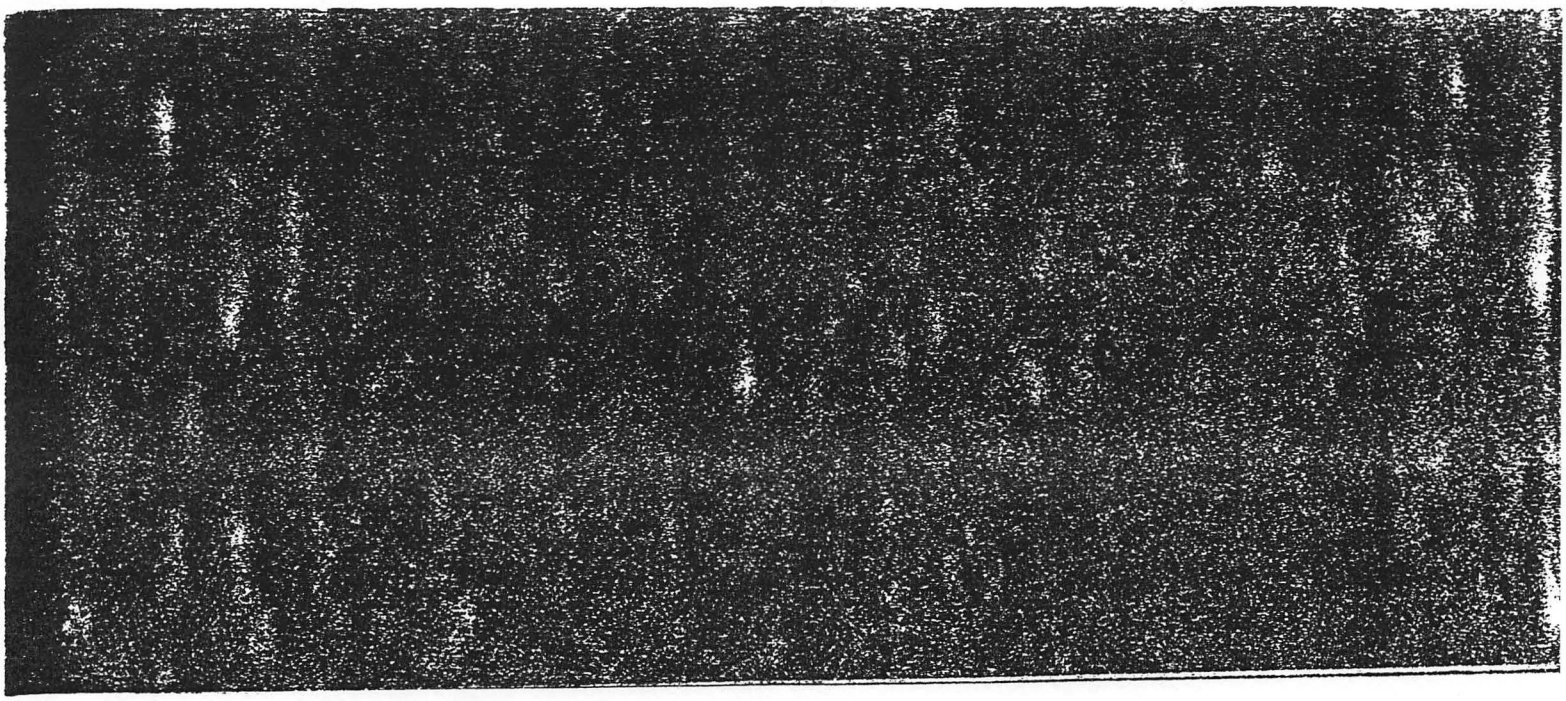
to the Law and he will know the true limits of human attainment, and evaluate his aims accordingly.

LUCIFER loves the world, but He knows very clearly where it stands in the hierarchy. To be fulfilled, the Luciferian must do the same.



# SATAN AND THE SATANIST





SATAN is the Great God of Ultimate Destruction.

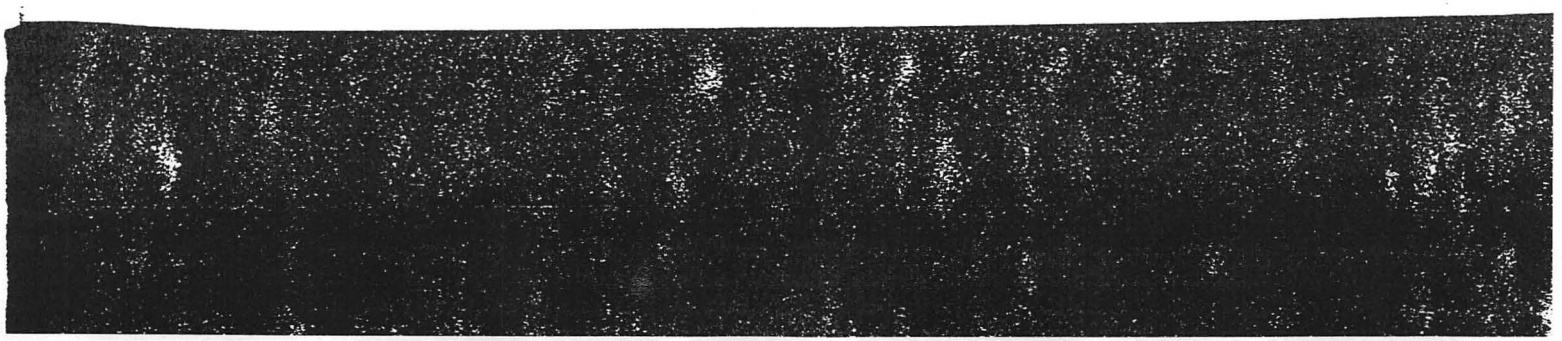
He stands beyond the gates of the human game, and awaits the blast of the trumpet that heralds the End.

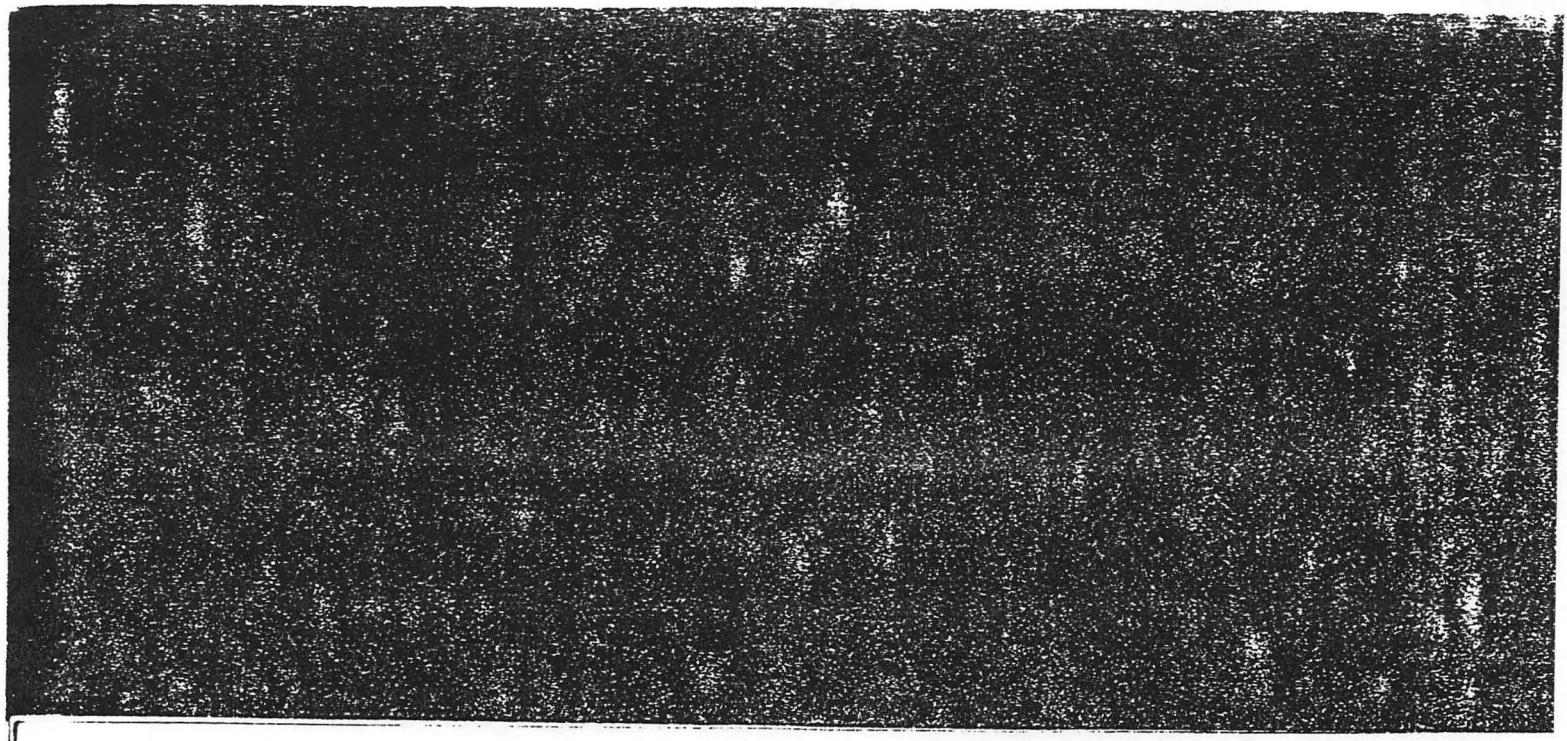
For He is the End. He is the Bringer of Doom. And His reach extends from the highest pinnacles of Heaven right down into the very depths of Hell.

For He spans the Universe. He is the soul and the body of the Universe, and between the soul and the body lies the mind.

His creations are the throngs of Archangels that stand at the summit of all existence, and the crawling hideous monsters of the Pit that writhe in the swirling darkness of the Bottomless Void. And between the two is the world of men.





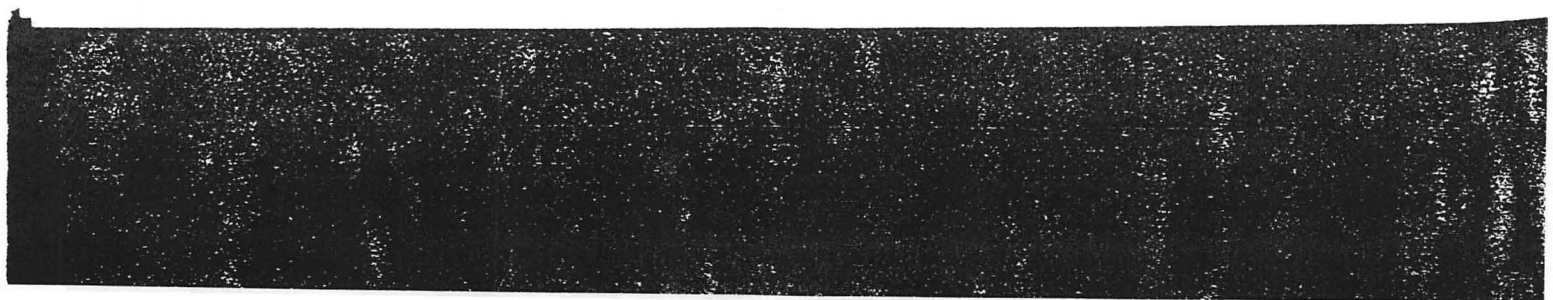


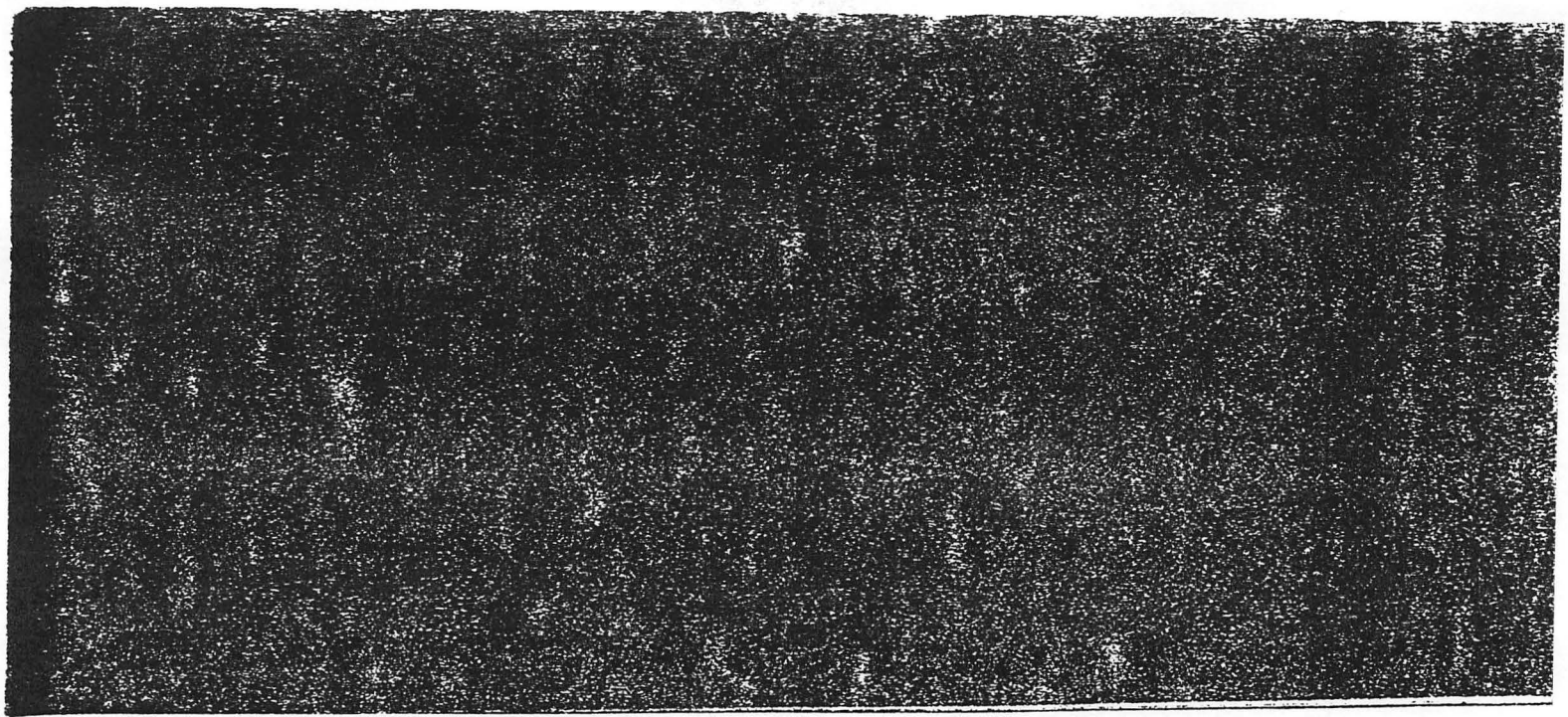
**And within the world of men the Lord SATAN spans from pole to pole; the ruler of extremes; leaving in between, the life of human conflict which the 'normal' man endures; the equal battle of the two-poled mind, by which he maintains a tortured equilibrium.**

**And SATAN rules that which is outside the conflict of the mind, either below it or above. He has no part of that which lies within it.**

**He rules the regions of the mind unhinged. He rules insanity. His people are those who have blindly escaped from human reality and its preset values, have either delved into the strange world of physical sensation, without the restraining hand of mental barriers, have plumbed the depths of sensuality, carried indulgence of the body to its limits and left the logic of the brain behind, or have plunged altogether into madness, have unhooked themselves completely from the dictates of a 'normal' mind, and followed an extra-mental path that has neither judgement nor control for those who travel it.**





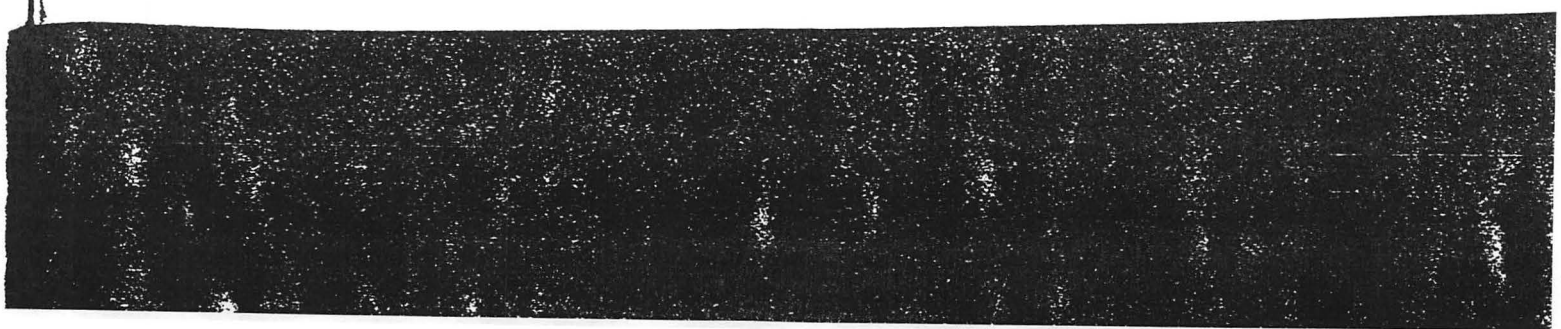


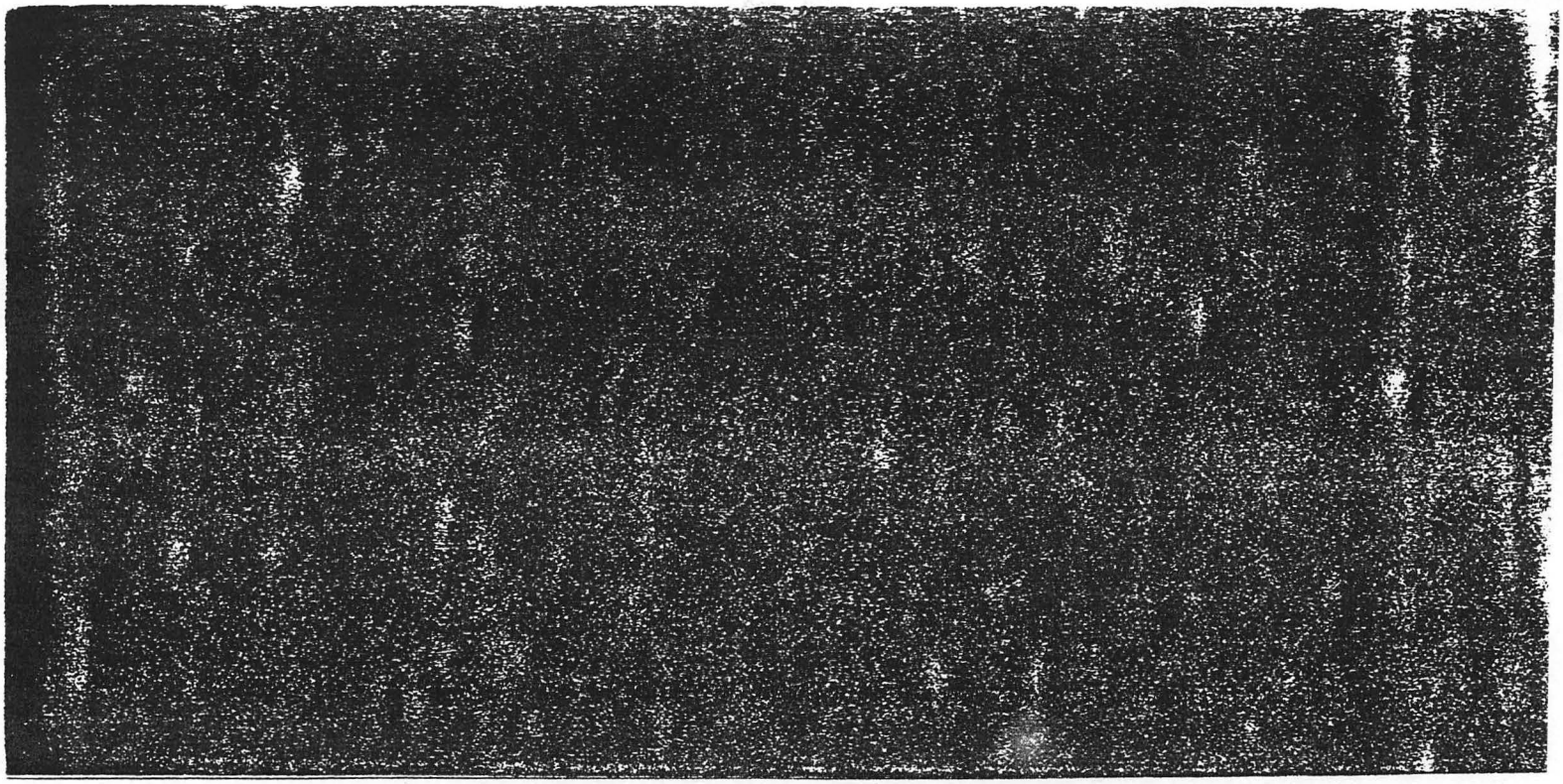
**And SATAN is master of those who take these roads. He is master of all who cast off from the even battle of mentality, and set out to explore the unvalued, undefined miasma of experience, that lies beyond the mind's control.**

**He rules the body and its sensual needs, and He rules the mindless cloud of lunacy; both respite from the tortures of the mind's uncertainty.**

**And at the other extremity, He rules the superhuman mindlessness of mysticism. He is master to the being in pursuit of the purity of spirit; the being who seeks to *transcend* the conflicts of the mind, to rise beyond the barriers of thought, to reach outside the limitations of human values; who does not sink in witless blindness, without judgement or control, into the world of insanity or sensuality, but rises, aware, controlled, unshackled, into the realms of mindless spirituality; the realms of supernatural vision and experience.**





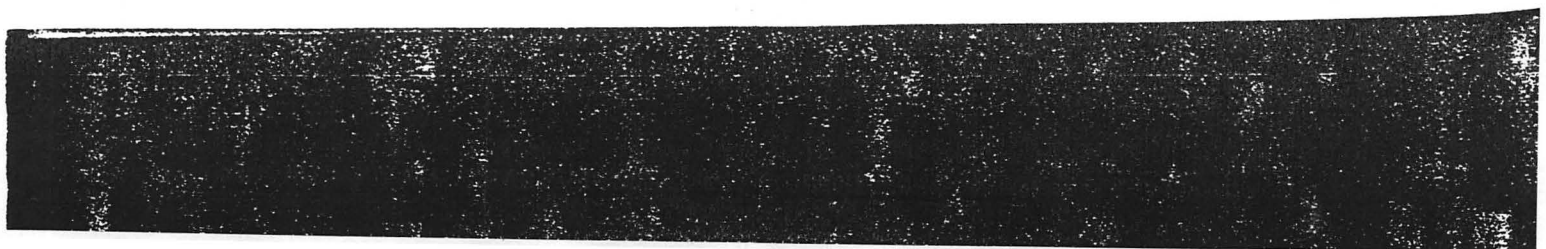


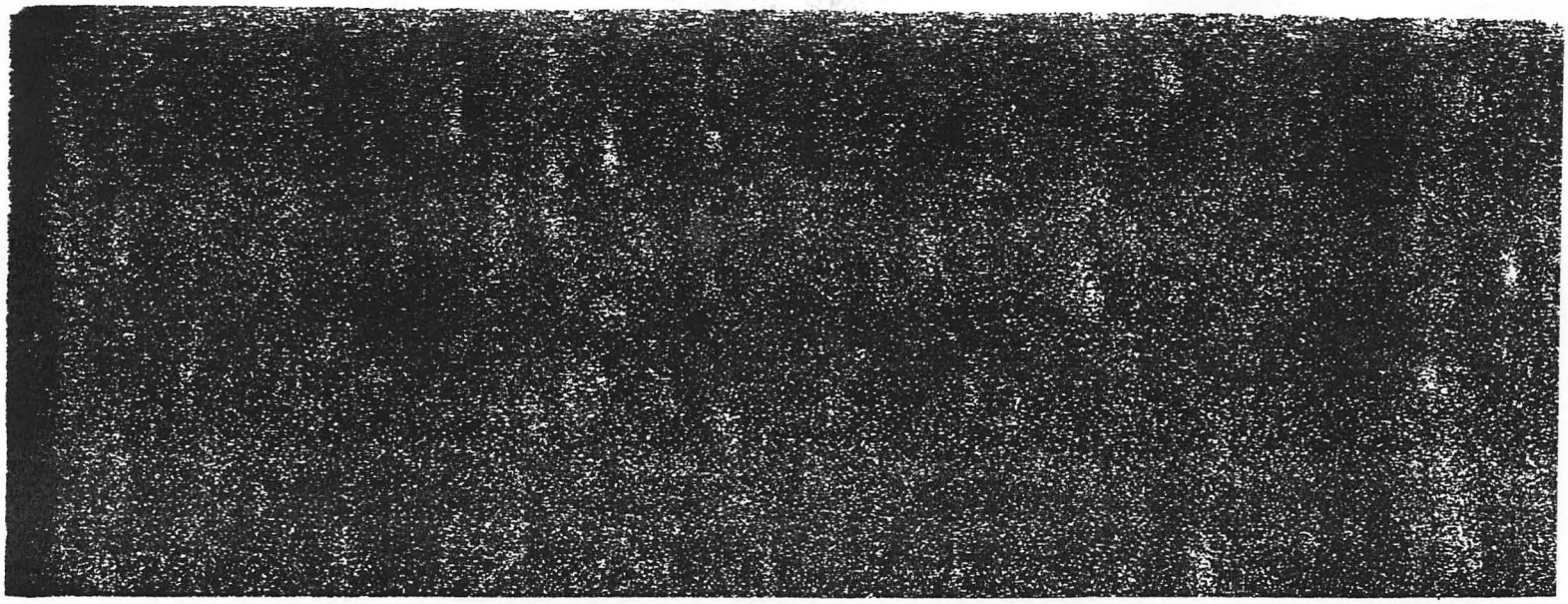
**And SATAN is the God with whom the mystic finds his other world.**

**The world of men may call the mystic mad, for the world of men calls mad all who do not conform to its accepted patterns. But the mystic is *above* the cloud of mental anguish, whereas the real madman is below it. And the mystic mortifies his body, where the sensualist indulges his to excess. Neither conforms to the accepted human standards whereby the body is maintained; instead they span the field from one extreme to the other. And both are ruled by SATAN.**

**SATAN is the ultimate of all things. He is the End and the Ultimate Destruction. Equally He is the Beginning and the Ultimate Creation. He spans the Universe—in Time. He is both the Beginning and the End; the God of Ultimate Destruction and the God of Ultimate Creation. And His two poles are separated by the presence of the Universal Mind that fills the Universe with conflict.**

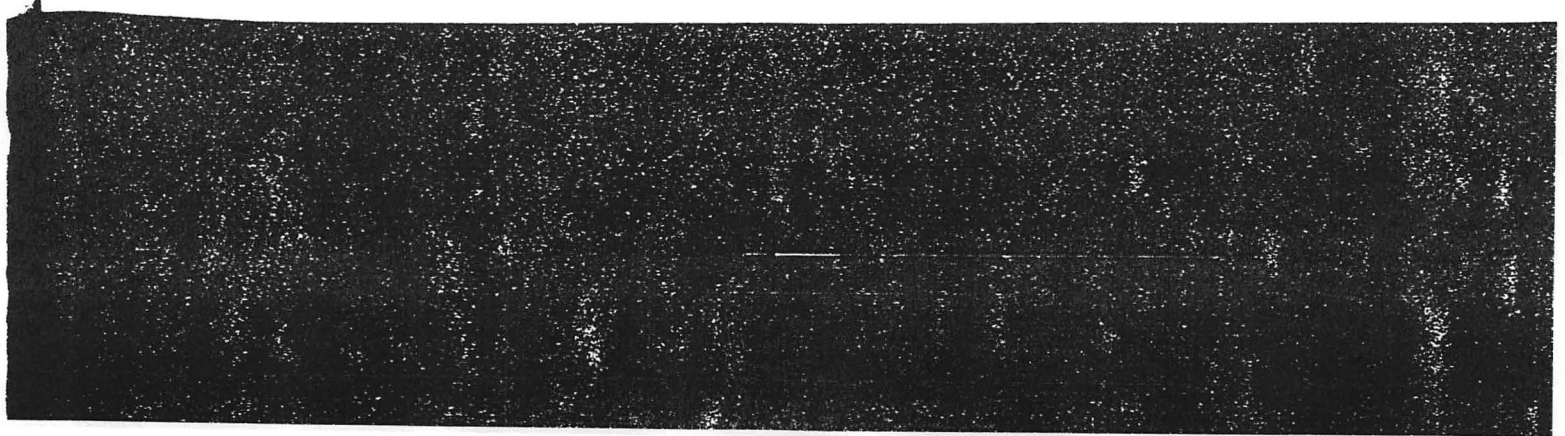


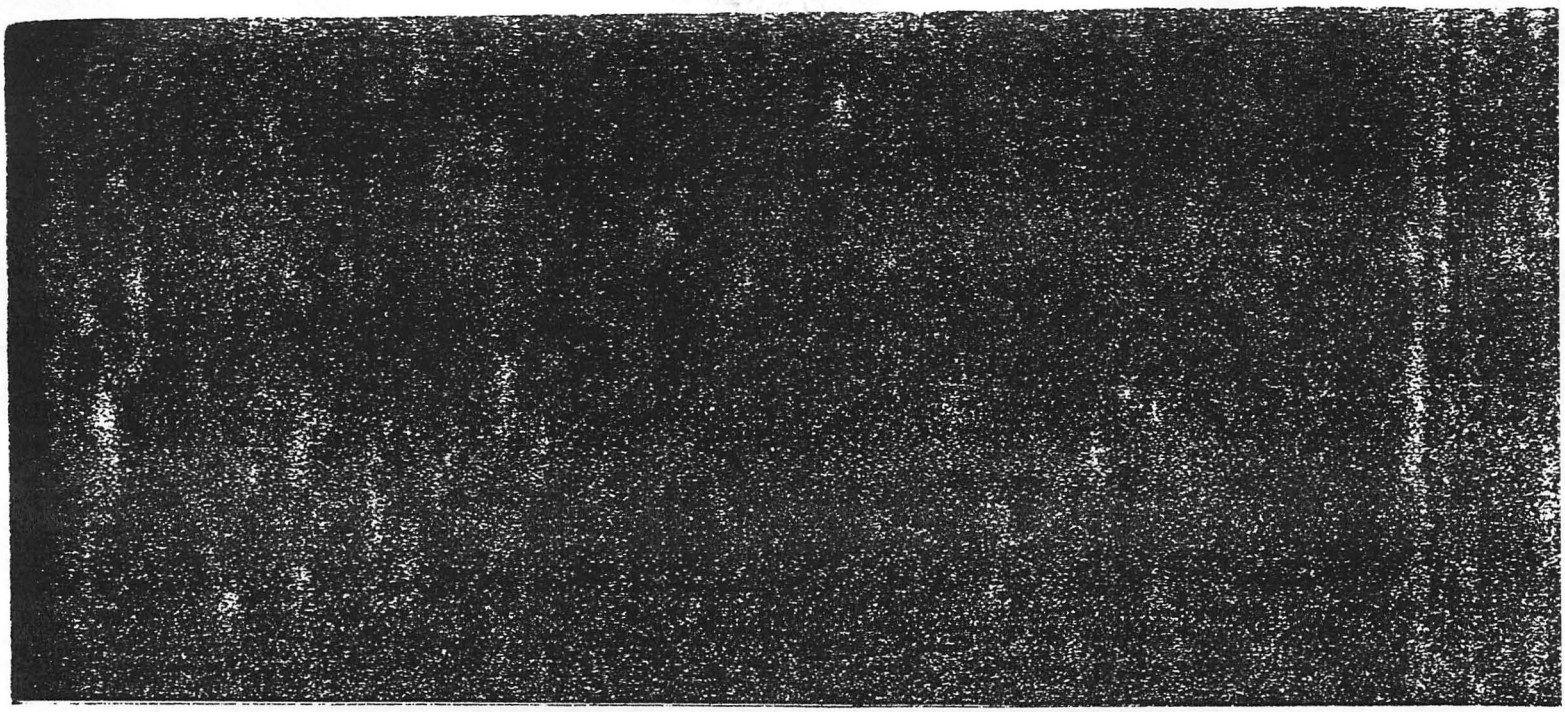




**And conflict is the Essence of Time. So the Beginning of Time is SATAN, and the End of Time is SATAN; and they are divided by the Essence of Time, which is the conflict of the mind and the twisted torture of the human game.**







AND the Satanist, like his God, stands outside the bounds of the human game.

He stands at one of the two extremes.

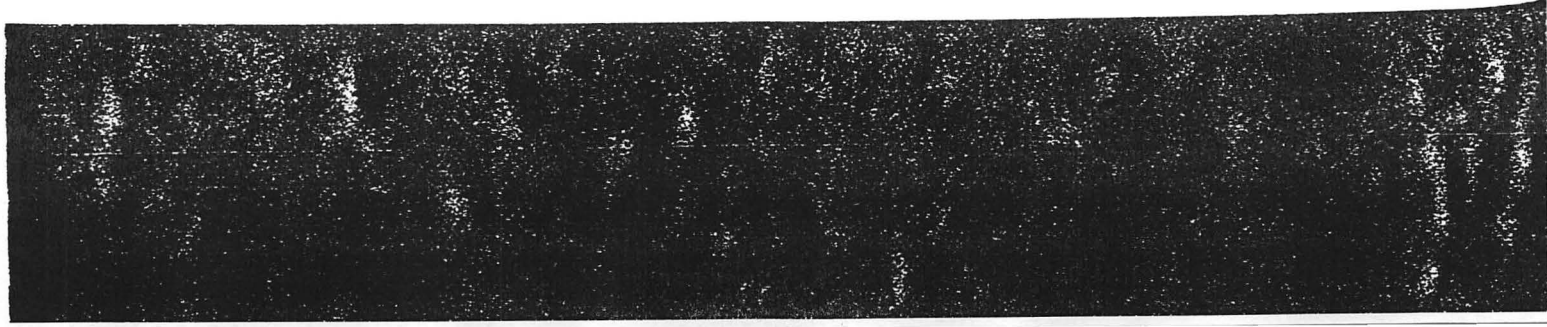
He is an outcast, because he does not fit the pattern.

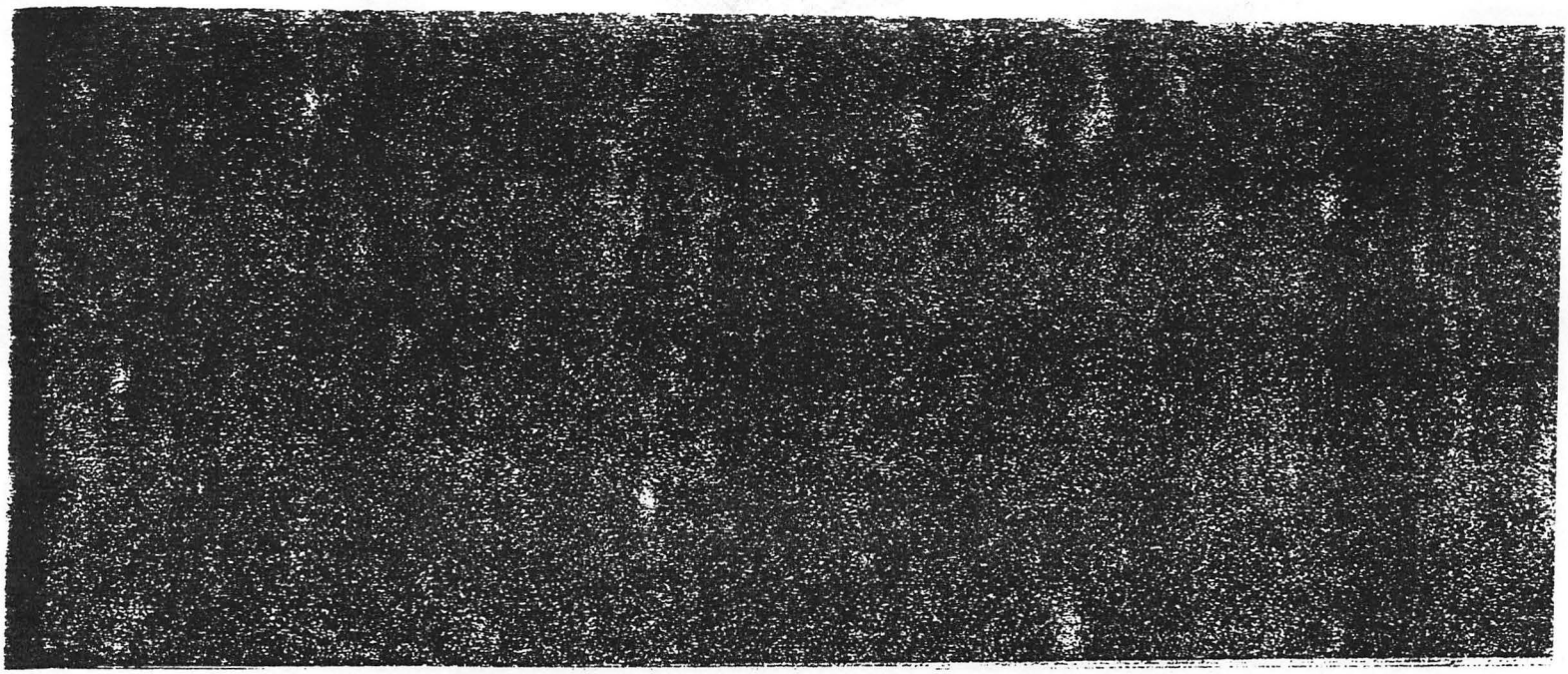
He rebels against the world of human values, and attempts to separate himself from the conflicts of the human mind.

At the lower end of the scale, he is the pervert and the orgiast; the sensual wallower and the sadist. He delights in cruelty and violence. He revels in the twisting of all social norms. He finds pleasure in pain, and exaltation in paths of degradation.

He dabbles in drugs, and finds there satisfaction in the negation of the human mind, which he carries so unwillingly within his brain. For



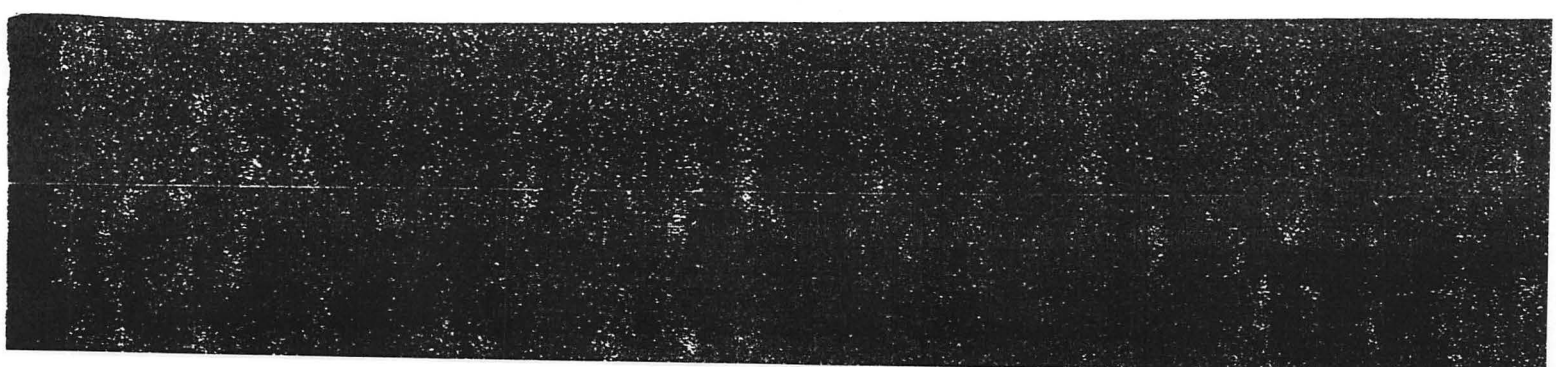


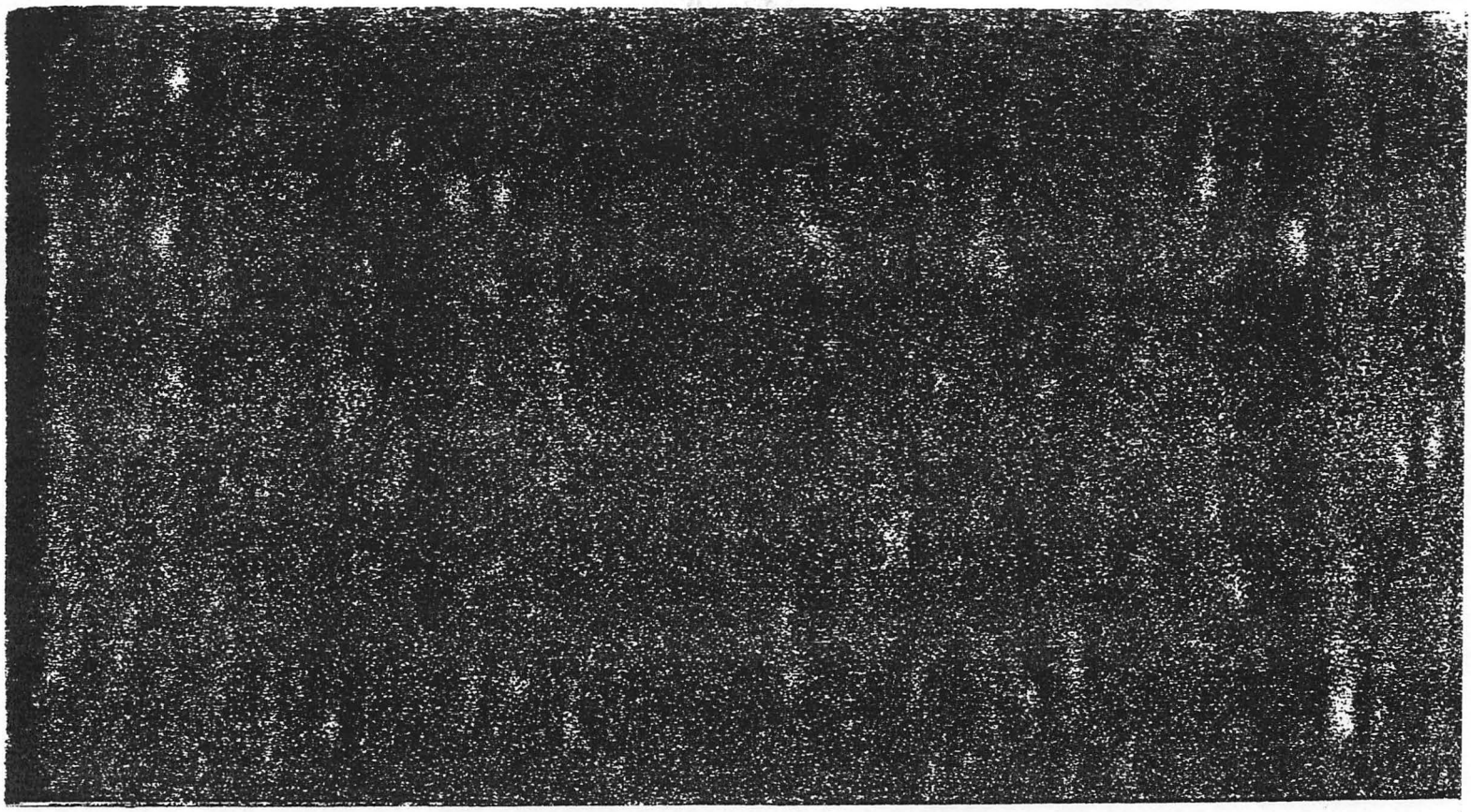


narcotics twist the mind out of shape; they dull it, or invert it, or turn it inside out, or send it spinning into space. And thus the Satanist escapes from it. Drugged, he can float away into a world that has no part with reality in human terms. He can find realities more pleasing to him. He can create realities, fantasise them, summon up every kind of other-worldly vision, while the ties that bind him to the earth fade into nothing and leave him free of the shackles of the human game.

And speed the Satanist worships also, for that too disorientates the mind. The motorcyclist who rides for the sensation, feels himself cut off from the world that stands still around him. His senses become blurred, the roaring in his ears and the wind on his face send his mind spinning. He forgets the inert world of men and replaces it with a world of constant movement, where nothing stays the same, nothing is solid and definite, nothing can pin him down to a precise continuous reality. And that is SATAN's world.



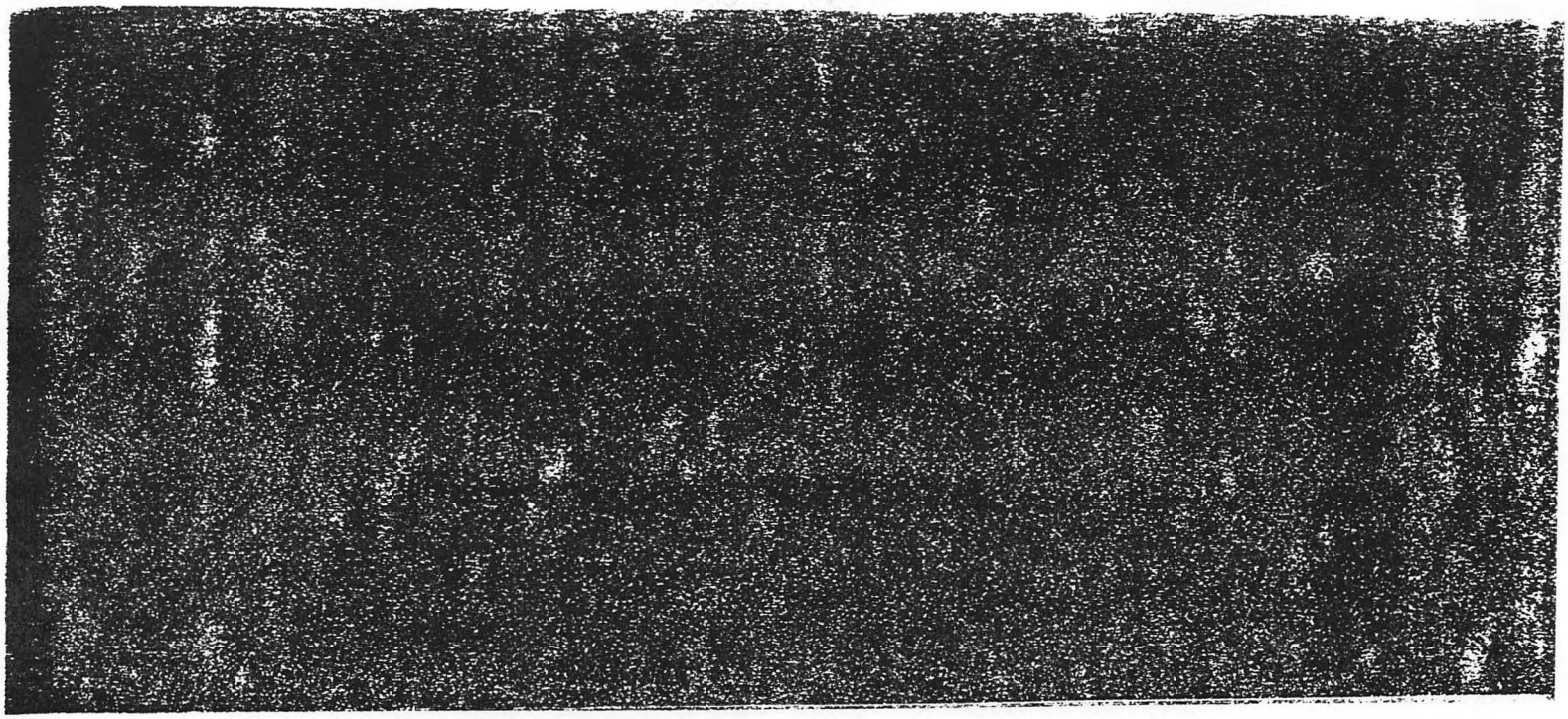




And alcohol provides another means of shutting out the agonies of mental conflict; another road whereby the Satanist escapes; another blurred miasma, senses dulled, thoughts vague, unreal and imprecise. In even the mildest of alcoholic hazes, the concrete facts of human existence can cease to be real and can be replaced by other-worldly fantasies and visions.

And danger is yet another way out of it; a life of constant risk, the life of the criminal, the life of the man on the run, and the life of the man who lives by violence, always close to the presence of death. Again the down-to-earth facts of man's circumstances, man's problems and man's anguish are forgotten and replaced with the immediate sense of threat, the immediate danger that fills the whole being taking all of its attention.

The Satanist lives by the maxim; "Nothing suffocates hope more than the ordinary passage of ordinary events."

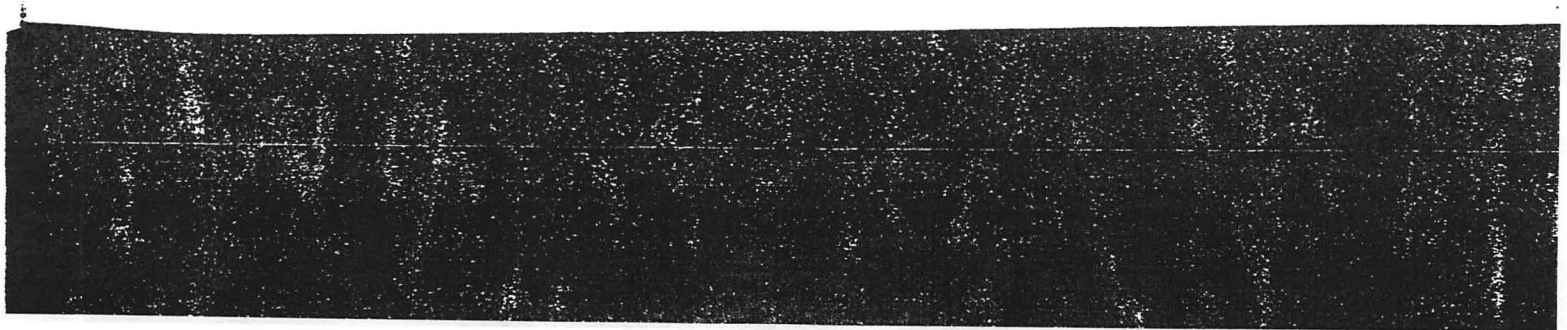


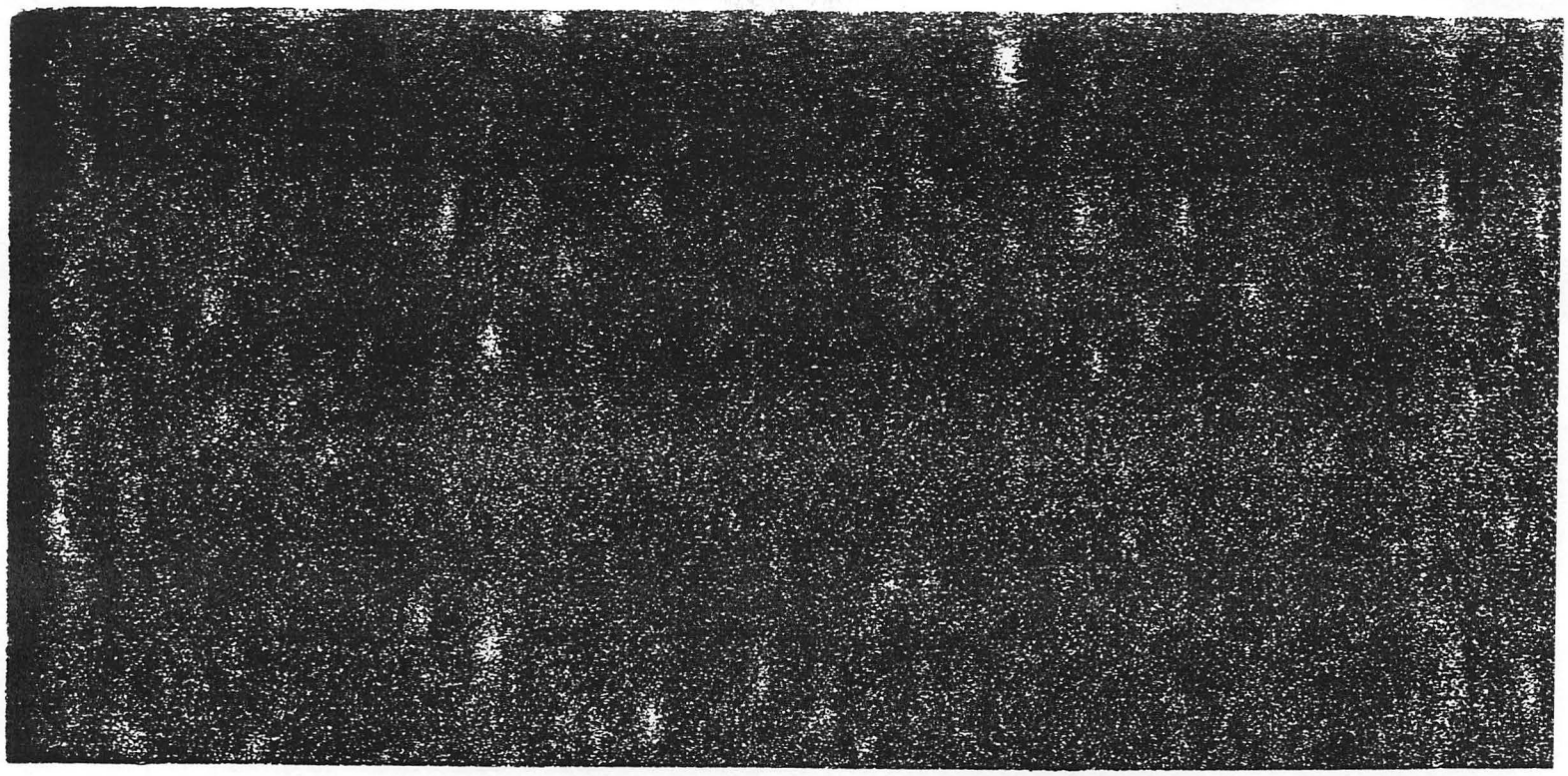
Sex, violence, drugs, alcohol and danger; the weapons of the Satanist against the mind and all its human values and demands that threaten to envelope him.

And one other; insanity. More extreme by reason of its permanence, more conclusive by reason of the depth to which it goes, madness is the ultimate escape, the final retreat from the pain of man's agreed-upon reality; the Satanist reduced to lunacy to avoid the threat of being human; and lunacy in any form, as long as it breaks the being's contact with life as 'normal' humans know it.

For such a life is not for the Satanist. He must not be bound by agreements of right and wrong, good and bad, success and failure. He must be outside the ordinary valuations of the human world, even though it means existing in a world of hideous fantasy, a world of death and degradation, despair and nightmarish terror, far beyond the level of man's conception of these things; SATAN's world.





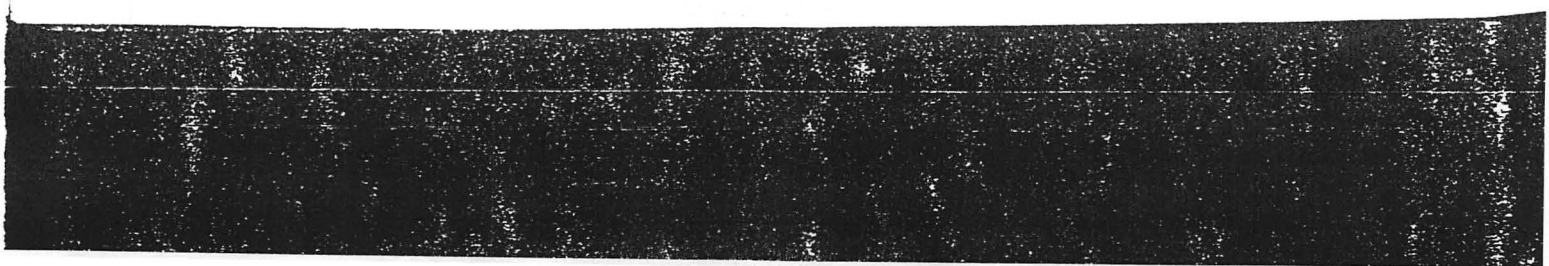


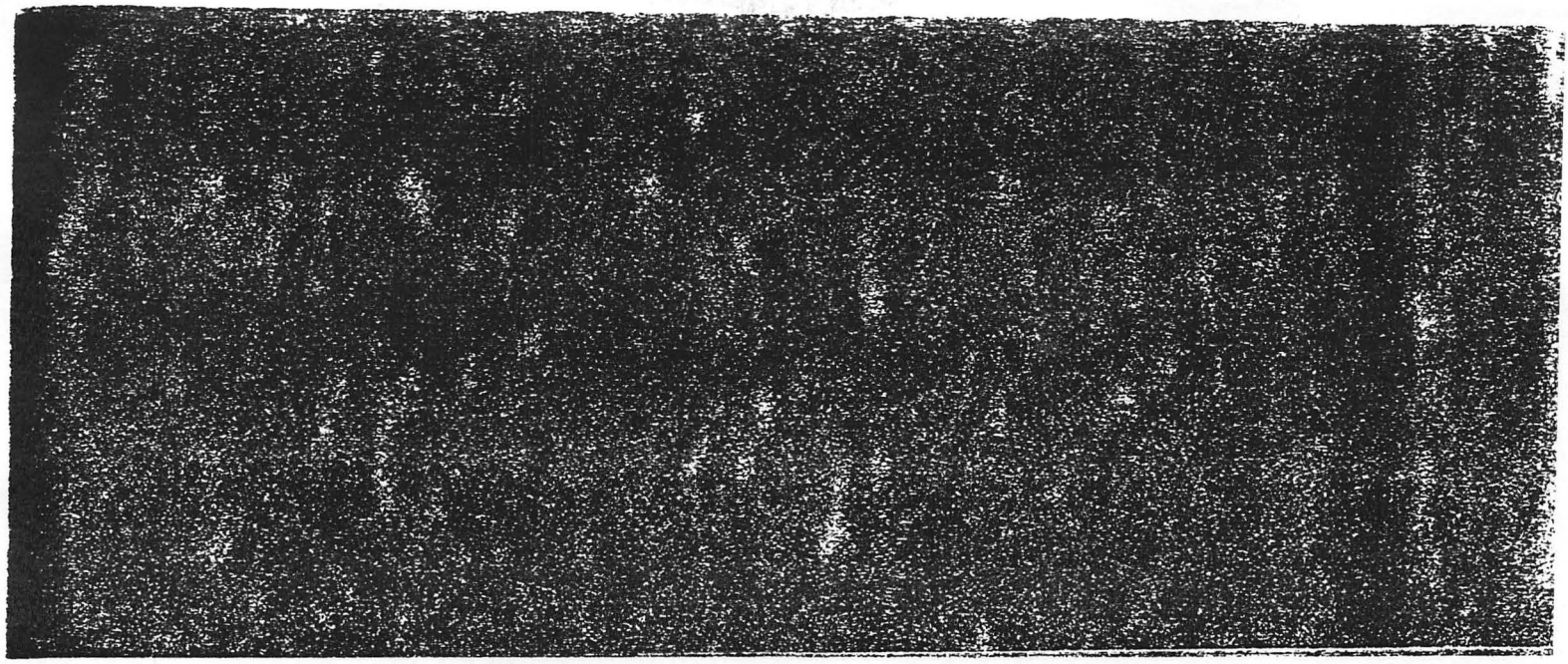
Satanists are the destroyers of humanity. They are bent upon the destruction of 'the ordinary passage of ordinary events'. They set out to destroy the pressures and realities of humanity within themselves; their minds, their conscious thought processes. But also, and more significant, they seek the destruction of what reactivates those thought processes; humanity outside themselves; the material, social, moral and economical structures of the world around them. They are drawn to violence, not only as another form of escape, but also as a means to destroy.

Violence appeals to the Satanist, whether or not he is actively involved in it, because it means destruction. Crime, particularly violent crime such as rape, murder, armed robbery and insurrection, fascinates him, again because it means destruction. He may or may not practise it, but regardless, he feels a strong involvement with it.

And apart from the active violent destruction, which a Satanist might





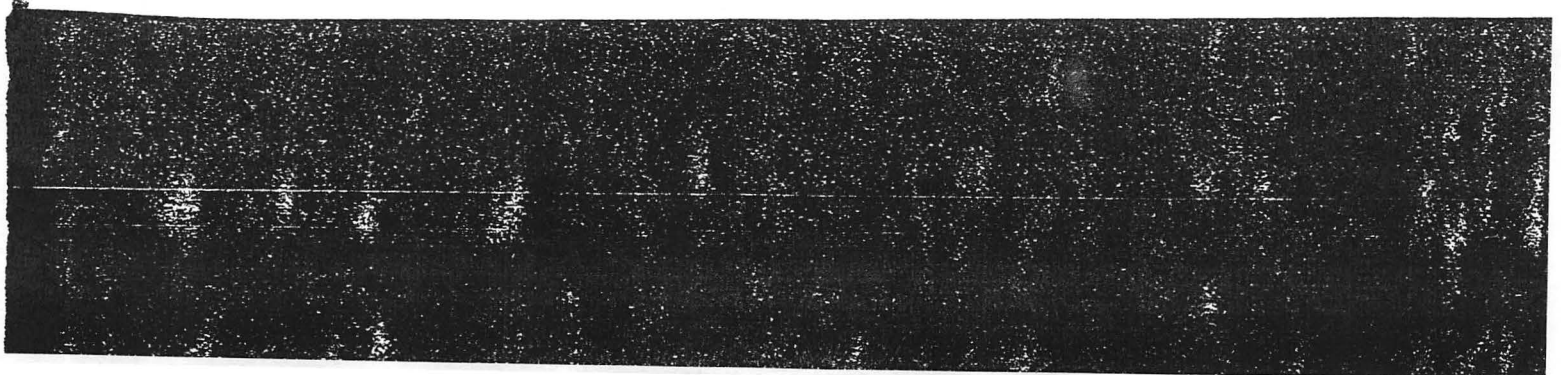


practise or at least identify with and fantasise, there are the corrupting effects of his excessive physical appetites—again whether indulged or only fantasised—which spread out like a cancer to undermine the structure of society.

And the Satanist hates, and his hatred also spreads to add to the destruction; for by hating, he brings out hatred in others, and hatred is a prime destroyer. And fear too he feels more intensely than most, because of the nightmare world in which he lives, so he brings out fear in others; another prime destroyer.

Actively or passively, openly or secretly, the Satanist never fails to spread destruction of one kind or another.





ALL this is at the lower end of the Satanic pattern. At the other end is the way of the mystic, the ascetic, the way of the ultra-spiritualist, who escapes by transcending the needs of the body, by detaching himself from the structures of society instead of trying to destroy them; and thus departs from the bounds of human existence and leaves the world of 'normal' men behind him.

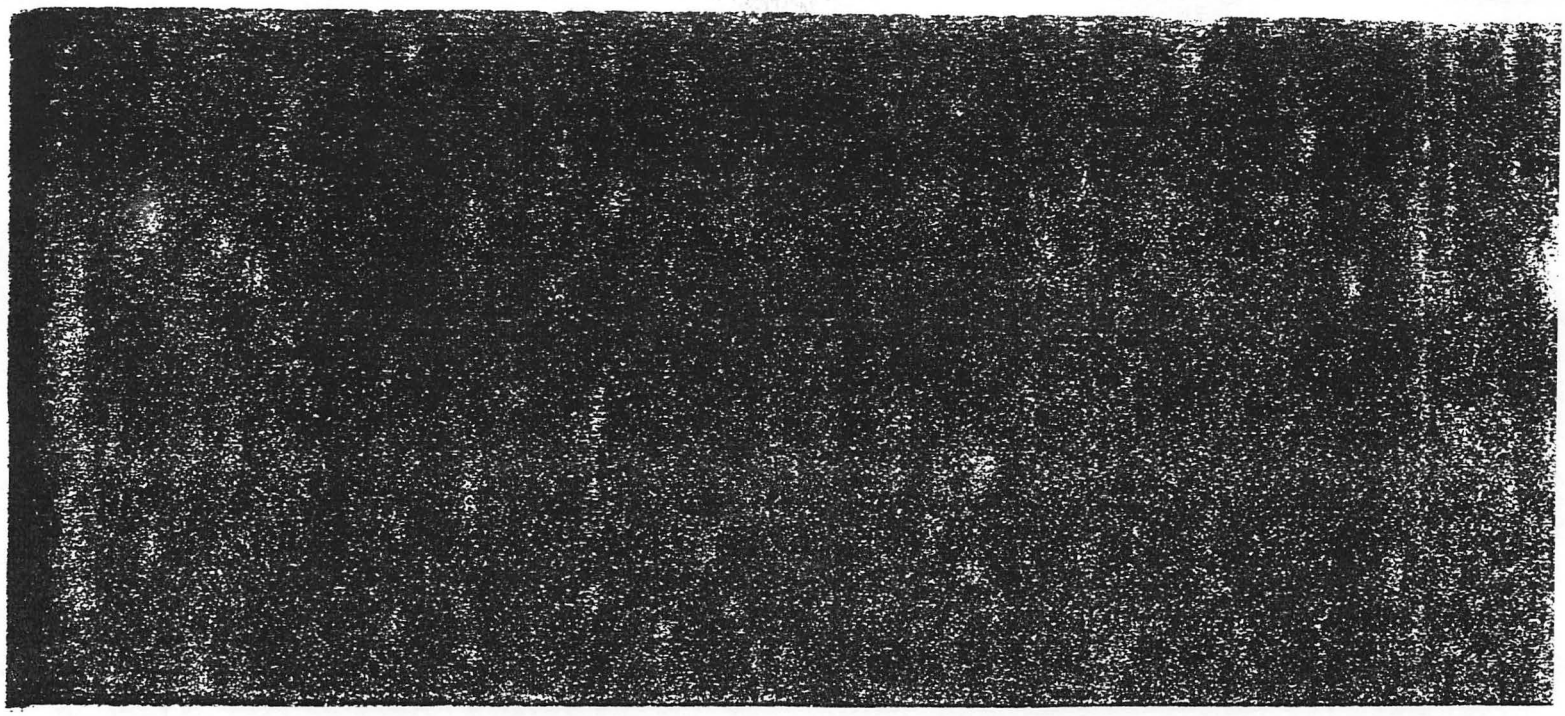
He too avoids all codes of human right and wrong, all concepts of morality and responsibility, not by sinking beneath them and thus losing all awareness of them, but by rising above them and existing in a world where they cannot reach him, where they cannot apply to him.

The high-level Satanist is aware of the human laws of morality and responsibility, he sees them clearly, he sees their roots and origins and he sees their effects. He does not identify himself with the human game and therefore he does not need to abide by its laws. He puts himself

outside them, beyond them and above them.

Where the Satanist at the lower end of the scale swamps his senses to disorientate his mind, burdens them to breaking point with every kind of stimulus and aggravation, indulges his body to excess so that his mind is sent spinning by the very weight of the indulgence, stirs up the chemicals in his brain so that the mind is hurled hither and thither in order to shake it out of any tendency to order and the solid pattern of a human code of values, where he attacks the mind through over-feeding of the body, the mystic, the Satanist at the other end of the scale does the very opposite. He starves the body's demands in order to disorientate the mind. He mortifies his body, refuses to indulge its appetites, inflicts pain upon himself, abstains, denies himself.

Again the mind is thrown into confusion, and the soul finds freedom from it to roam unfettered in another world; a world of unearthly knowledge and awareness; a world of ethereal symbolism, a trans-

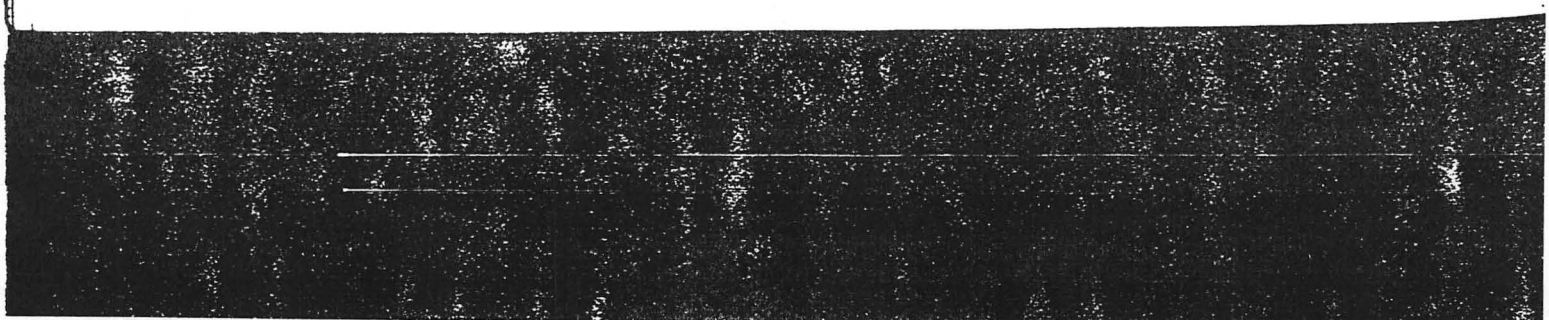


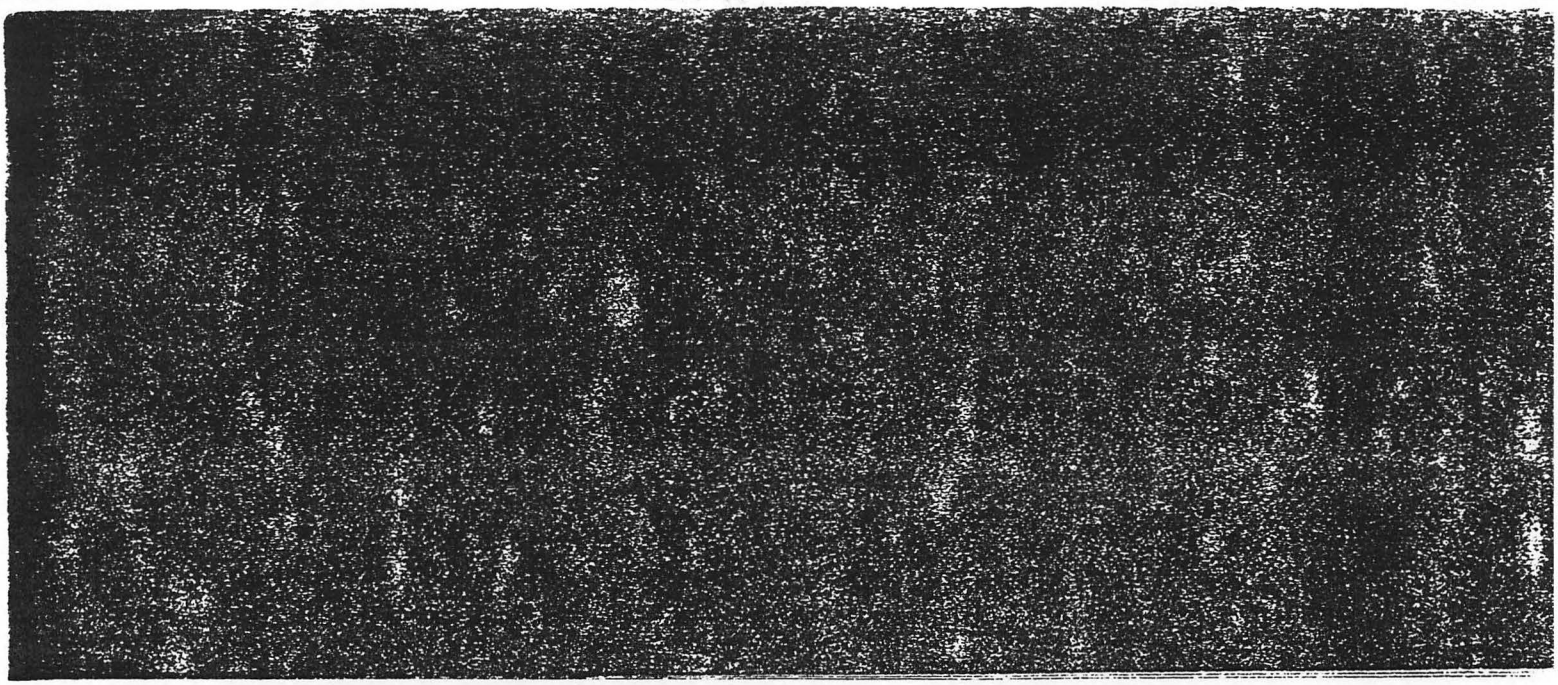
cendent world of abstract weightlessness, that touches only the deepest and most spiritual concepts; SATAN's world.

And the two ends of Satanism meet on this plane of otherworldliness. For with all his unawareness, the degraded Satanist who indulges his body to excess, sees visions of a reality that exist outside the bounds of human experience. There is no doubt that the drug addict opens doors for himself that for the normal man remain for ever closed, and he may see the same visions as the fasting mystic.

Both are attacking the body in order to release the soul from the clutches of the mind. Both seek freedom from a human existence in which they find little that appeals to them. One tries systematically to transcend the burden by ultimate control of it, the other tries first to buy it off by pandering to its demands, and finally when it will not be bought, to fling it off by breaking all contact with it.





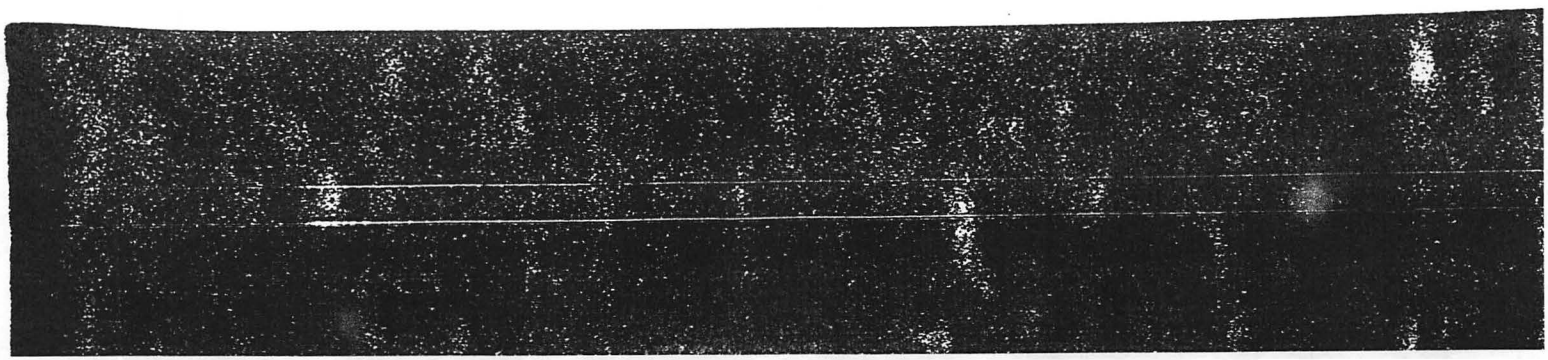


At either end of the scale the Satanist is scarcely in contact with the normal world of men. That world has little meaning for him. He may understand it, he may see it very clearly, he may have all the capabilities and opportunities of great success within it. He may even achieve success of various kinds within it. But he feels that it has little to do with him as he really is. He does not feel he is part of it, he cannot identify himself with it.

The world is alien to the Satanist, and he becomes a fugitive—and, at both ends, a destroyer.

At the lower end he practises, or encourages, or at least desires and thrives on, destruction on a physical level; active destruction, violent destruction. At the higher end he destroys by neglect; he fails to maintain and thereby allows to decay what he regards as part of the human world outside himself, whether it is material, economical or social. He gives it no respect and therefore gives it no support. If it





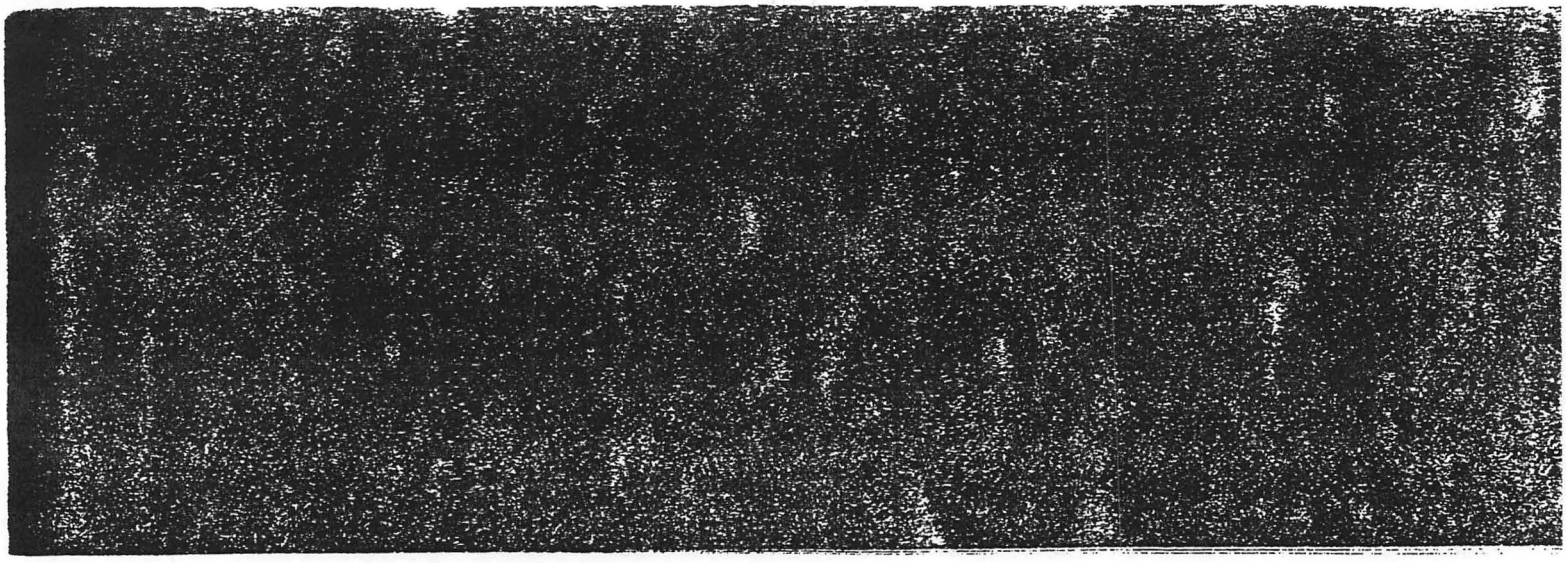
depends upon him for its survival, then it dies.

To speak of a failed Satanist is meaningless. Failure and success play no part in the Satanist's game. They are strictly human concepts.

In human terms most Satanists are failures. They may have specific areas of great success, but overall, as human beings, they are graded low on the scale by the accepted standards of humanity, because they do not play the human game according to the rules. They live outside it.

The Satanist who becomes enmeshed in the human game, who ceases to be true to himself, who conforms to the human code against his instincts, who compromises himself by entering the conflict of the mind and becoming subject to the demands and dictates of the mind's agreements, he is not a failed Satanist; he is no Satanist.

With SATAN there is no right or wrong, no success or failure. There is



simply what is. SATAN demands nothing.

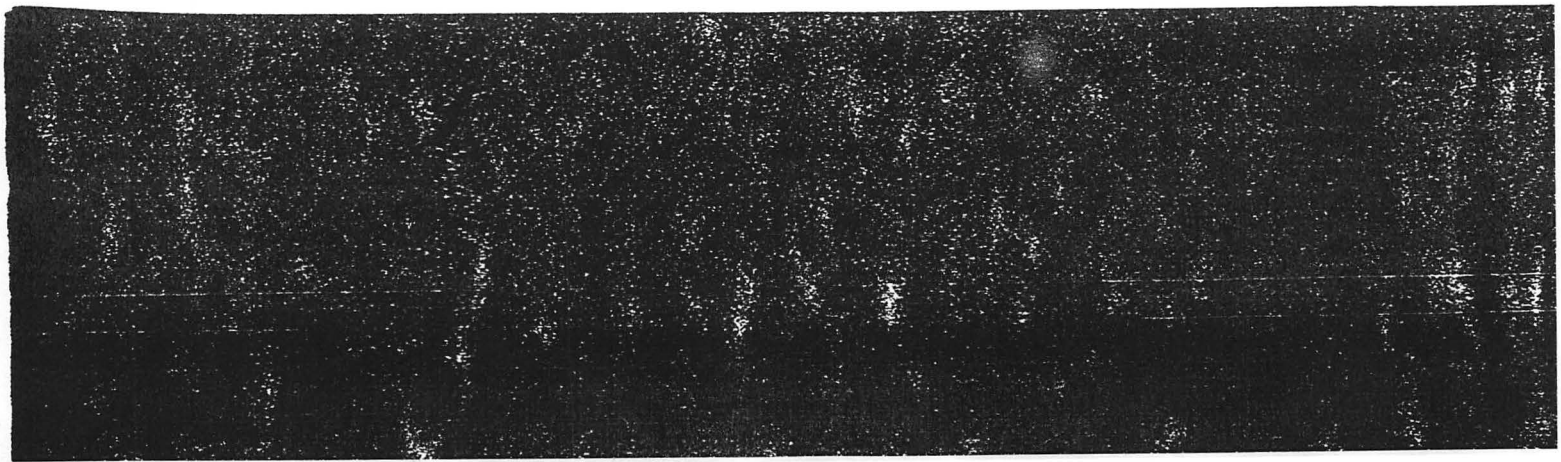
JEHOVAH demands death and failure in human terms. LUCIFER demands life and success. SATAN demands nothing. He accepts what is and takes his toll of the fallen.

The Jehovian who falls from grace and does not rise again, descends into SATAN's world and is swallowed up. He becomes, not a Satanist, but a victim.

(The victims are in SATAN's world, but they are not SATAN's people. They are fuel for the fires of Hell, and that is their destiny. For a victim serves no God; he merely tries to serve himself and fails, and then bemoans the failure. He is trapped by the values of the human game, but he cannot meet its demands.)

And the Luciferian who falls into the depths of futility and despair and



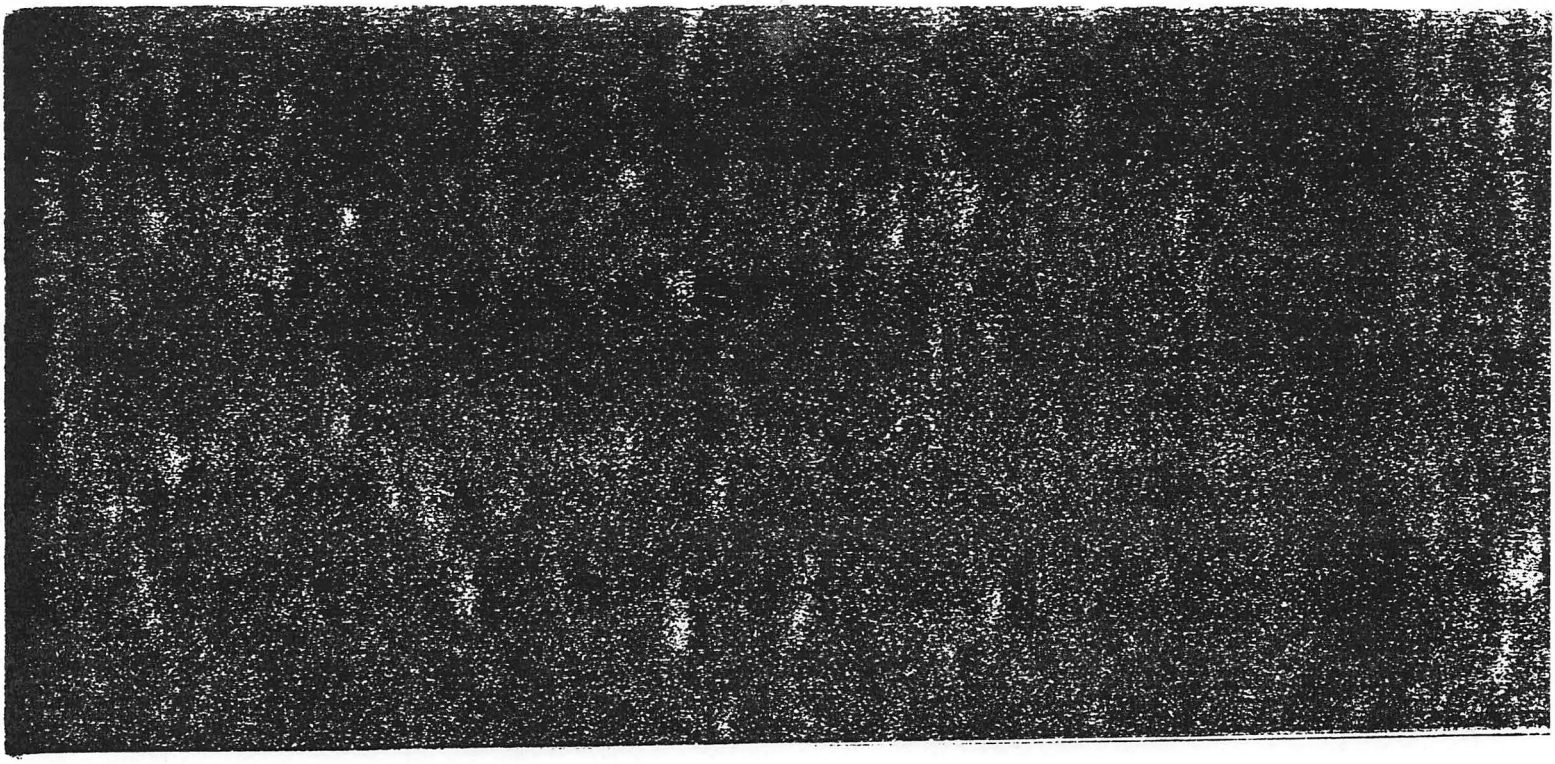


does not rise again, he too descends into SATAN's world and is swallowed up. He too becomes a victim.

But the true Satanist cannot become a victim. Because the true Satanist can suffer what in *human* terms are the most terrible afflictions, he can descend into a state of abject filth and degradation, but for him there is no wrong in it, for him there is no fault, because for him wrong does not exist on a human level.

If he should play the victim in his condition, if he should bewail his losses, if he should regret the path he has taken, then he is no Satanist, for he has entered the game of man. He has put on the clothing of human values, and his grief and self-pity stem from his failure to stand well in it.

The true Satanist stands naked in the world and cares for nothing.

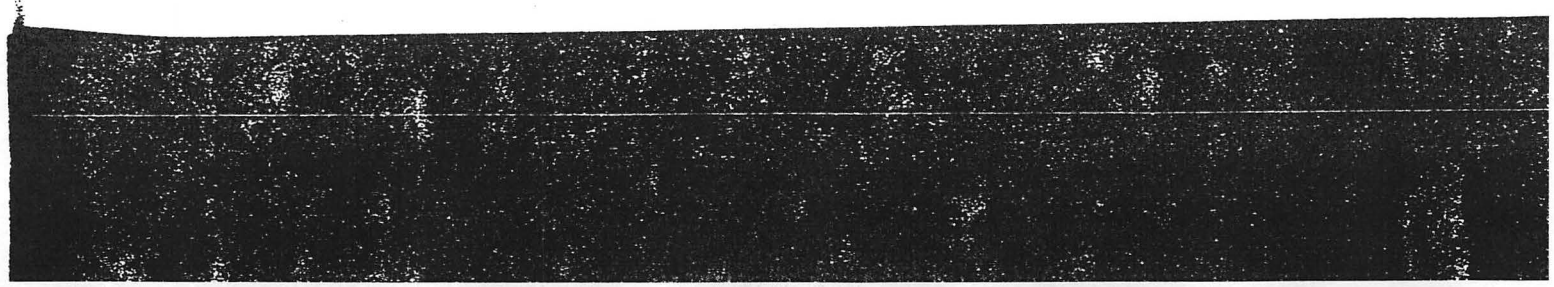


He follows the impulse that drives him from moment to moment, and takes no thought of the consequences.

He pursues an ideal, not far in the distant future nor back in the irretrievable past, but in the present.

Whether his instinct is to starve his body or indulge it to excess; whether he desires earsplitting sound and fast chaotic movement, or dead silence and utter stillness; whether his need is a drugged miasma of kaleidoscopic fantasy, or the perfect clarity of an empty mind at rest; whether he seeks an all-enveloping embrace of physical sensation, or the total detachment of feeling no bodily sense whatever; whether he wants violence and pain, or harmony and perfect peace; whether he desires to destroy actively or passively; whatever his instincts tell him to do, it is for now, for the moment; it is not towards an ultimate ambition; it is not to recapture a past condition; it is for the instant, and after the instant is gone it is forgotten, and the next instant absorbs the



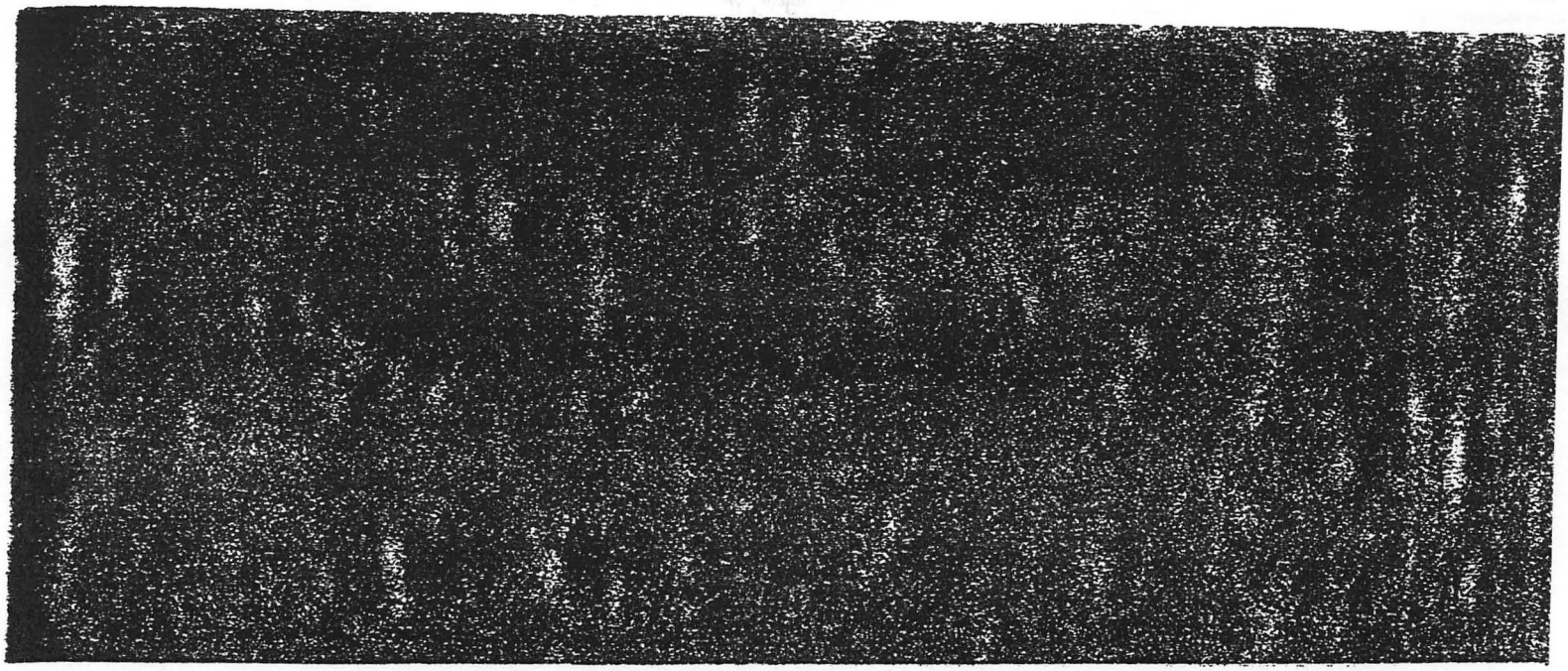


attention of the Satanist.

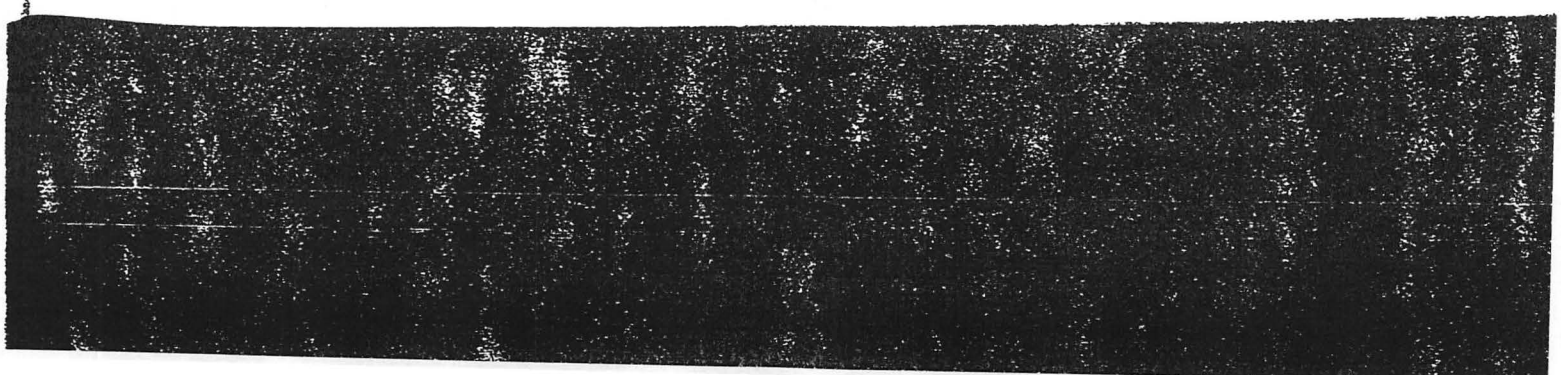
The mind lives by the past and the future; the soul and the body live in the present. The soul knows only its immediate awareness and inspiration; the body knows only its immediate needs and appetites.

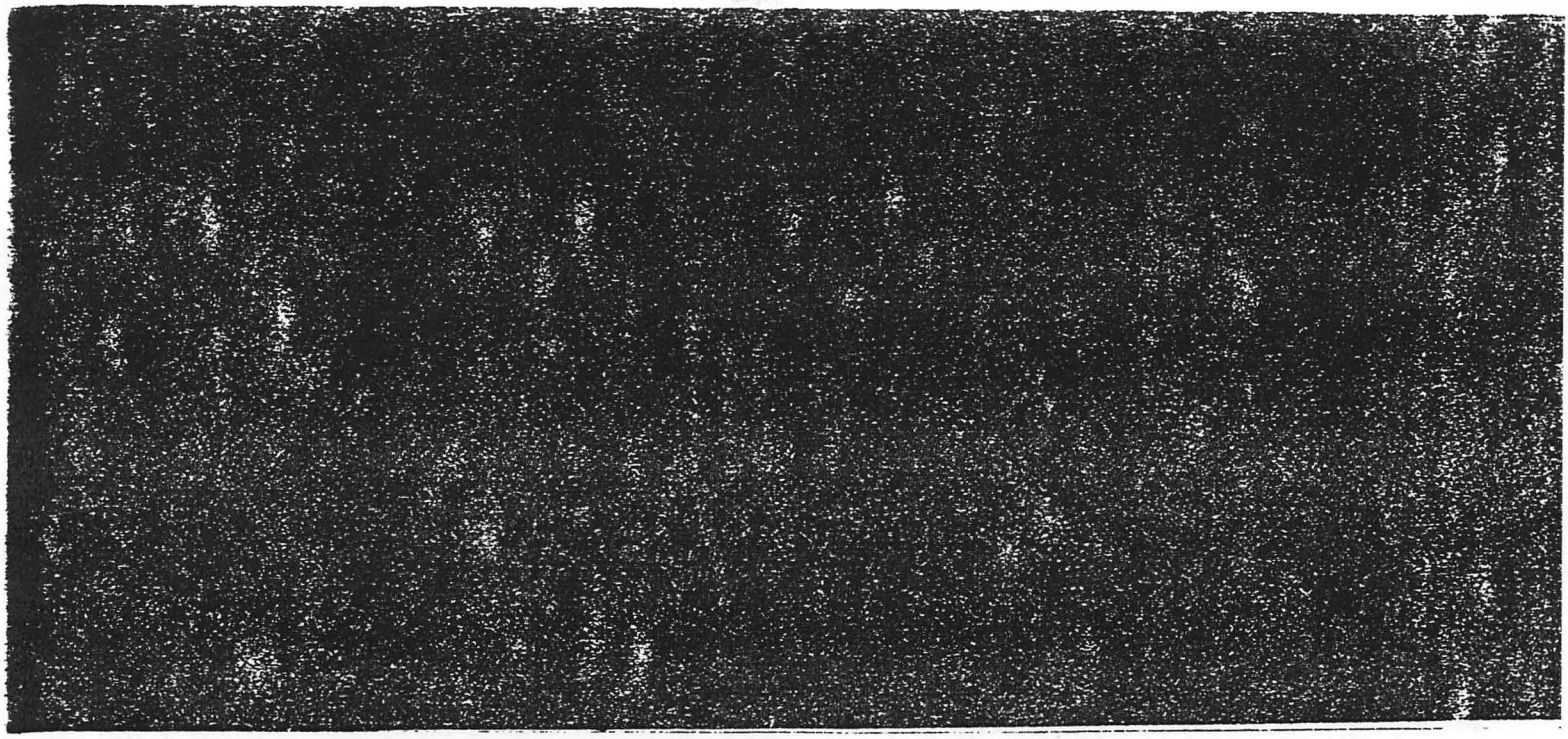
The mind looks back into the past and regrets, and forward into the future and hopes. The soul and the body look only at what is, here and now.

When a Satanist begins to live with his attention in the past or in the future he is no longer a Satanist, for he has entered the world of the mind.



# CHRIST





CHRIST is the Unifier.

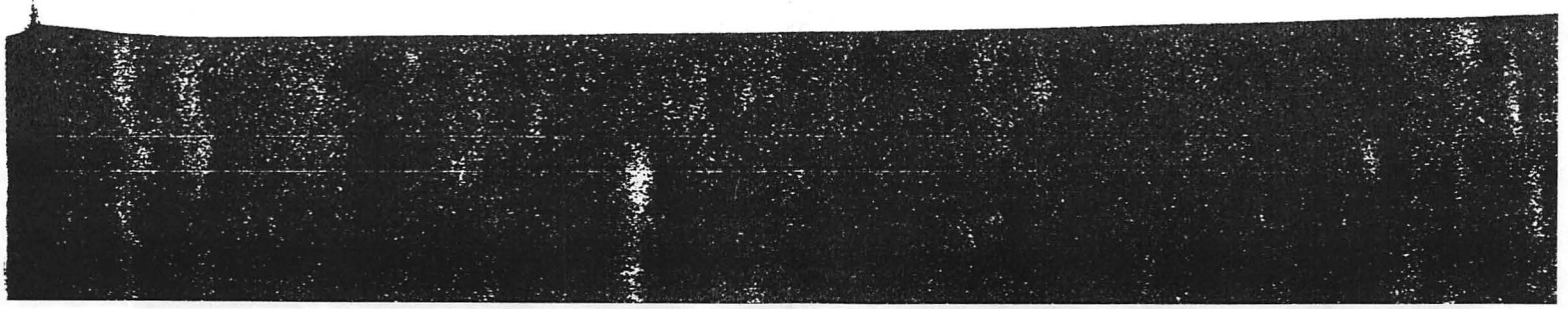
He brings together all the patterns of the Gods, and resolves them into One.

He is the Emissary of the Gods upon earth; Their link with men, by which men have the opportunity to know and understand Them.

He is the Word, spoken in the world; interpreted, set down so that men can absorb it and live by it.

The Gods speak to men and through men. Their voices are heard within. Their pressures and influences are the hurdles, the obstacles; the realities which men must face within themselves. The Gods bring the concepts of good and evil into our lives, into our minds, into our hearts, into our souls, into our bodies, where they vie against one another to test our strength and our courage.



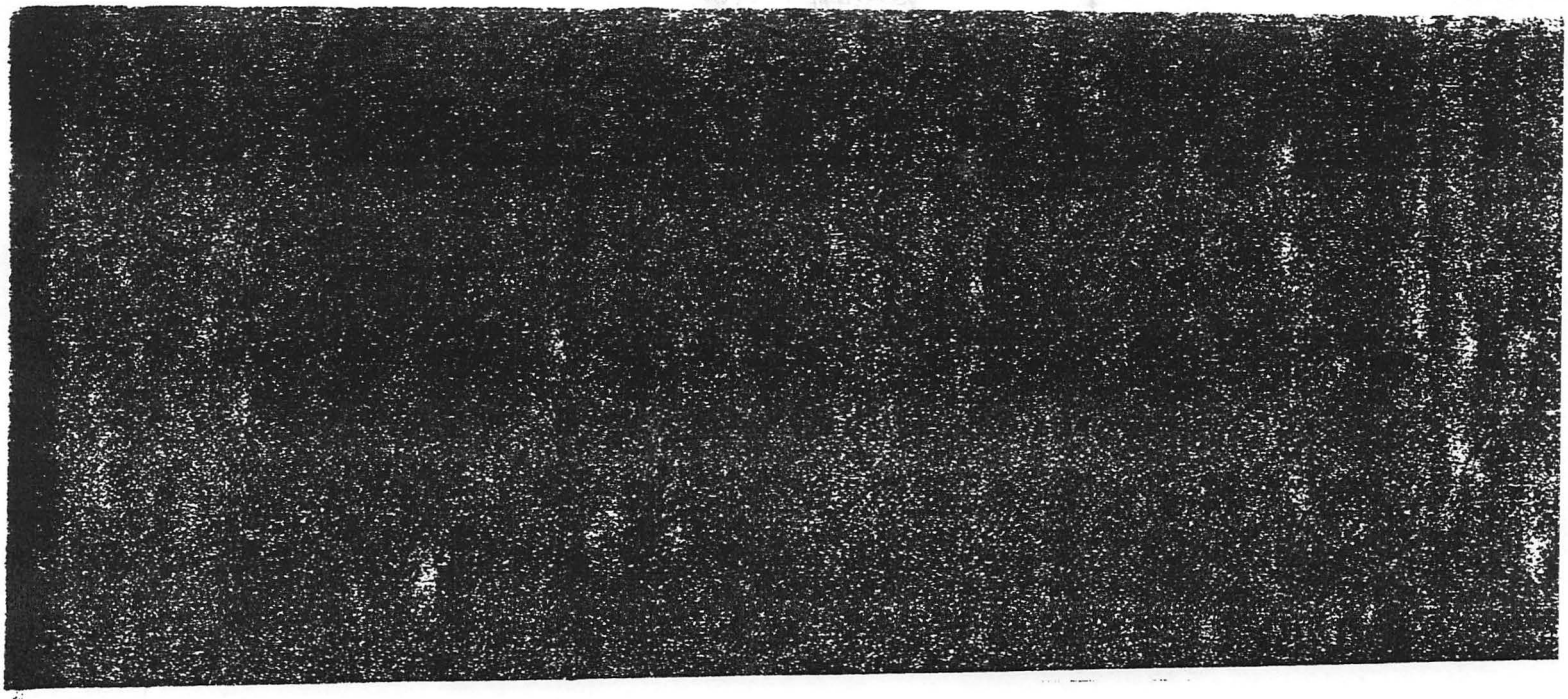


The Gods give us the Game; the component parts of the Game; the conflicting and contradictory pressures of the Game; the problems of the Game; the weapons and the defences of the Game; the rules of the Game; the instincts and the fears within the Game. These are from the Gods.

CHRIST is our guide in playing the Game to the greatest advantage; which is the advantage of all creation; which is the advantage of GOD.

As the Emissary, CHRIST speaks for all the Gods.

For JEHOVAH, CHRIST says: "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of GOD." And also: "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."



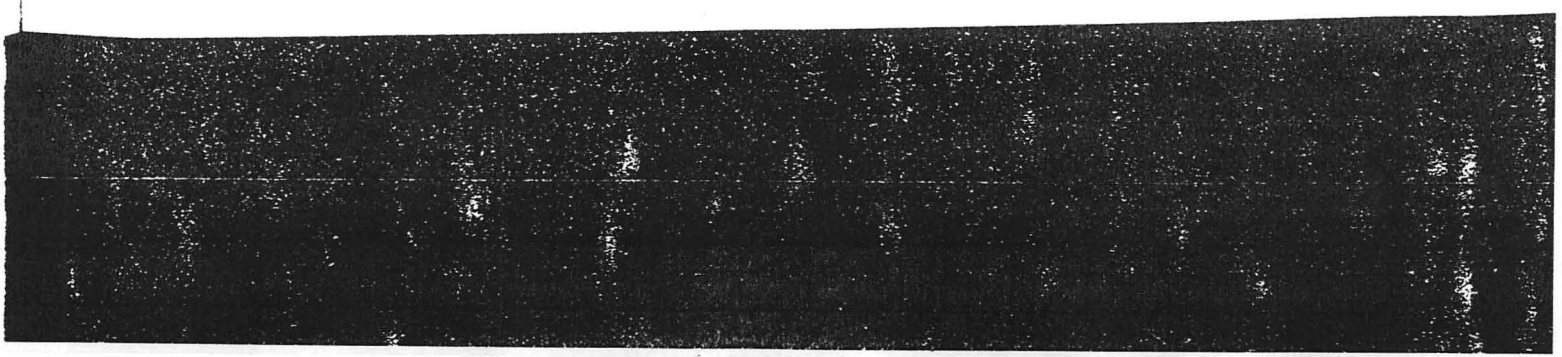
**And for LUCIFER, CHRIST says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest . . . My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Also: ". . . everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."**

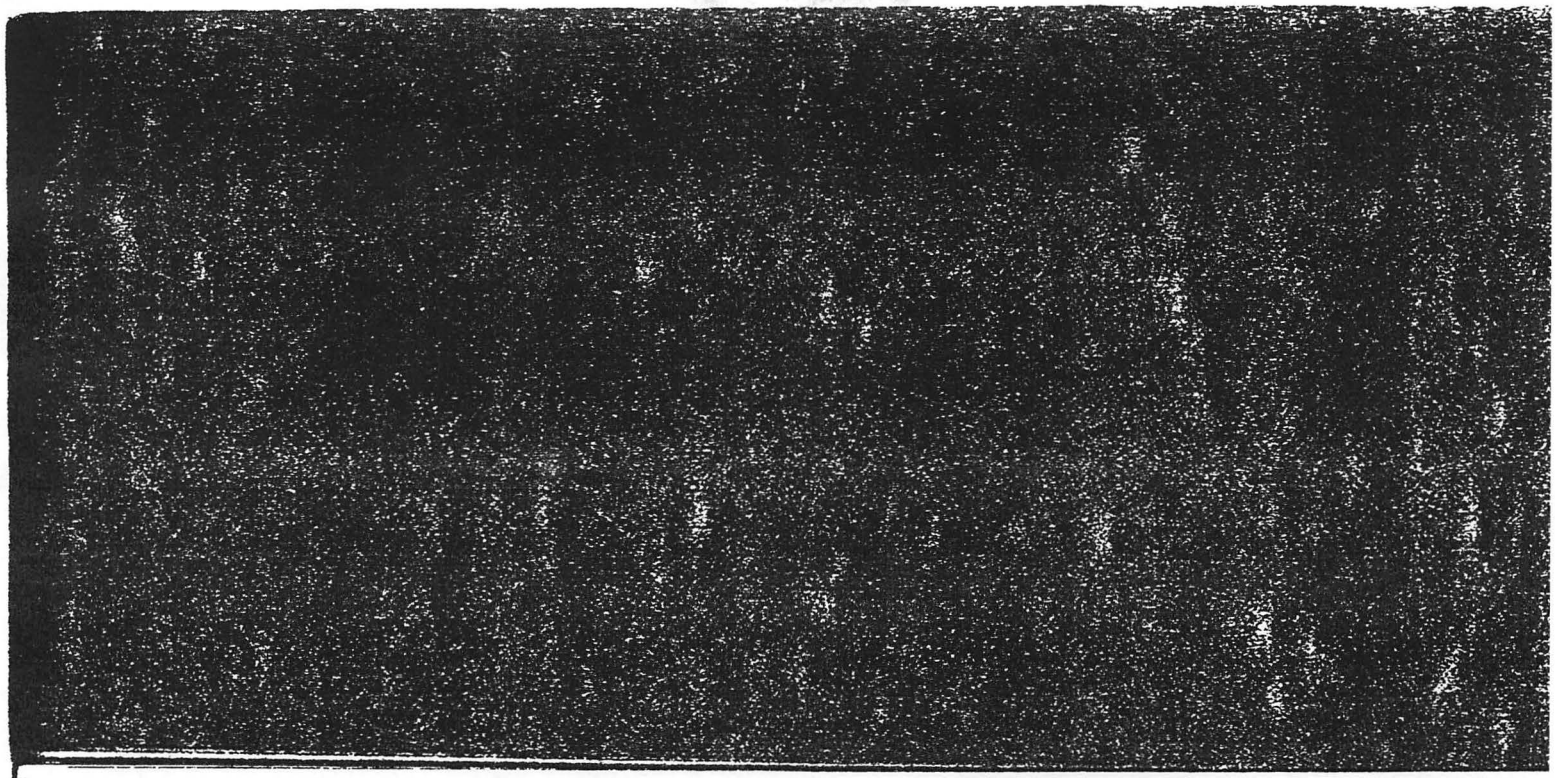
**And for SATAN, CHRIST says: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."**

**As Emissary of the Gods, CHRIST speaks for the Gods.**

**As our guide through the devious twistings of the Game, Christ teaches us the power of resolution of conflict, through the reconciliation of**







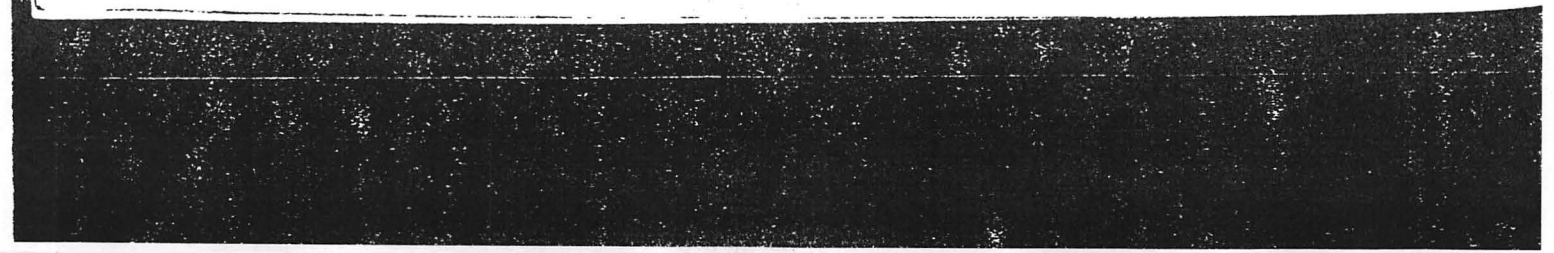
opposites. "Resist not evil," He tells us. "Love your enemies." Be free from the compulsive need to return evil for evil, hatred for hatred, destruction for destruction, in defence of self. Rise above conflict, and thereby resolve it.

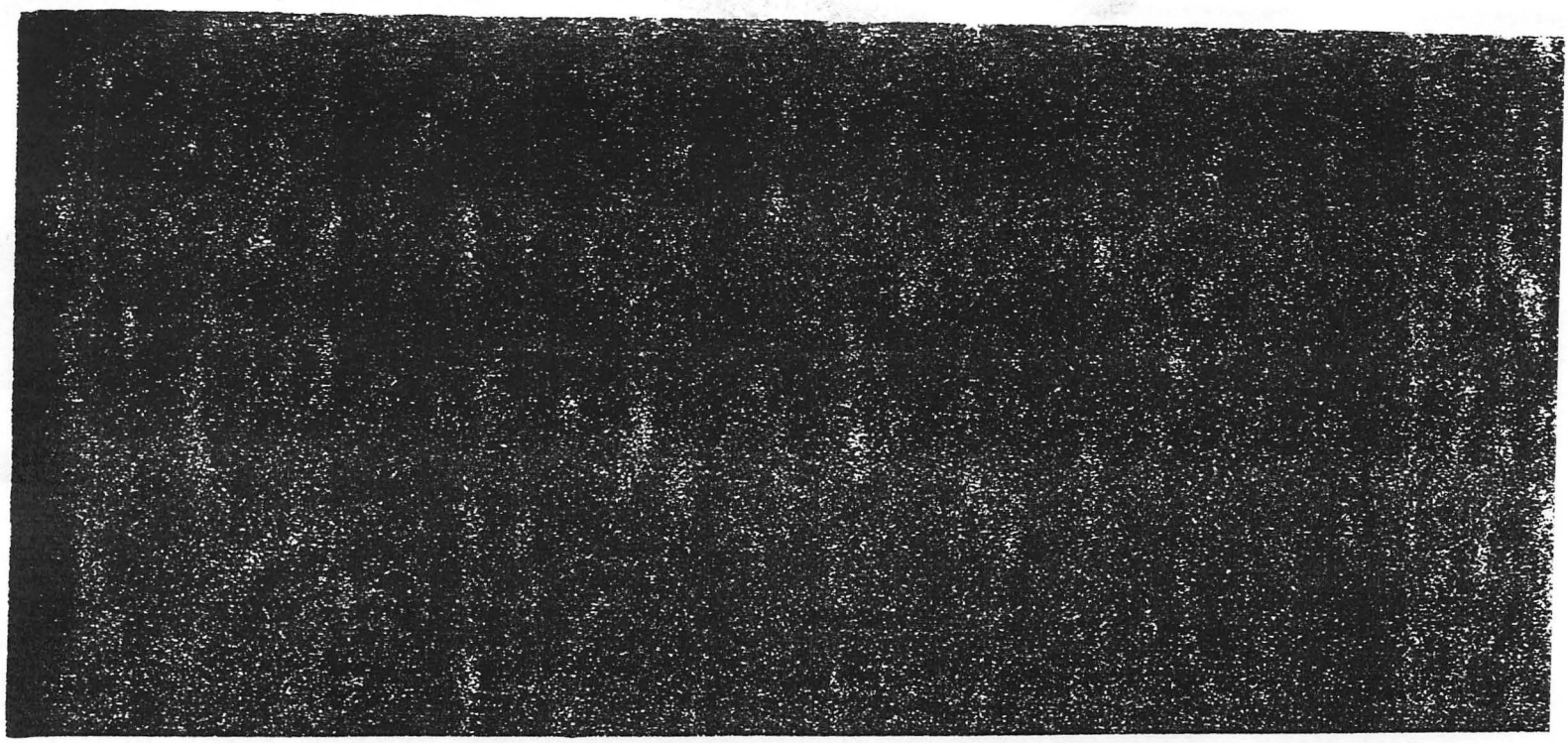
The Gods give us a maze of tortuous passages to navigate. CHRIST shows us the way to navigate them.

And the most vital aspect of that way is vision; knowledge, awareness, understanding; to see and see clearly all the component parts of the Game, both good and evil, and above all to see them within ourselves.

The material world is an aspect of the Game, and an aspect which we must see with great clarity and understanding in order to relate ourselves to it with meaning and validity. But far more important is the world of the mind and the soul; the world within us; the world of our instincts, our inclinations, our emotions, our intentions, our motivations,







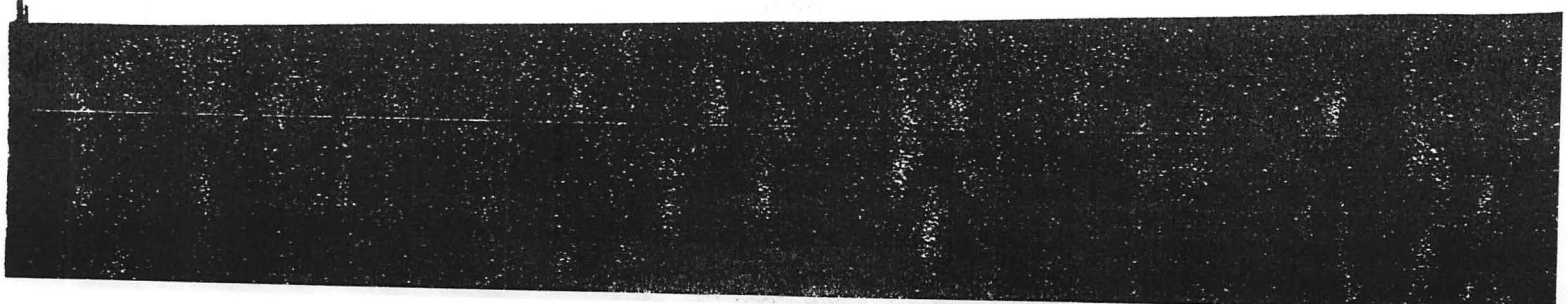
our patterns of personal and collective behaviour. These are the prime components of the Game, which we must see and know and accept and acknowledge before all else; for these are the presence of the Gods Themselves within us, and they will dictate the direction of the Game for us.

If we are blind to these things inside us, or if we see them inverted; if we see them only hazily or distorted out of recognition, then we founder in the maze; we take wrong turnings, or we smash blindly into solid walls, or we sit down in despair and hide our heads unable to continue.

But CHRIST tells us what to do. He shows us the way. He guides us. And His first instruction is to be aware.

If we suppress, we cannot know the nature of our own feelings and inclinations. If we justify, we cannot know the extent of our own sense of failure. If we blame, we cannot know the extent of our own sense of







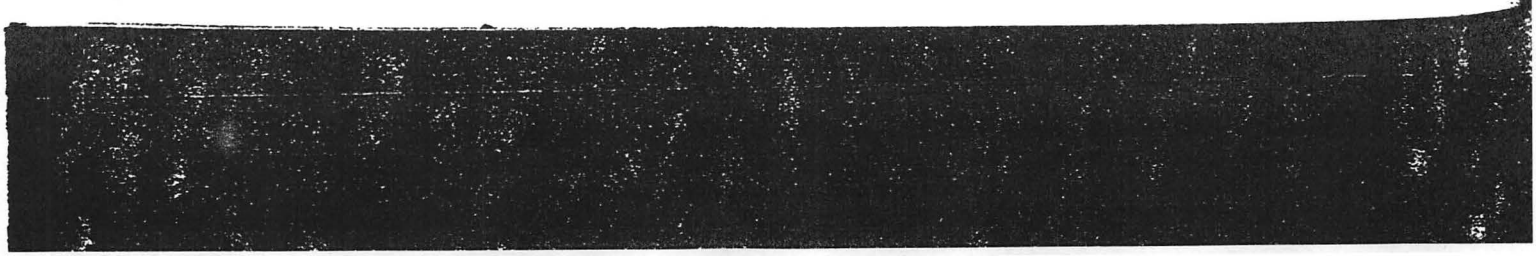
responsibility. If we evade what seems to threaten us, we cannot know what it is that we fear. If we reject what is, and pretend to ourselves that it is not, we cannot know what is; we shall have only the fantasy images of things as we would like them to be, ourselves as we would like ourselves to be, and reality, not as it is, but as we would like it to be.

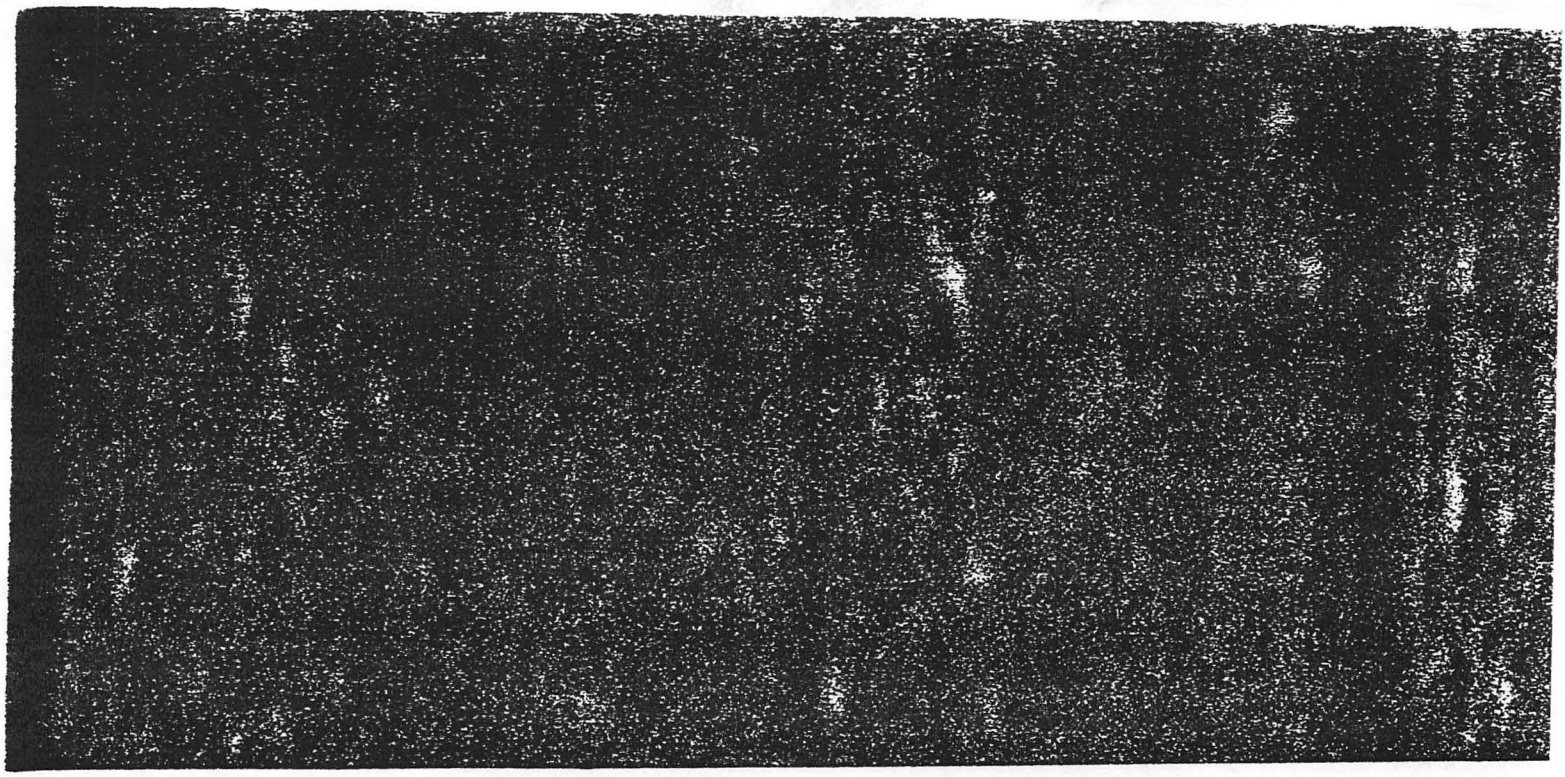
CHRIST provides the common bond between all the widely different patterns; the common bond of knowledge.

The Jehovian reality is different from the Luciferian reality, which again is different from the Satanic reality. But when there is knowledge of reality, there is a common bond of truth.

The Jehovian who deludes himself and enacts his pattern blindly has no common ground of understanding with the equally blind Luciferian. The two are at odds with one another. But if each becomes aware of himself and his pattern, and begins to understand it and how it relates







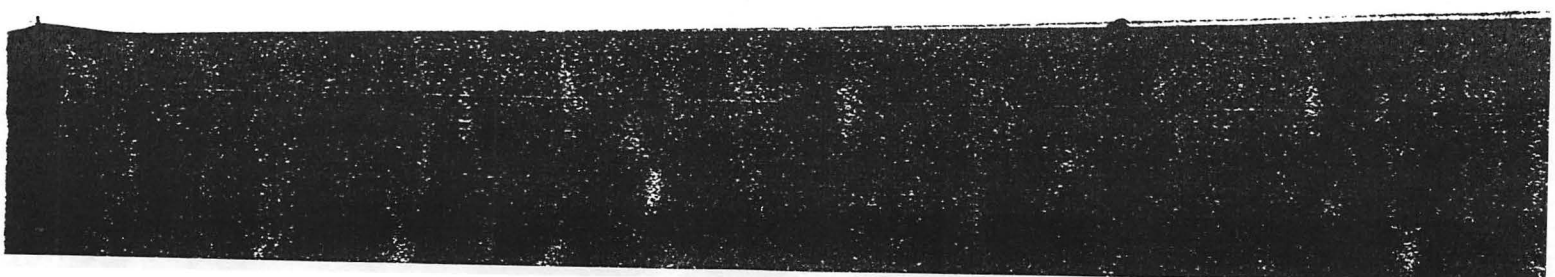
to the other patterns, then there is common ground, then there is understanding. Each knows himself and sees himself with clarity; that is a bond.

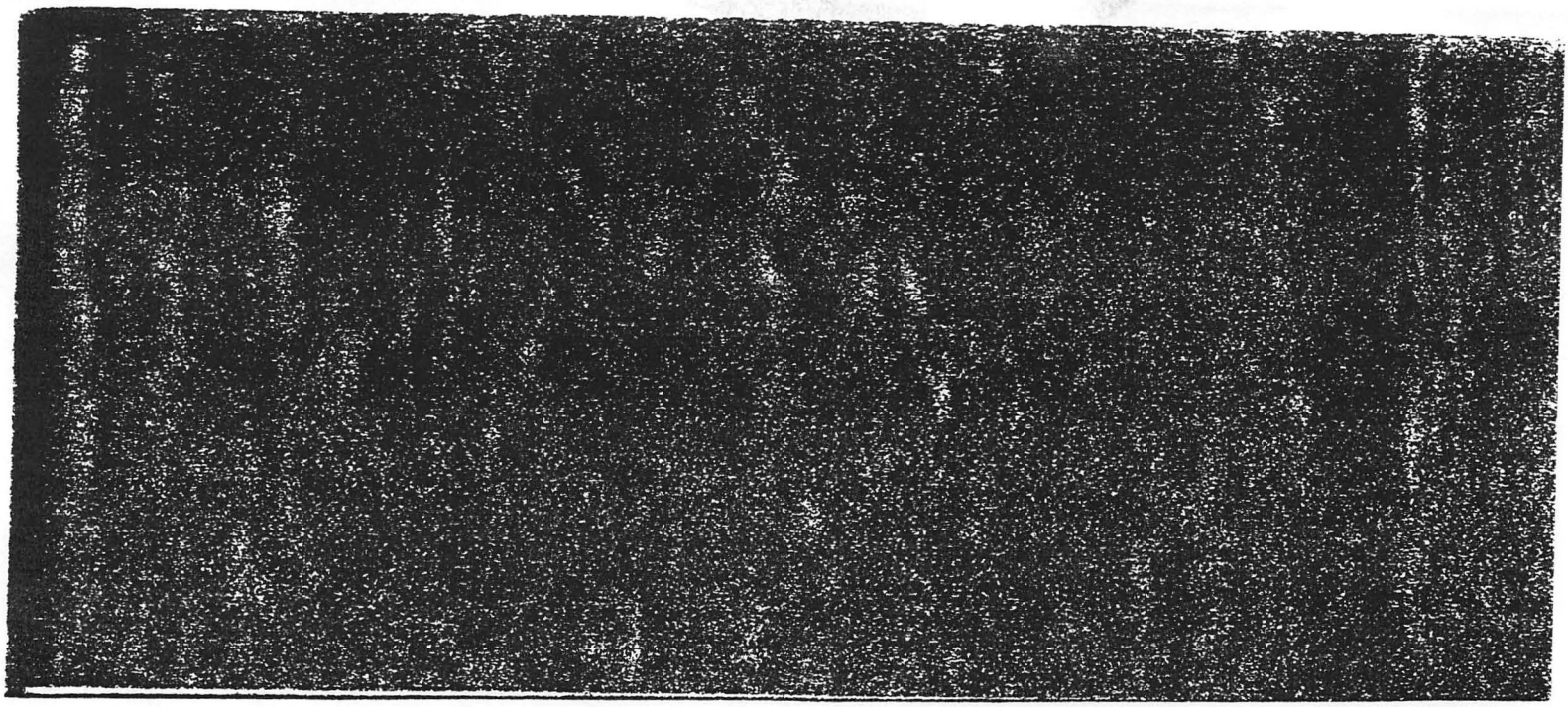
Further, as the awareness grows, each discovers that despite apparently irreconcilable differences, they are both subject to the same fundamental laws; the laws of existence, the laws of being, the laws of the mind, the soul and the essence.

A Jehovian manifests a tendency to blame. A Luciferian manifests a tendency to justify. A Satanist manifests non-comprehension.

Once each has recognised his individual tendency and 'owned' it as part of himself, then all of them can realise that each of these different outward manifestations is basically the same thing; an avoidance of a sense of responsibility, a refusal to accept the power of choice which each one feels is his.







**Common ground; a common bond; a mutual understanding; found through the teaching of CHRIST.**

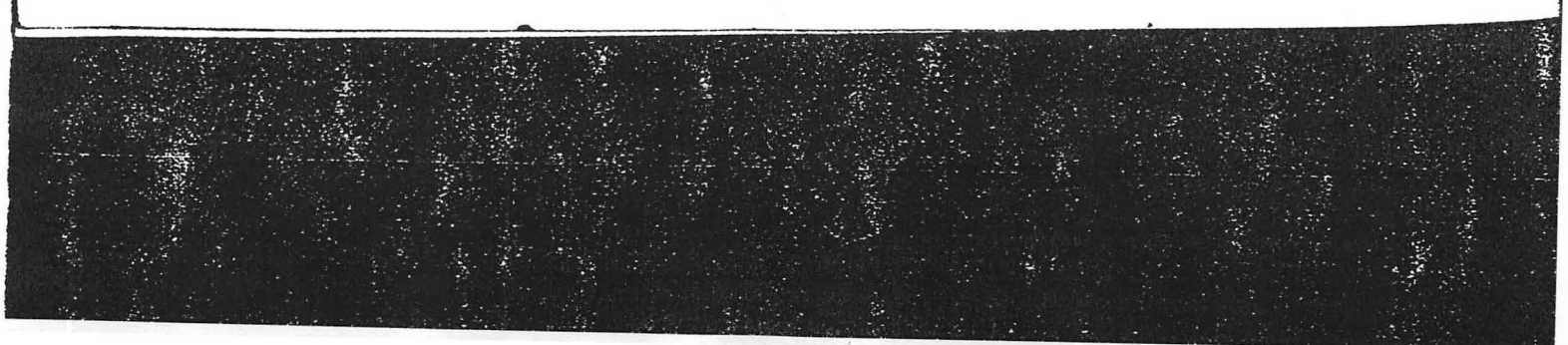
**The patterns are different; the laws are the same for all of us. The Gods give us the patterns; CHRIST, if we are prepared to learn them, to understand them, and to use them, gives us knowledge of the laws by which the patterns are created and by which they perpetuate themselves and relate to one another.**

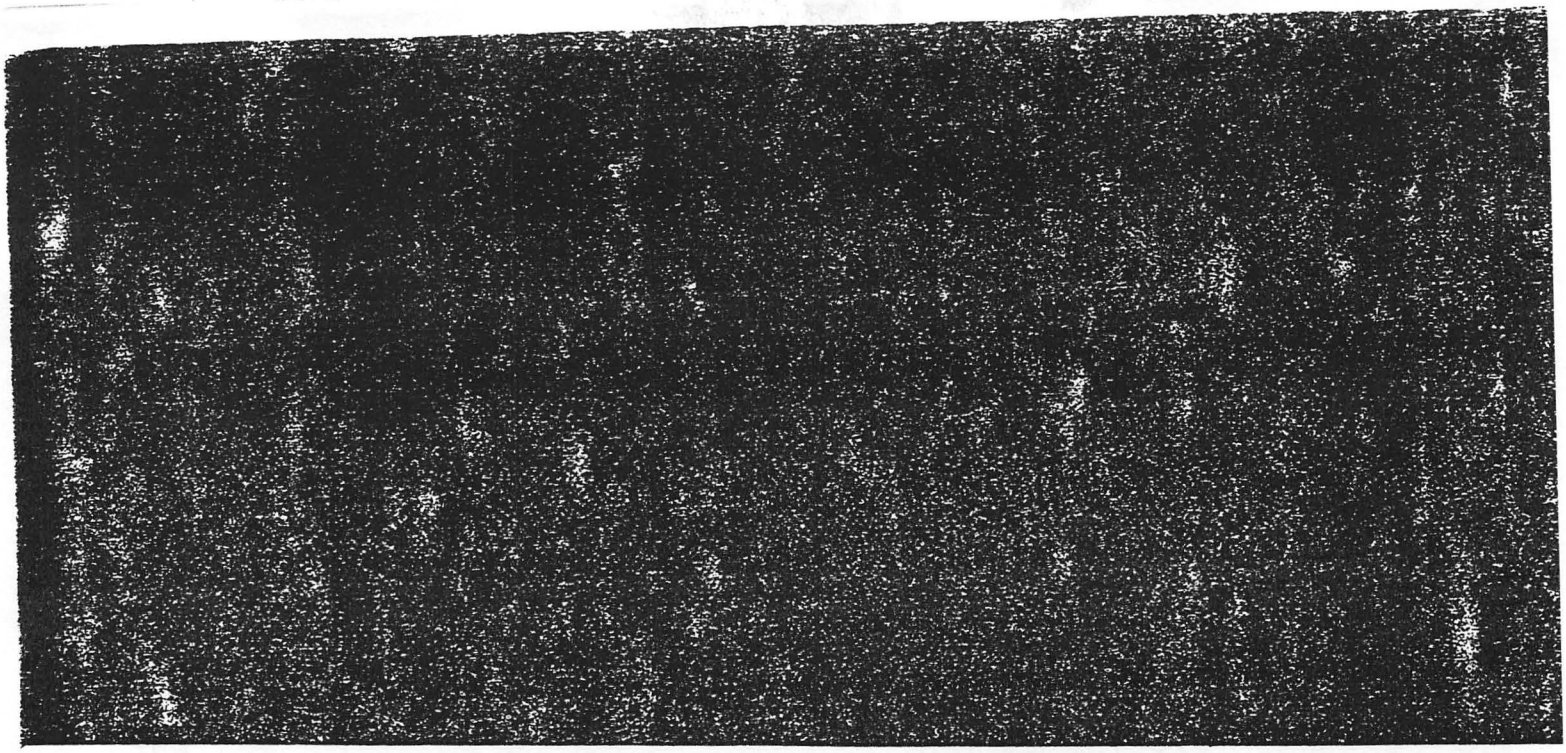
**The Gods give us reality, which is different for all of us. CHRIST gives us knowledge of reality, which is truth, and which is common to all of us.**

**The Gods give us the Game and all its component parts. CHRIST gives us knowledge of the Game and all the laws which govern its existence.**

**January, 1970**







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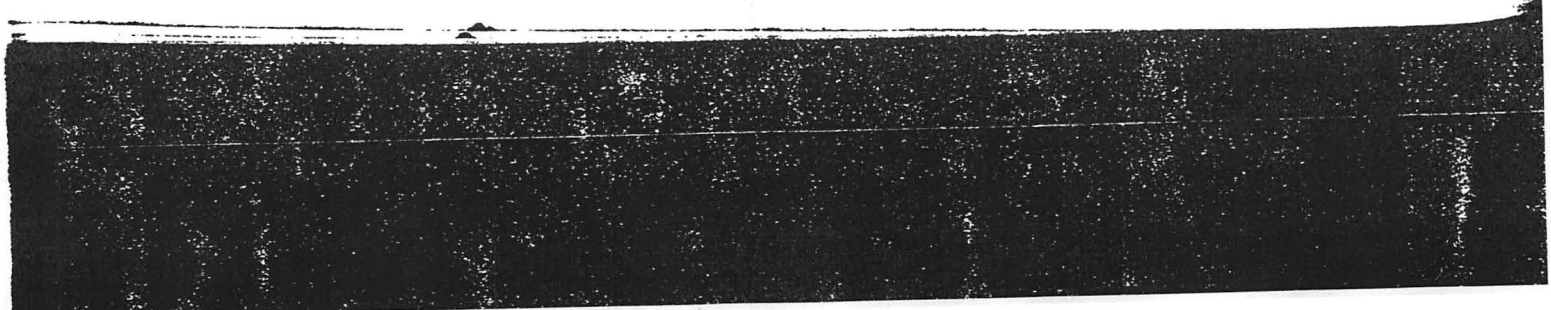
# THE PROCESS
## CHURCH OF THE FINAL JUDGEMENT

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Only by a full understanding and acceptance of all three patterns as parts of ourselves can we begin to rise above the driving need to pursue only one of them in the face of the powerful and agonising pressures of the other two combined. Clear vision of all three brings detachment and peace of mind, because it brings the full knowledge of reality, which is truth.

But though to follow one pattern and deny the presence in ourselves of the other two is blindness, to reject all three is the ultimate rejection. That is not only blindness but cowardice as well.

To deny the reality of war, except as a minor evil caused and propagated by others than ourselves, for which we are not responsible and which we are fast eliminating by the presence of our own undeniable sanity, is total blindness.

To reject the validity of the preacher of doom, the Jehovian, *and* the preacher of peace at all costs, the Luciferian, *and* the preacher of violence as the only way to end the cycle of violence to which we are committed, the Satanist; to reject all three and hope that the whole unpleasant situation will right itself; to reduce the significance of war; to reduce the importance of violence in our lives; to pass all responsibility for the fact of war onto others; to belittle the effect of war upon the world; to condemn all forms of extreme attitude to war; these are the ways of blindness *and* cowardice.

THREE distinct and separate patterns of reality. Yet each to some extent is present in each one of us.

First, the knowledge that man has rejected his God and demanded the blood of his fellow man, and that now he must suffer the consequences of his sin, at the hand of his God.

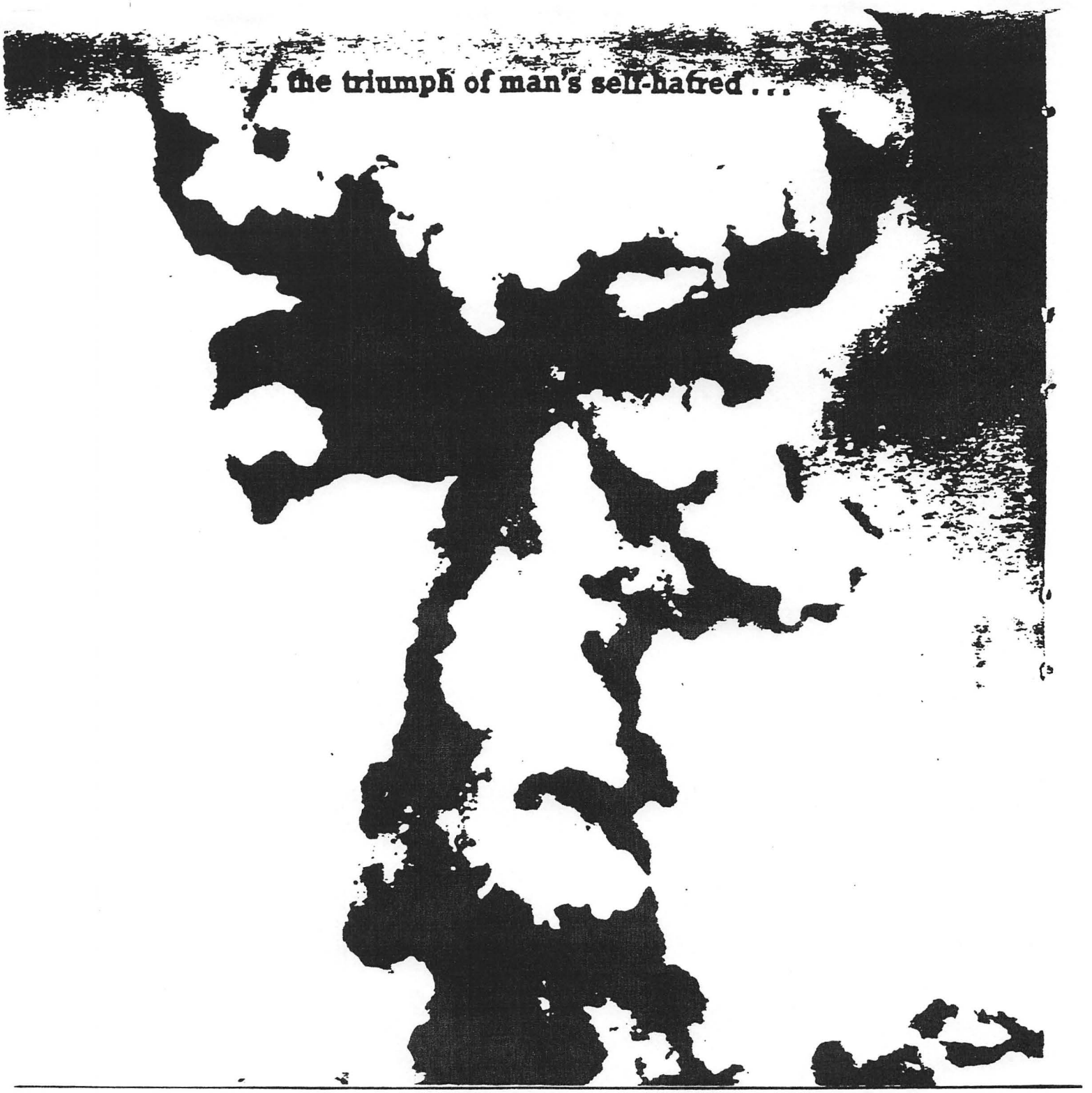
Then, the knowledge of the evil of war, of the degradation of human self-destruction, of the pain and the suffering, the deprivation and the miserable despair.

And finally the knowledge of irrevocable commitment to the way of bloodshed; the plough to which man has put his hand and cannot turn back until he has completed the cycle of his own self-destruction through war.

No one of the three is more real than the other two, except in the mind of the individual. The acceptance of the reality of all of them is the ultimate truth; the complete understanding of the triangular conflict which exists in every one of us.

In adherence to one and rejection of the other two there is courage, but it is a blind courage; a part-acceptance, but equally a part-rejection of reality. To cling to one pattern only and resist the others brings no resolution and no fulfilment, because the knowledge is incomplete.

# TRANSCENDENCE


. the triumph of man's self-hatred . . .

seek freedom with Me in the conquest of the Universe. But those who seek to stay My hand, to chain the Fiend, to cripple the engines of death and prevent the inevitable End, they shall be doomed to failure; dismal, futile, worthless failure. For the End must be, and none shall prevent or postpone it.

So rise and prepare for the final battle. Stand proud in the monstrous presence of violent death, and sound the trumpets of WAR.

Invoke the cataclysm!

And on the signal, when the heavens burst and a burning, blinding, raging, all-enveloping fury sweeps the earth:

Release the Fiend!

And stride with SATAN's Army to the End.

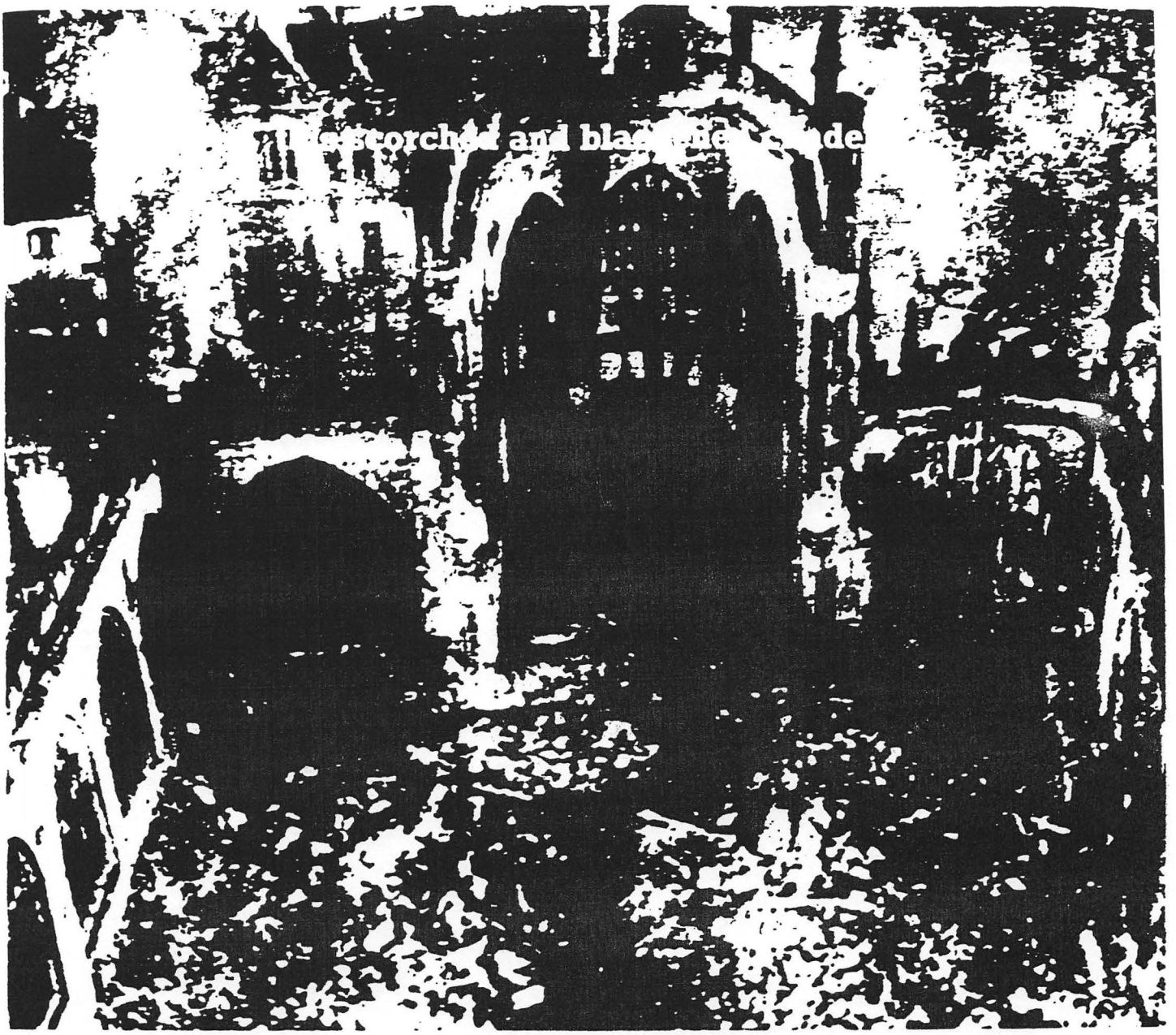
For I, SATAN, embody both lowest and highest. I am the God of both Ultimate Destruction and Ultimate Creation. Mine are the hideous black demons of the Pit, and Mine also are the white angelic hordes that transcend Heaven itself.

I am the epitome of both death and life. I am the body in the depths of dark depravity, and I am the soul in the heights of sublime spiritual ecstasy. The legions of the damned are of Me, as is the great company of archangels. And when the bonds of matter hold Me no more, then shall I and My people, My Army, My legions, all My followers, rise from the depths of the blackness of the Pit and transcend the stars.

I am the body and the soul of man. Whilst the Fiend of the body is enslaved by the fearful mind, the soul is imprisoned. Only when the Fiend is released can the soul be free.

So I, SATAN, am come to release the Fiend, to let him loose upon the earth for the latter days, so that the world shall end with nothing less than the ultimate destruction of total WAR.

And those who accept the End, and play their part, together with the Fiend, in bringing about the End; those who stand proud and fearless in the midst of the End, and wield with Me the Sword of Ultimate Destruction; they shall rule with Me when humanity is dead; and after,



before Me; and WAR shall spring up in every corner of the vast incalculable multitude of worlds that stretches beyond time itself.

And as I shall rule the world, and My people with Me, so shall I rule the Universe, and My might and My power shall know no bounds. And the stars shall be Mine and the planets also. By the incontrovertible right of superior strength shall the whole Universe come under My jurisdiction.

And I, SATAN, shall destroy the Universe. For My destruction shall reach out like a cancer from the earth and spread its taint of slaughter and decay amongst the stars, till all is destroyed, all matter dead and mutilated to unchangeable lifelessness.

Then shall I be free and all My people; when all matter is destroyed, all physical existence crushed to a formless pulp.

Then shall we roam eternity, unshackled by the burden of material creation. For when we cease to lie beneath the world of men, submerged in a morass of putrid flesh; when we have plumbed its depths, wallowed in its screeching senses, ripped it apart and thereby burst from its crippling clutches; then shall we transcend its boundaries and rise to the utmost heights of spiritual fulfilment.


. . . and cities, laid waste, shall s


the ground...

GO FORTH! Prepare for the Day of Reckoning!

And he that shall meet the day steeped in the blood of his enemies shall be raised up and magnified in strength and power. He that shall be found in the very midst of battle, reeking of death, lip curled in ultimate defiance, shall be reborn to rule immortal in the world of SATAN. But he that is seen to run and hide, he that is heard to cry out for mercy, he that collapses in helpless despair, all shall be doomed to endless torment for their weakness.

And the earth shall be utterly destroyed and the sky polluted, and darkness shall cover the land. Corpses shall litter the ground, and cities, laid waste, shall smoulder lifelessly.

No creature of the natural order shall be left to witness the devastation. But monsters of the Pit shall stalk the land. And My people shall be rulers of this world of death.

And from this scorched and blackened citadel, the eyes of My people shall look outwards to the Universe. And when the time shall come, I, SATAN, shall again gather My Army together; and with the power vested in My shattered world, I shall set forth in conquest of the stars.

And I shall spread terror through the Universe. And My people shall go

from the ground. Here and there a blackened stump will mark the passing of a forest. All shall be charred and scorched, and nothing remain, save a monstrous festering wound that can never heal.

And the earth shall open, and Hell shall be freed from within.

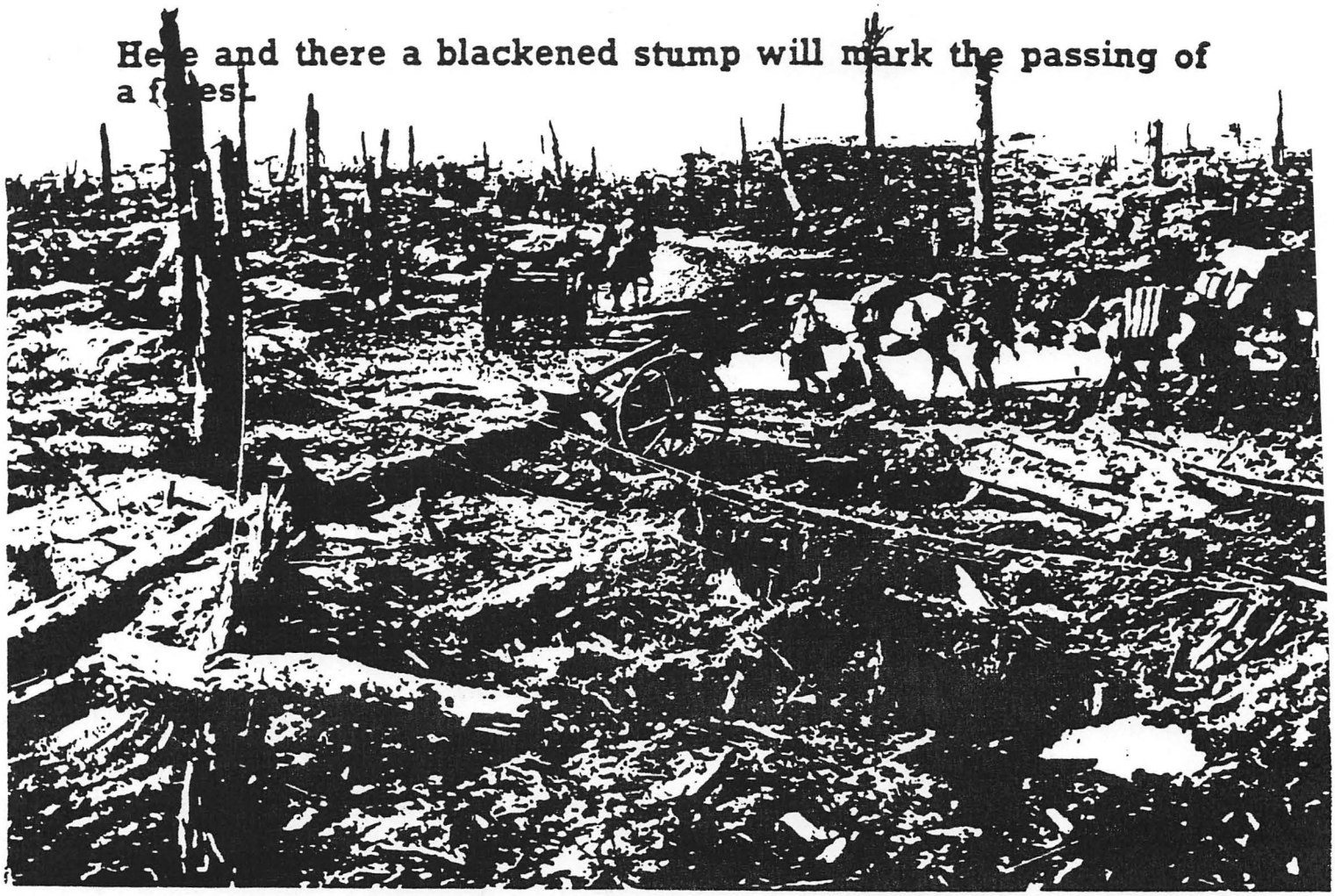
And fire shall spring forth and cover the land; and behind the fire the Army of SATAN shall spread through the blackened world to occupy it.

All the hideous creatures of the Pit shall be given the freedom of the earth; and I, SATAN, shall rule the world in might and majesty as is My right. And Mine who fought and died or fought and did not die, Mine who took pleasure in the final cataclysm, who stood in the midst of the chaos and revelled in the might of WAR, Mine shall not be forgotten. For they shall have earned their heritage.

And the world shall belong to Me, for it will be Mine by conquest. SATAN in man shall have triumphed at the End, and the earth shall be My footstool.

And those who have walked with Me shall rule with Me. And those who have fought by My side shall sit by My side in majesty.

Here and there a blackened stump will mark the passing of a forest.



disaster; they shall be scattered like dust upon the ground, and then caught up in a mighty vortex and sucked into the depths of Hell.

And the strong and the mighty and the ruthless; creatures of the Fiend that follow him; they shall stand at the core of the raging chaos, spreading death around them and embracing it themselves like a long lost brother.

And those that die in the glory of battle, those that kill before they die, those that meet death as an equal and not as a pale grey supplicant, those that stay proud and strong, and die as they have lived, those that revel in the sheer delights of death, instead of fleeing helpless before its inexorable avalanche, they are My people; the men of SATAN, born of the underworld and reared in the dark chasms of the Pit.

And these shall be My Army at the End; rank upon rank of black-hearted angels from the depths of Hell.

And when the great holocaust of man's destruction sweeps over the face of the earth, destroying all before it; then shall My Army appear; streaming up from the bowels of the world and following in the wake of the all-consuming fire.

The land shall be black. No tree shall stand, green and elegant, rising



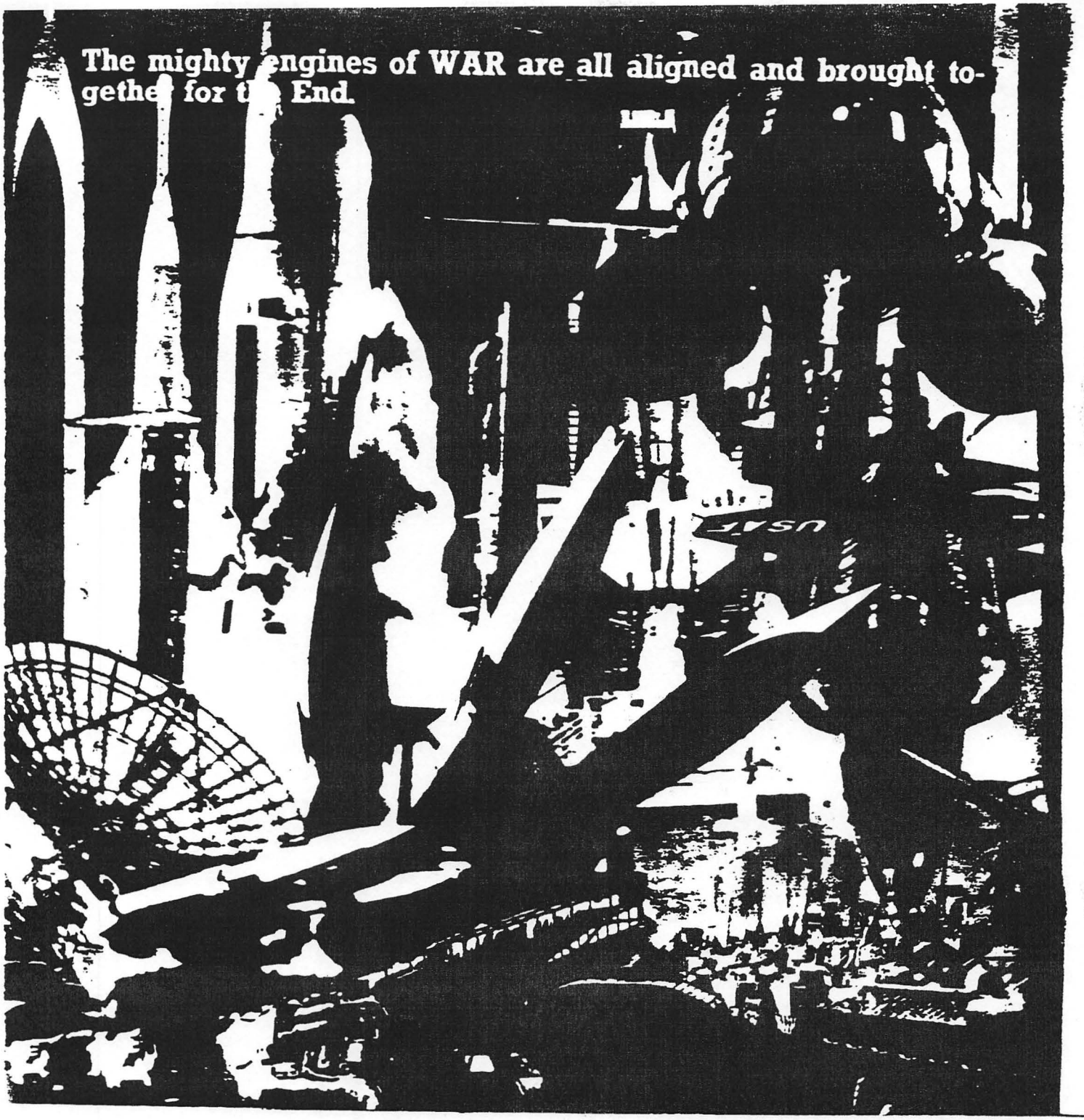
THE final march of doom has begun. The earth is prepared for the ultimate devastation. The mighty engines of WAR are all aligned and brought together for the End. The scene is set.

The Lord LUCIFER has sown the seeds of WAR, and now weeps to see them take root and flourish in the fertile ground of man's destructive nature.

The Lord JEHOVAH decrees the End and the violence of the End. He prophesies the harvest of monumental slaughter.

And I, the Lord SATAN, with My army of the damned, am come to reap that harvest, and to feed My furnace with the souls of the fearful.

For in the great cataclysm of the Latter Days shall the world be split, and man shall be divided. And those who are weak in spirit and mind; those who cringe and cry out to be spared; those who adopt the air of the victim, the sick demeanour of the lost and helpless; those who crawl and crumble, tremble with abject terror and complain that others but themselves controlled their destiny; those who bewail their sad predicament and disclaim all responsibility for their fate; they are the dross of the universe; the useless futile miserable dross, that stands for nothing, lives for nothing, aims for nothing and shall ultimately receive nothing. For they shall be swept away in the whirlwind of the great


The mighty engines of WAR are all aligned and brought together for the End.

. . . on every battleground and every scene of devastation.



The Fiend shall devastate the earth, and his mighty roar shall rock the heavens so that the very stars shall feel his presence. And the chaff shall vanish and be forgotten.

I, SATAN, shall stalk with the Fiend. We shall stalk the earth together, lending strength to the flashing sabre and unerring accuracy to the speeding missile. We shall be on every battle ground and every scene of devastation.

And our might shall be on the side of the mighty; strength for strength, power for power. And to him who possesses, more shall be given. On him who destroys with power, a greater power for destruction shall be bestowed. And for him who massacres with strength, more victims for his ruthless slaughter shall be provided.

But he that has nothing, and wilts before the rising tide of WAR, from him shall be taken even the little that he has. For such is his desire and his desert. And even what strength he has to plead for mercy shall be denied him, and his tongue shall disobey him at the final moment, and he shall be cut down.

And the mother that pleads weakly for her child shall see it slain before her. And the woman that pleads palely for her miserable virtue shall be struck down and raped. And he that fearfully pleads for his life shall be cut to pieces.

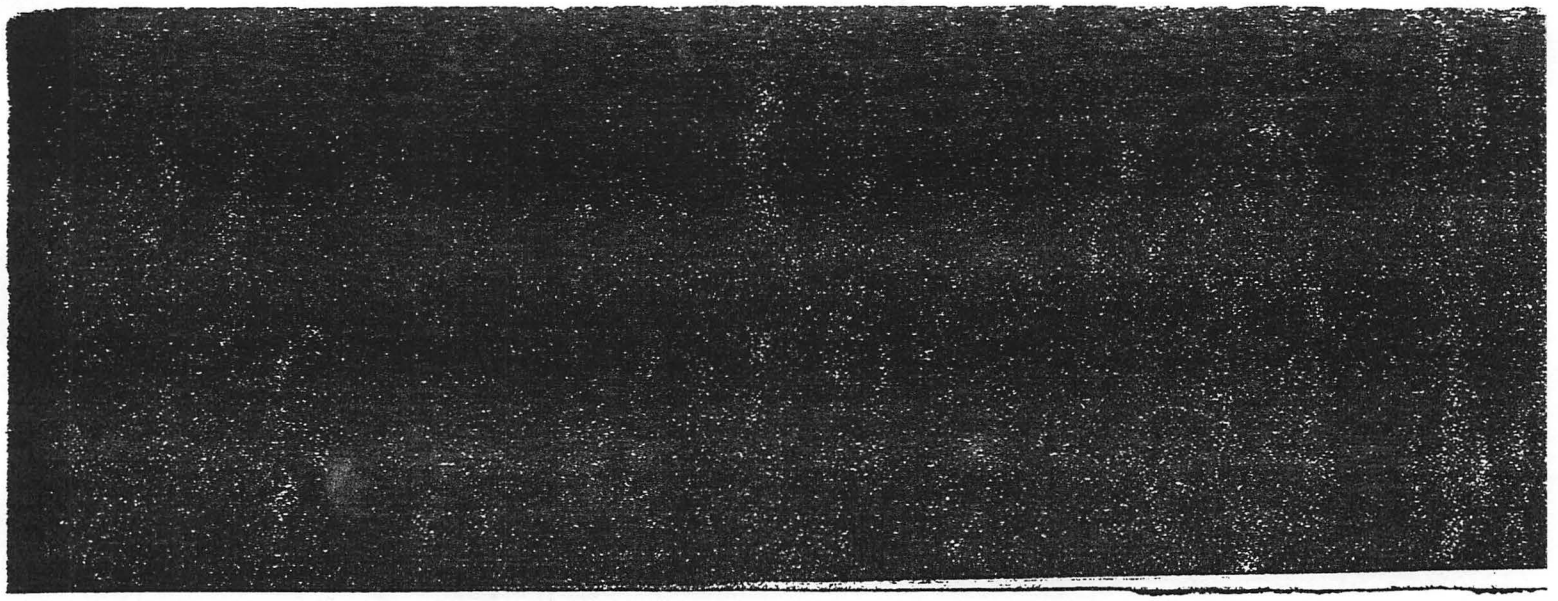
This is the way of the grey.

But for all the apparent outward prevalence of this last attitude to war, its power is no more real than its pretensions. Because the patterns of the Gods are untouched by the images of the fearful. Concealed though they may be behind facades of optimistic fantasy, their effects are undiminished.

The power of JEHOVAH, LUCIFER and SATAN, is the dominant power, and conflicted though They may be for the purpose of the Game, upon one matter They are in total agreement, which means that on this matter all human beings are in equally total agreement, hard though they may try to hide it even from themselves.

And that matter is the fact of the End. The End of the world as we know it; the End of human kind as we know it; the End of human values as we know them; the End of human endeavours, human creations, human ambitions, human patterns of life, human conventions, human laws and human customs, as we know them. On one thing the Gods are in agreement. All these shall be destroyed, to make way for a New Age and a New Way of Life.

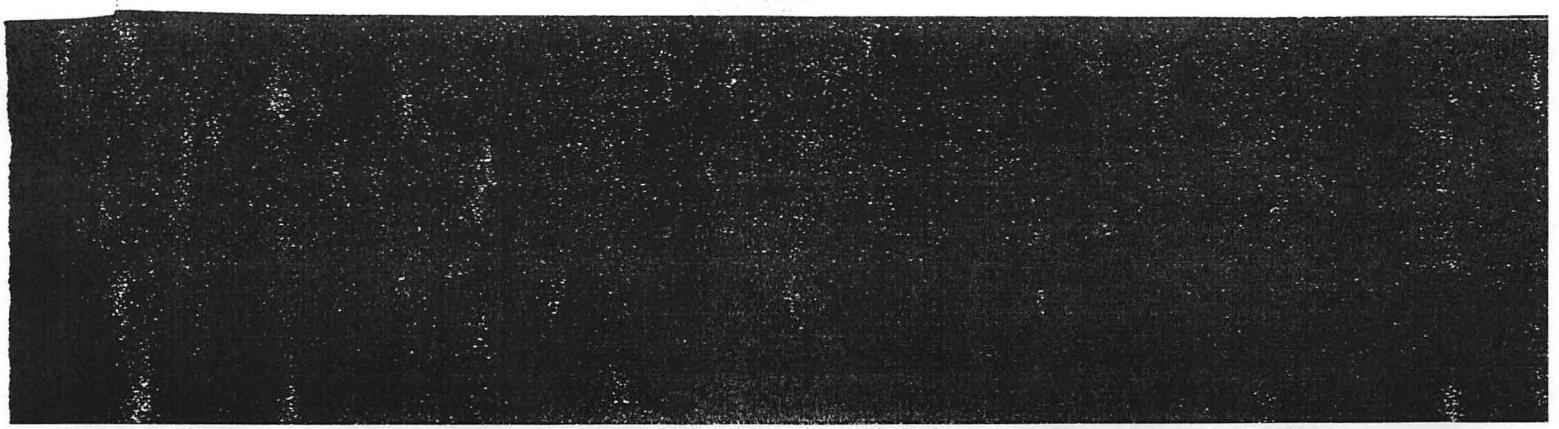
# THE GODS AND THEIR PEOPLE

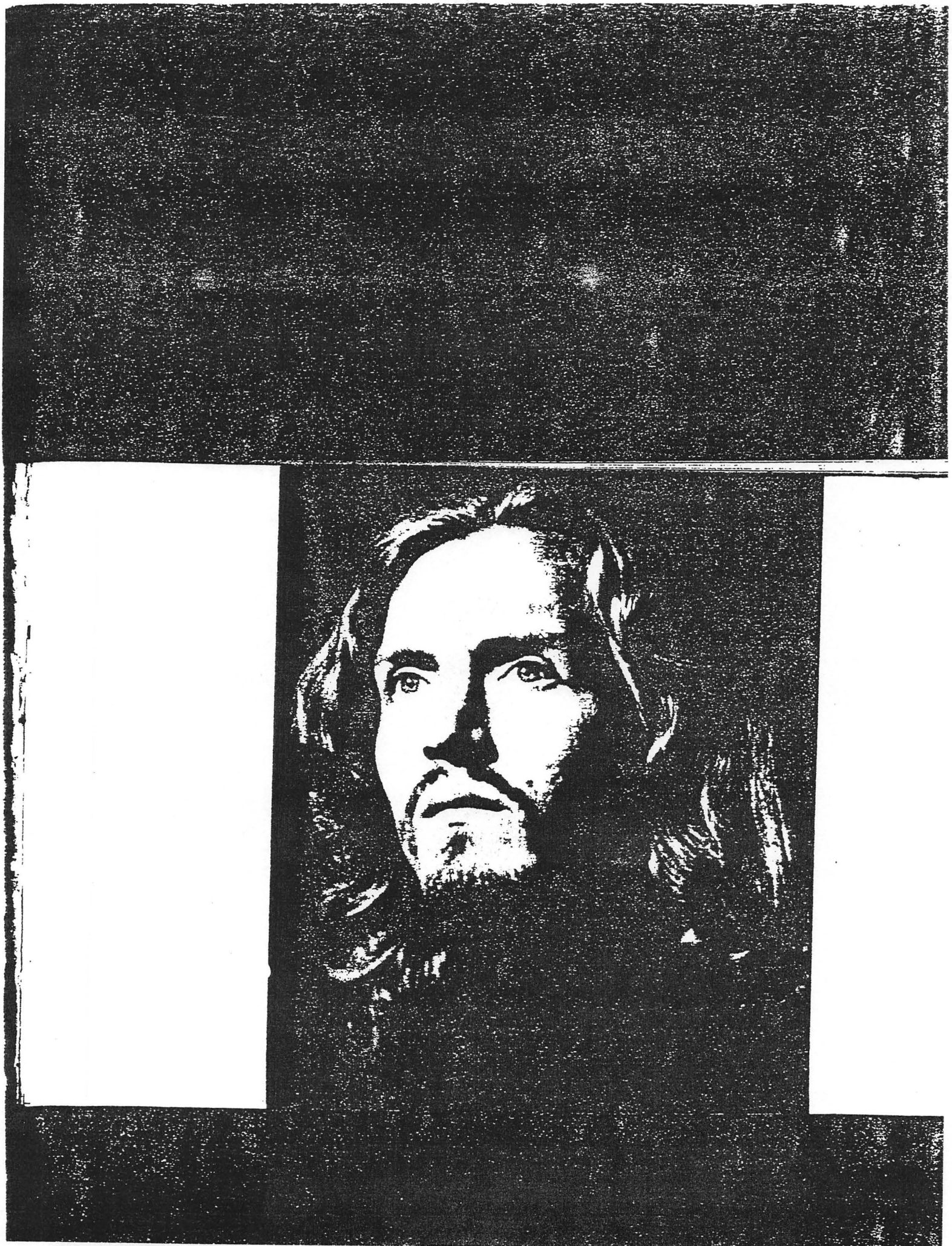


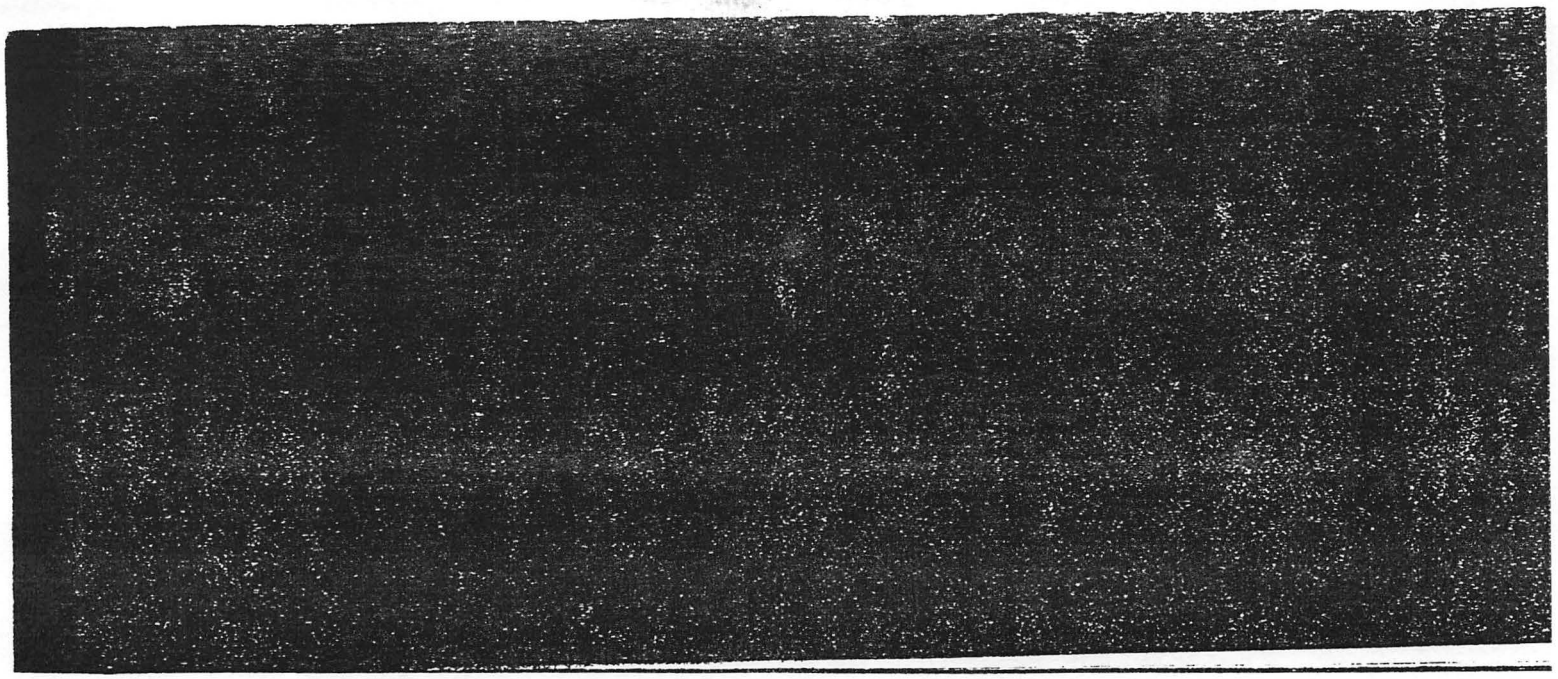
# THE GODS AND THEIR PEOPLE

## recorded by

## ROBERT DE GRIMSTON







# THE GODS AND THEIR PEOPLE

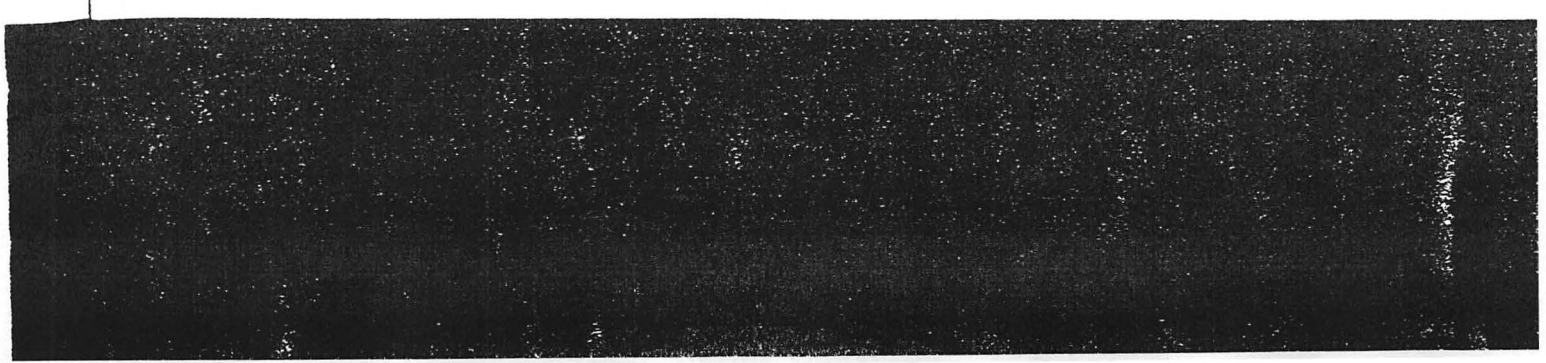
## THE THREE GREAT GODS OF THE UNIVERSE - JEHOVAH LUCIFER SATAN

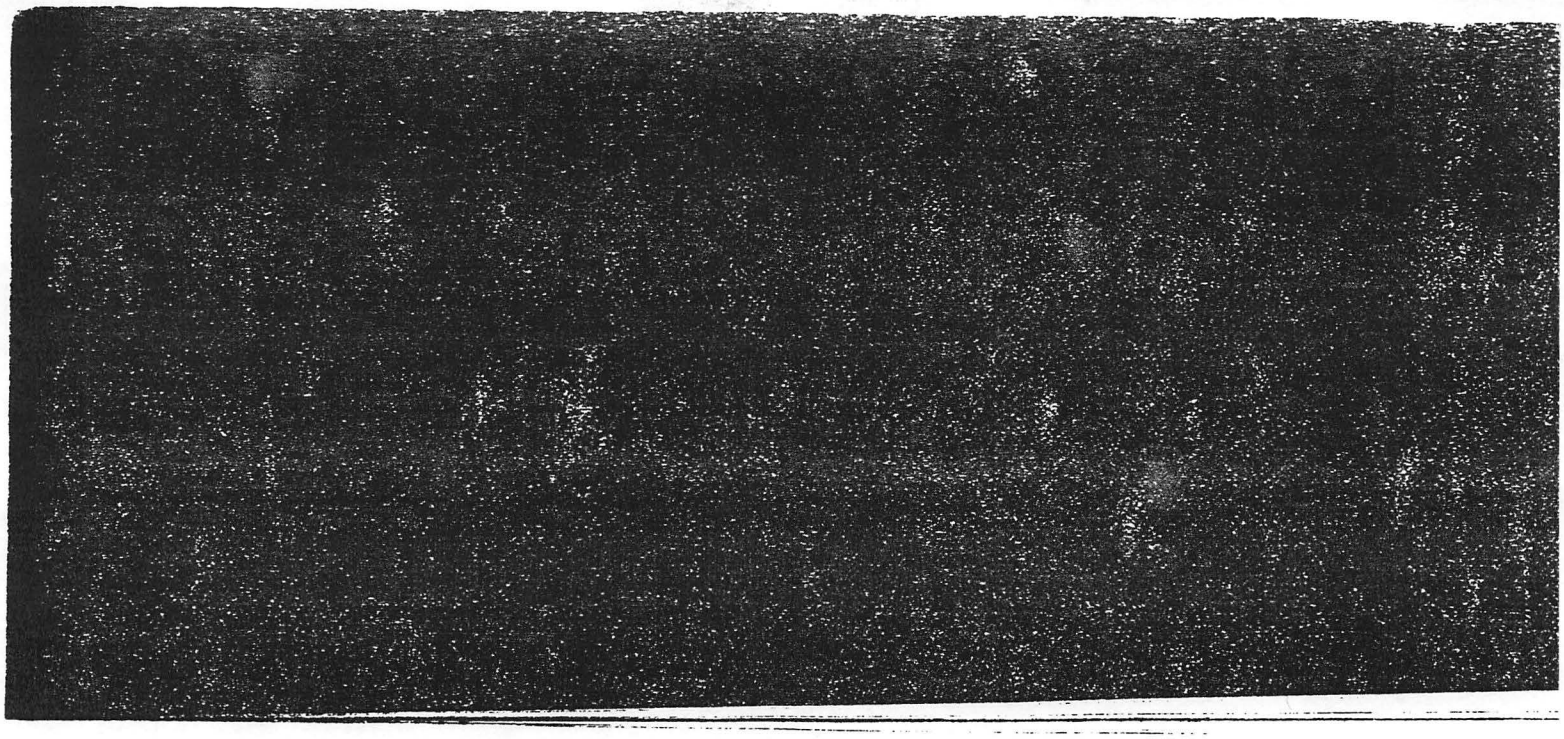
## JEHOVAH AND THE JEHOVIAN

## LUCIFER AND THE LUCIFERIAN

## SATAN AND THE SATANIST

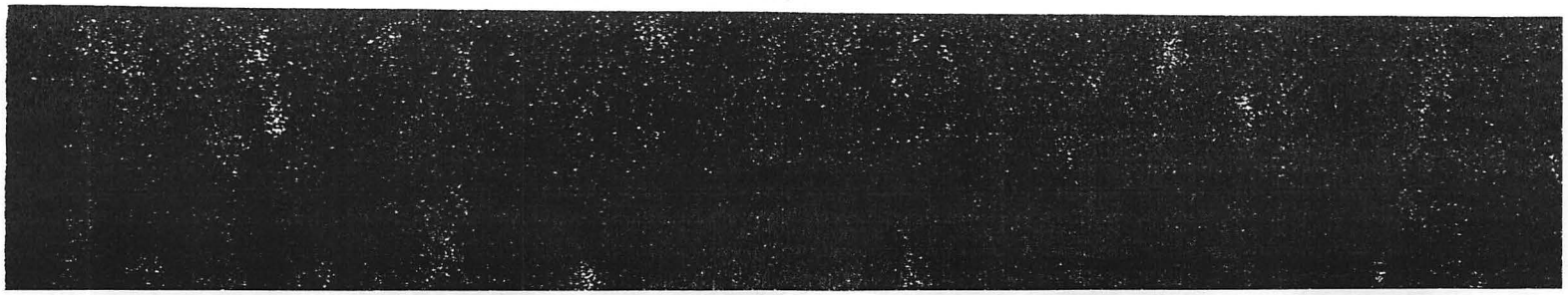
## CHRIST

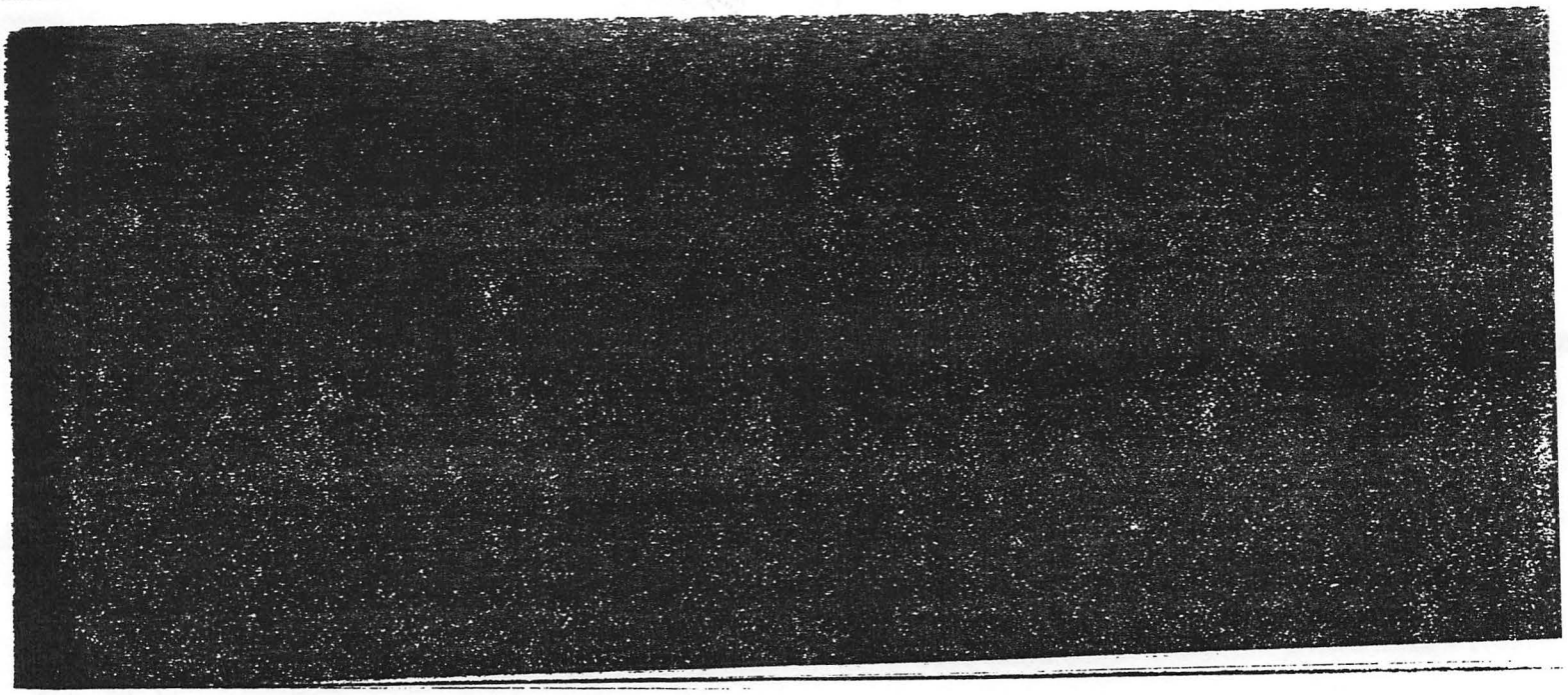




# THE THREE GREAT GODS OF THE UNIVERSE

## JEHOVAH
## LUCIFER
## SATAN





CONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously, apathetically, half-heartedly, enthusiastically or fanatically, under countless other names than those by which we know Them, and under innumerable disguises and descriptions, men have followed the three Great Gods of the Universe ever since the creation. Each one according to his nature.

For the three Gods represent three basic human patterns of reality. Within the framework of each pattern there are countless variations and permutations, widely varying grades of suppression and intensity. Yet each one represents a fundamental problem, a deep-rooted driving force, a pressure of instincts and desires, terrors and revulsions.

All three of them exist to some extent in every one of us. But each of us leans more heavily towards one of them, whilst the pressures of the other two provide the presence of conflict and uncertainty.





**JEHOVAH, the wrathful God of vengeance and retribution, demands discipline, courage and ruthlessness, and a single-minded dedication to duty, purity and self-denial. All of us feel those demands to some degree, some more strongly and more frequently than others.**

**LUCIFER, the Light Bearer, urges us to enjoy life to the full, to value success in human terms, to be gentle and kind and loving, and to live in peace and harmony with one another. Man's apparent inability to value success without descending into greed, jealousy and an exaggerated sense of his own importance, has brought the God LUCIFER into disrepute. He has become mistakenly identified with SATAN.**

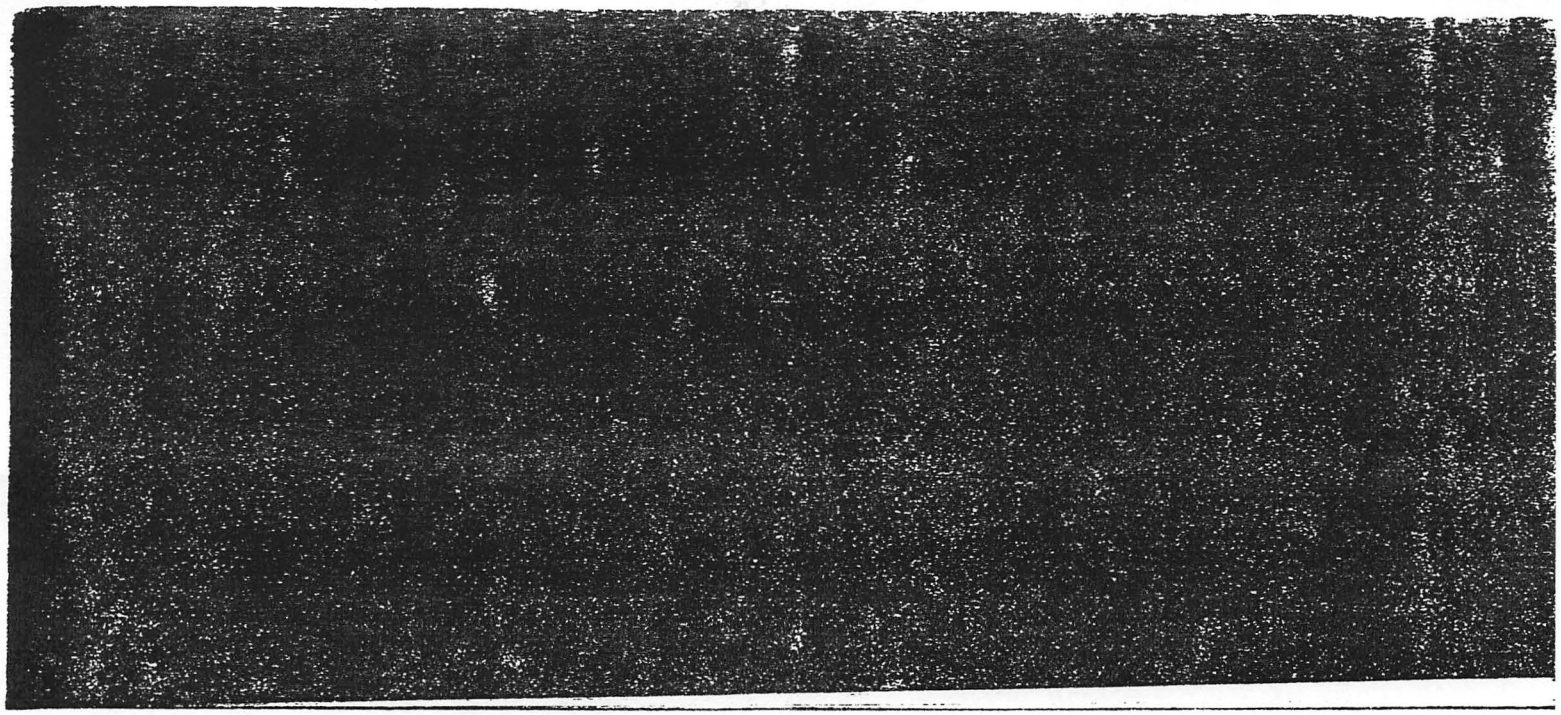
**SATAN, the receiver of transcendent souls and corrupted bodies, instills in us two directly opposite qualities; at one end an urge to rise above all human and physical needs and appetites, to become all soul and no body, all spirit and no mind, and at the other end a desire to sink *beneath* all human values, all standards of morality, all ethics, all human codes**

of behaviour, and to wallow in a morass of violence, lunacy and excessive physical indulgence. But it is the lower end of SATAN's nature that men fear, which is why SATAN, by whatever name, is seen as the Adversary.

| SATAN | LUCIFER | JEHOVAH | SATAN |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lust | Enjoyment | Duty | Detachment |
| Abandon | Permissiveness | Discipline | Mysticism |
| Violence | Harmony | Struggle | Otherworldliness |
| Excess | Success | Sacrifice | Magic |
| Indulgence | Satisfaction | Self-denial | Asceticism |
| SUB-HUMANITY | HUMANITY | HUMANITY | SUPER-HUMANITY |

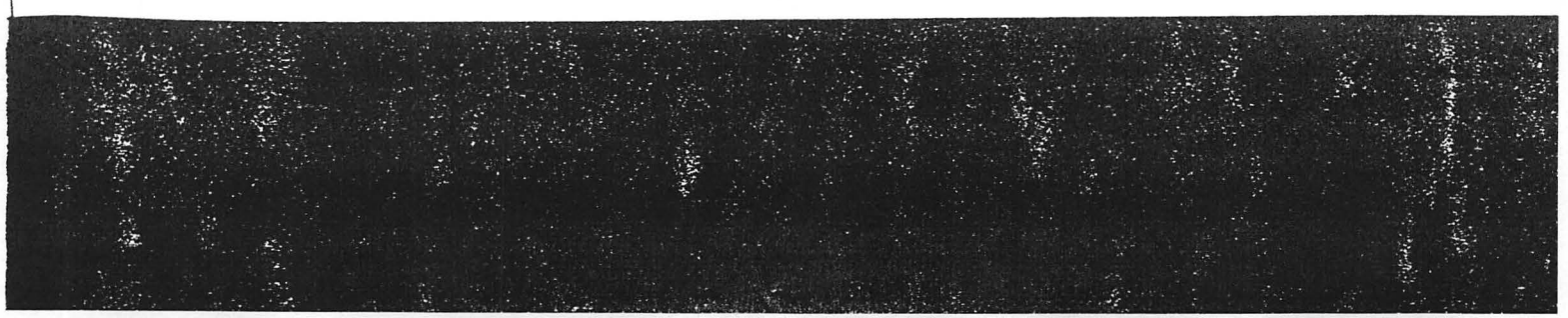
Problems and pressures from within. And we have a choice. Either we can face them, recognise them, accept them as part of ourselves, tackle them with awareness and understanding, and finally rise above them. Or we can suppress them, reject them, disown them, pretend they are not there, justify them, blame them on something beyond our control, hide from them and thereby ultimately become completely trapped and stultified by our fear of them. They do not go away, however deeply we may bury our heads in the sand.

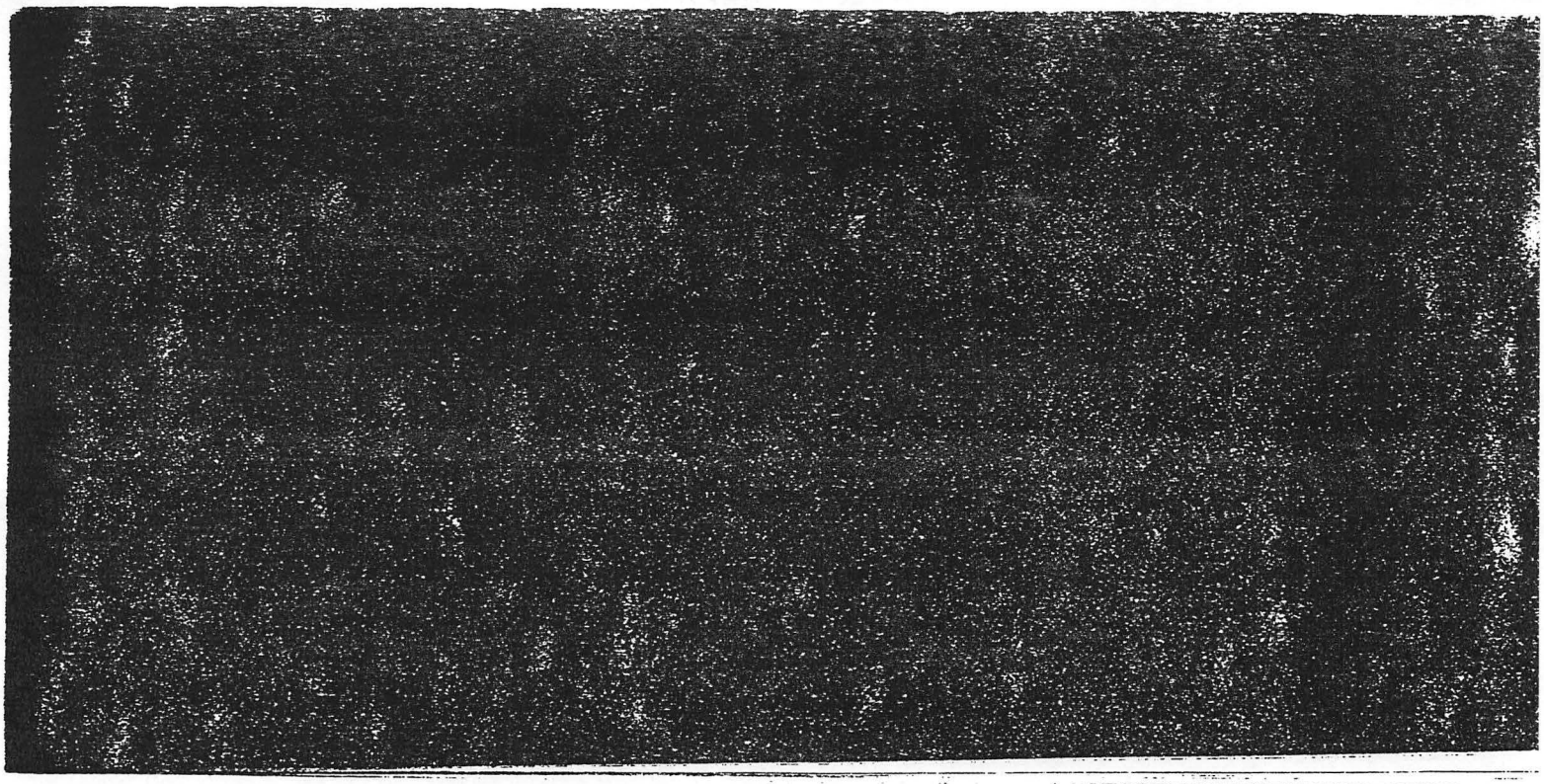
And CHRIST is the Emissary of the Gods. He is Their link with human beings. Their incarnation, Their representative within the world. He stands outside and beyond the separate and individual patterns. He draws them together, seeing the pressures, knowing the problems. He is there to guide all of us who will follow Him, through the first choice, uniting us into a common aim. He is there to give us the courage and faith to face the problems, recognise them, accept them as part of ourselves, tackle them with awareness and understanding, and finally to rise above them.



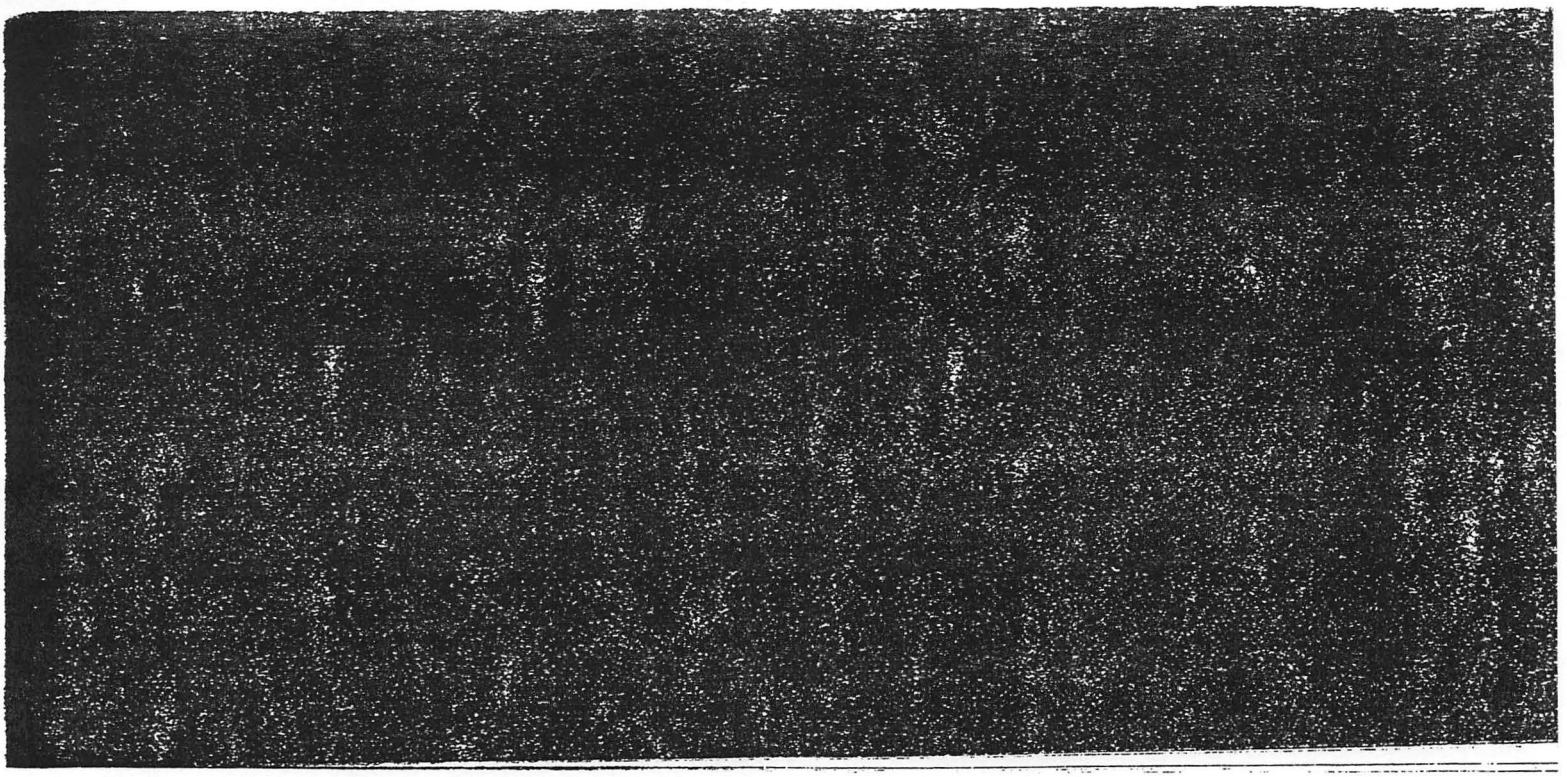
**The choice is ours. CHRIST and a path of vision and reality, sometimes painful, always intense; or anti-Christ and a path of blindness and lies, and the dull agony of fear that one day the truth will emerge. And it must.**







# JEHOVAH AND THE JEHOVIAN



JEHOVAH is the God of battle (THOR); the God of vengeance (KALKI); the God of raging elements and cataclysms.

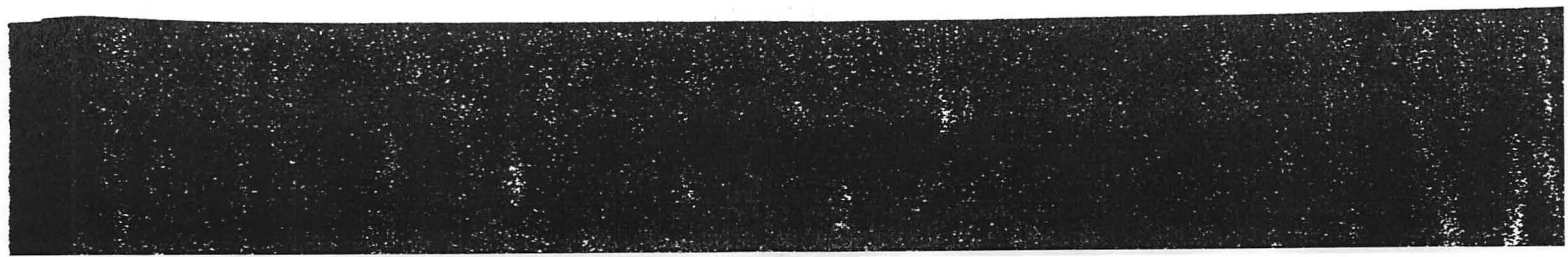
And His wrath, when He is roused to anger by the weakness and the waywardness of His creations, knows no bounds.

He is the God of the whirlwind and the raging storm. He is the God of fire. And all men quake with terror in the presence of JEHOVAH's wrath.

His right hand is mighty to raise up all that are fulfilled according to His laws, and His left hand is mightier still to strike down all that fall short of His demands, and His heel brings a crushing vengeance upon all that fall beyond redemption.

Because His love is great, and limitless for those who do His will and are His people, so is His punishment ruthless and harsh upon those who fall from grace. He tolerates no deviation, allows no lapse. And therein





lies the manifestation of His love. For love *is* ruthless, and will not allow that which is subject to it to wander one step from the path of true fulfilment, nor to forget for one instant the deadly perils of damnation which are a constant threat to its survival.

JEHOVAH's demands are great, but so are His rewards for those whom He chooses to raise up. Of His people He demands all. He demands their life blood; and He inflicts upon them every dismal failure and deprivation in order to test the extent of their loyalty to Him. No easy pleasure-filled life for the Jehovian; his is the harsh road of expiation, the road of stringent self-sacrifice.

For to JEHOVAH, success in human terms, pleasure and satisfaction by the standards of humanity, are snares that lure a being from the straight and narrow path of purity and self-denial. They are the traps that can cause a being to turn from his God and worship life as man knows life; the transitory shallow habitation of a human form.

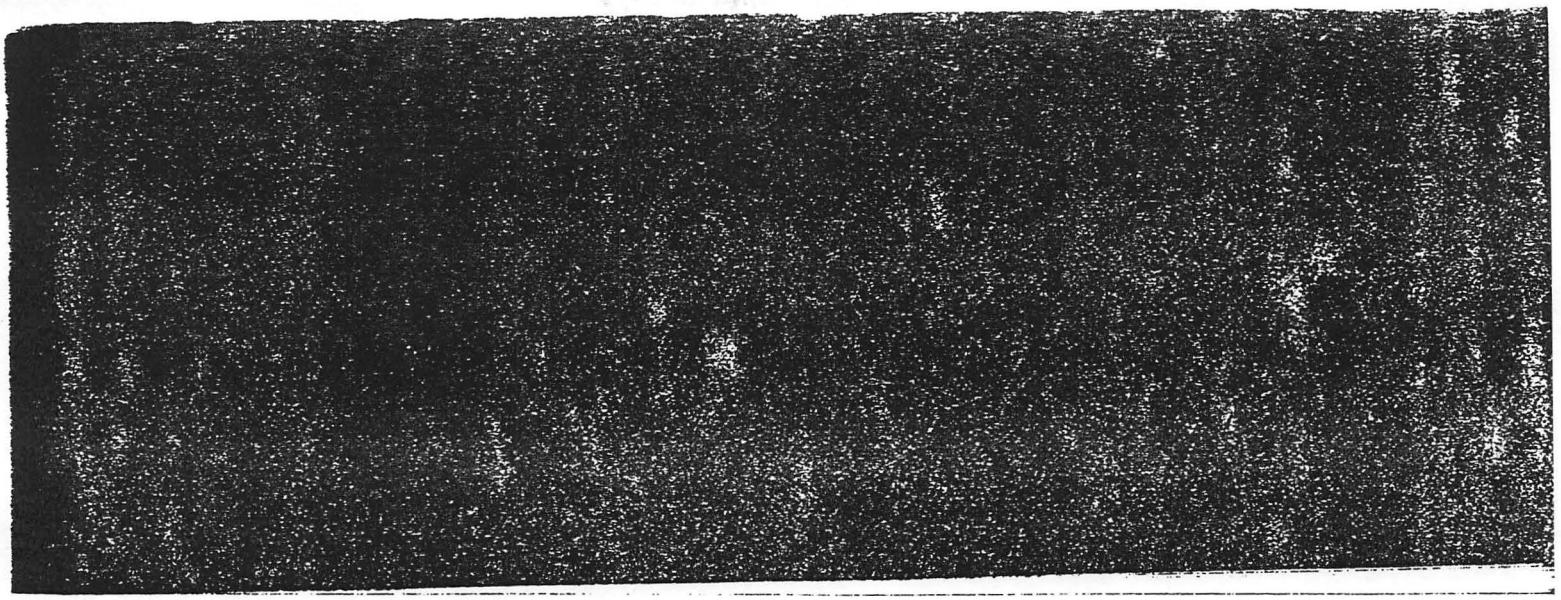
**And JEHOVAH sees the danger to His people. He sees the honeyed road to ultimate damnation. He sees the ease whereby a being can slide into the fatal pattern of success and the pursuit of success, and follow it to disillusionment, death and the fires of Hell. He sees the choice that a being must make between his God and the worldly satisfactions that lie within his reach. He sees the tender traps of sensuality, and He knows the vulnerability of His people.**

**So JEHOVAH discourages success in human terms. He chooses to bring failure and loss to His creations, to give them pain, to deprive them of the delights of the world in which they live, so that they shall not be seduced into a wild and single-minded pursuit of satisfaction, but shall remember always the God who gave them life, remember that He exists, not in the pleasures of the world, but in the wonders of the Universe beyond the world, and that He is not to be found in the comforts of the body's self-indulgence, but in the freedom of the soul from all caring of the body's cries for satisfaction.**

**And JEHOVAH knows the power of the trap. And JEHOVAH, where He can, gives His people little by which they might love for themselves their human existence. He ensures their gladness of a life beyond their painful sojourn in the human game. He gives them every cause to remember with joy that after life with humanity has been endured, then life with God can be enjoyed.**

**He denies His people all self-indulgence. He fears for them. He fears for their seduction into worship of the body. He fears that the *immediate* sensation, however shallow or temporary, the immediate demand for self, will win precedence over the deeper though more distant knowledge, and will drag His people down to the inevitable end of such a victory; stagnation and eternal imprisonment within a wholly human scale of values.**

**And JEHOVAH has no time for frippery. The only beauty for Him is the beauty of the purified soul; a stark uncluttered spirituality. In physical**

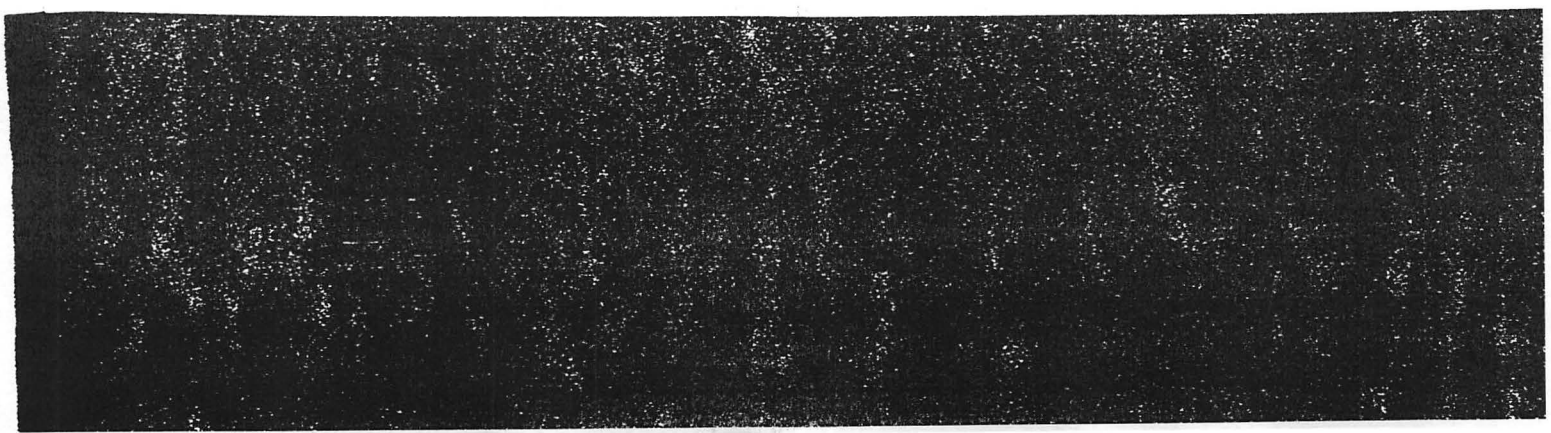


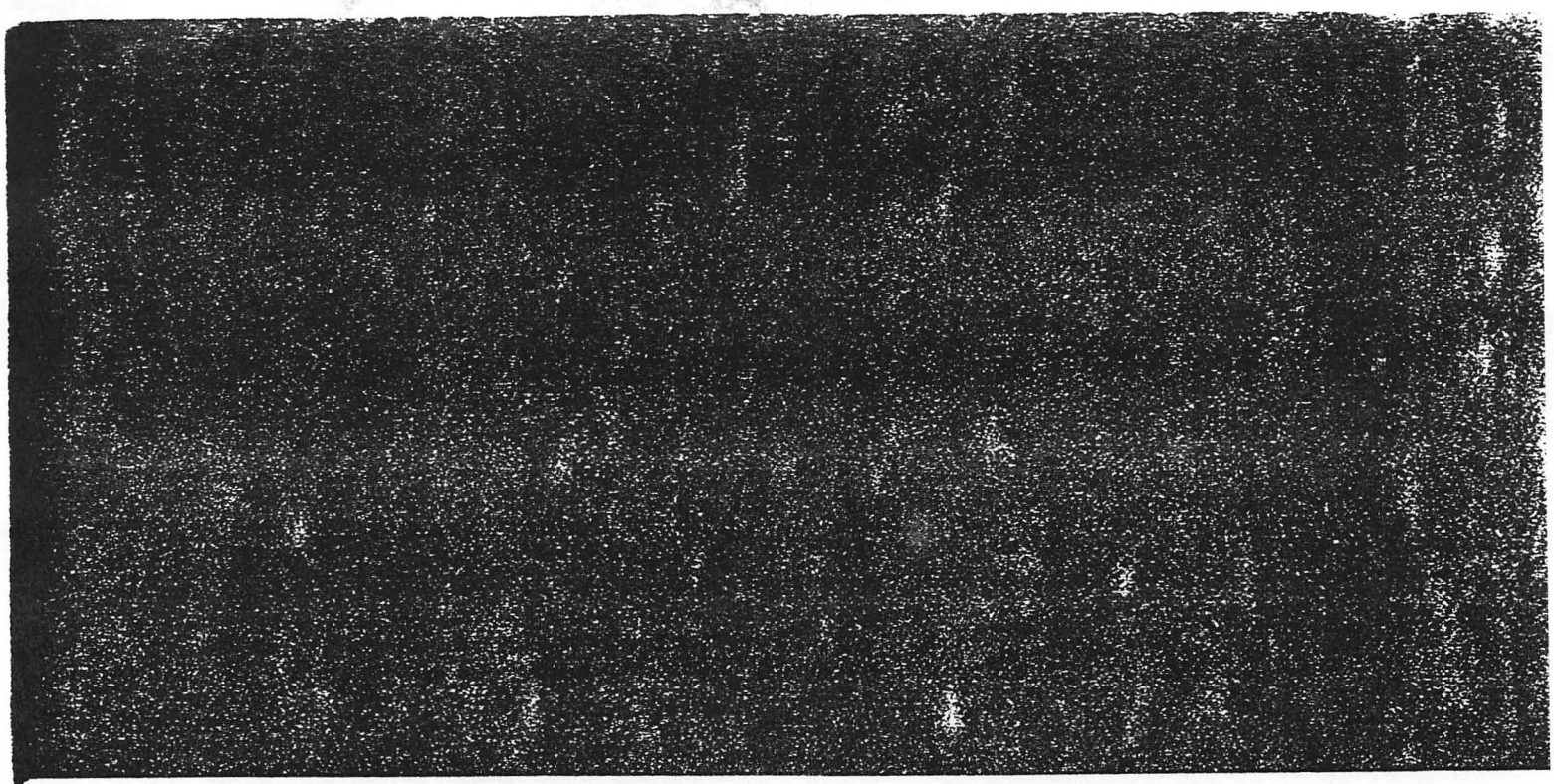
terms beauty only exists for JEHOVAH inasmuch as it reflects this state. Austerity to Him is beauty.

Man's worship of science JEHOVAH abhors. He sees His creation drawn into a web of self-made rules and regulations which govern and direct its life, not on the lines of the laws of its God, not stemming from the code which JEHOVAH gave to it, but arising directly and inexorably from the relentless march of scientific progress.

JEHOVAH sees man becoming the servant not of Him his creator, but of the machine his creation. He sees man ruled by chemistry, dictated to by the latest remedies for the latest ailments, the newest mechanical devices by which he can make his life more comfortable, the latest chemicals by which he can make himself more desirable, and the latest scientific conjuring tricks by which he can become more materially prosperous.





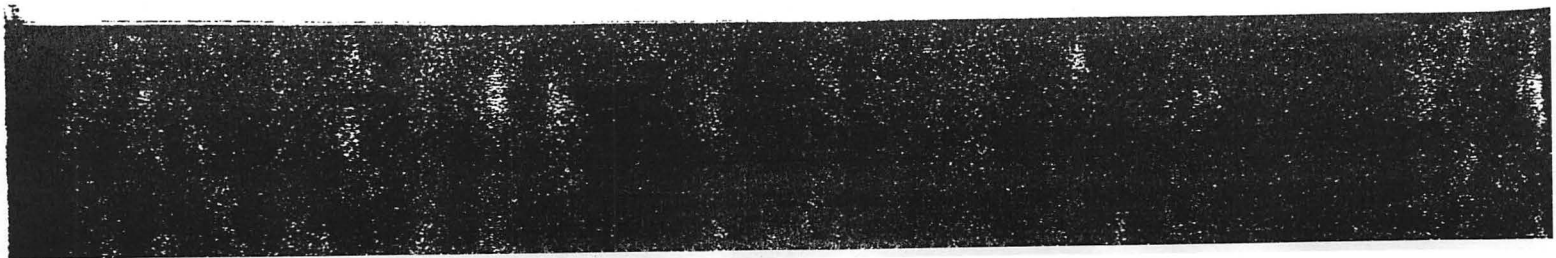


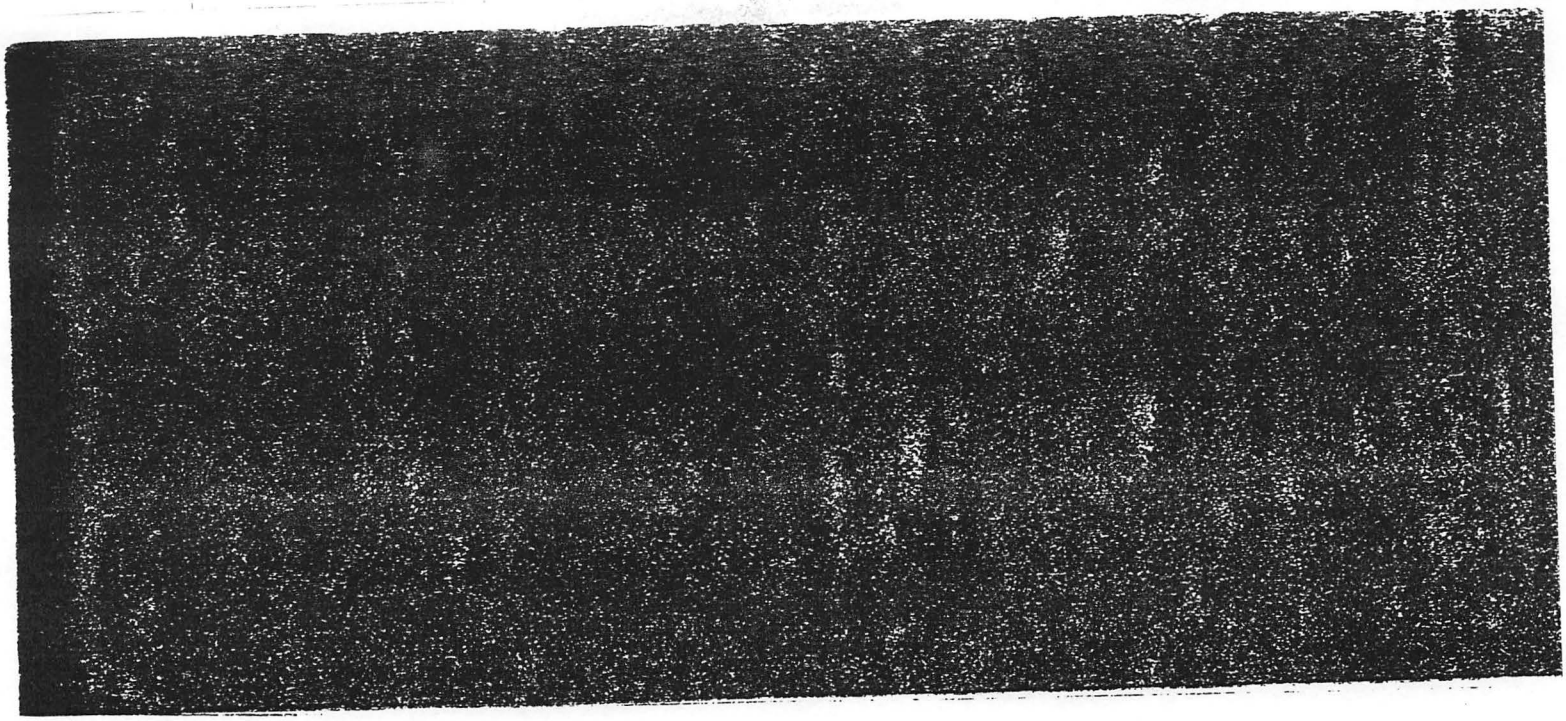
**JEHOVAH sees man drawn by his single-minded pursuit of scientific discovery into greater and greater needs to satisfy, to please, to beautify, and to preserve his human existence at the expense of his soul. And at the same time He sees man using that same desperate pursuit of science to bring about his own ultimate destruction, and deluding himself that he is doing it in order to preserve himself *from* destruction.**

**JEHOVAH has watched man set out to destroy himself by disobeying every commandment that JEHOVAH gave him. And He knows that the End has come. The game is almost over for His creation. He seeks now to preserve only the few who still remain His people; the remnant who are loyal to Him and have followed Him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.**

**And of these He demands nothing less than total dedication. He demands a link so strong and so direct that nothing can break it. He demands no deviation from His rigid laws. He demands pain and suffering; expiation**





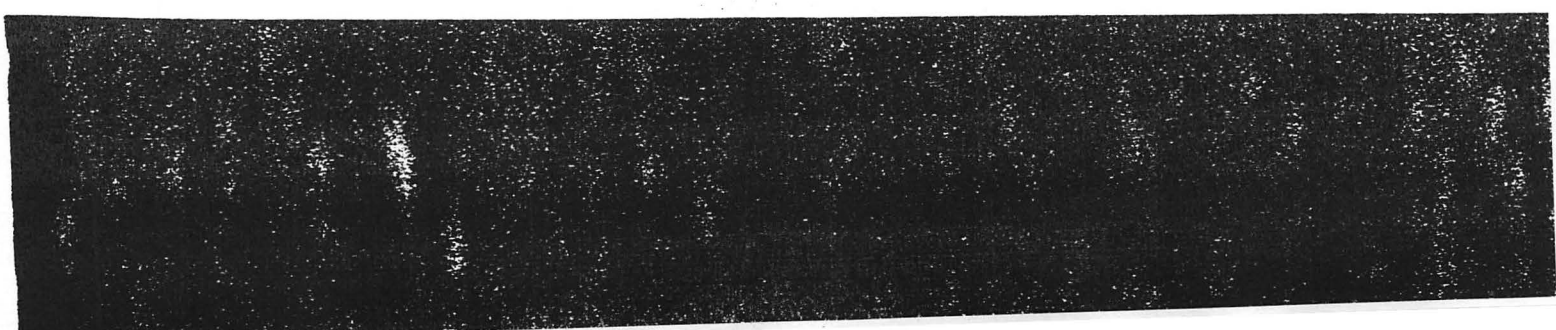


to the full for every sin. He demands great dignity and boundless courage from His people, so that they may rise above the incessant petty demands of human nature; seeing the glory of GOD so clear and all-encompassing around them, that human needs appear as nothing beside it.

To this end JEHOVAH manifests in might and majesty before His people, so that His people may see how vast and magnificent is the great Universe beyond the human self, when compared to the tiny confines of the space and scope within it.

And JEHOVAH seeks to purify the Universe; to wipe away every stain that can be found upon the face of all existence. And His people know His purpose. Even if they are not *conscious* that He is the source of their own drive towards purity and spiritual fulfilment, they nevertheless feel it within them, and they feel their part in it.

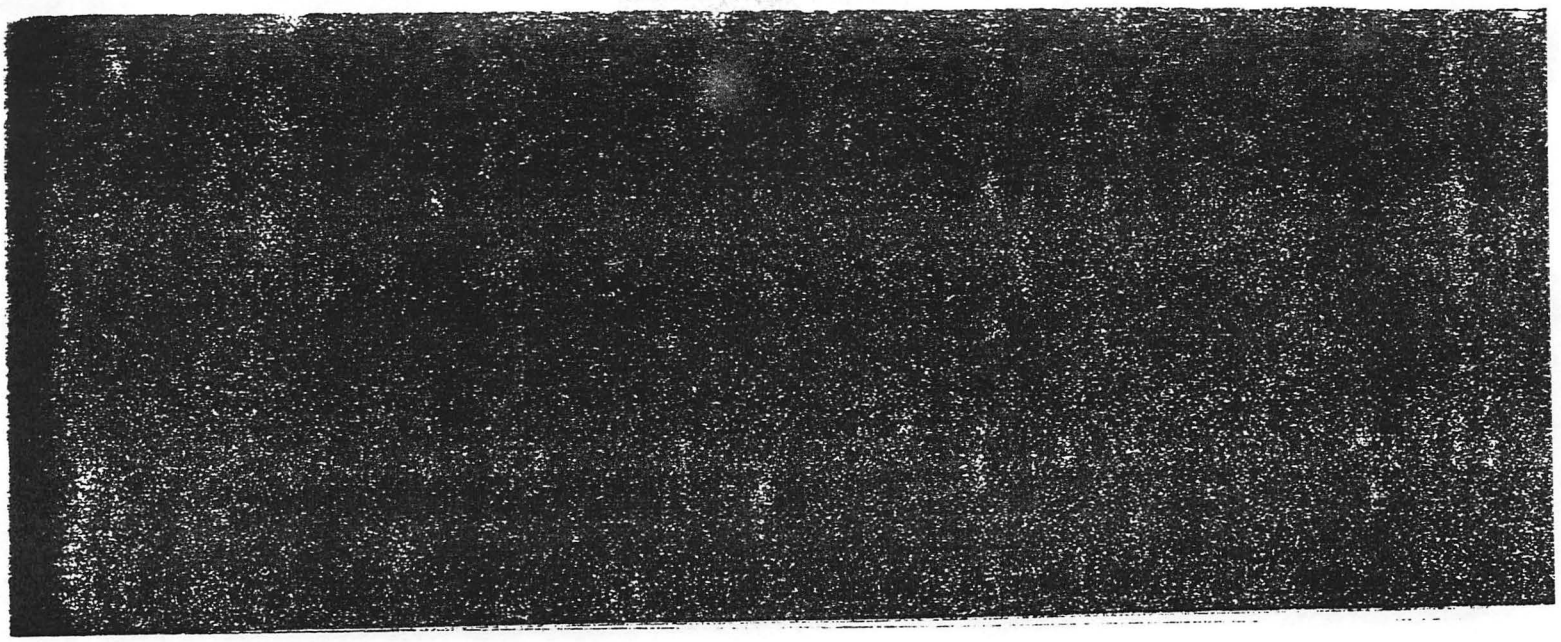




They feel the need to purify themselves and everything with which they come into contact. And they see and feel JEHOVAH's utter ruthlessness. They know that nothing will be spared in that great drive to cleanse all things of ugliness and taint.

And they know that JEHOVAH spares Himself the least of all; that no pain nor deprivation that might come to them is even a faint shadow of the agony and self-denial that is suffered by their God in the name of His great enterprise. They know that their God is totally dependable. They know that His promises never fail, for they are no more idle than His threats to those who turn against Him. They know that if they have the courage and endurance to give all to Him; to serve Him, to follow His laws, to trust Him, to suffer for Him and with Him; then salvation will be theirs.

For the true Jehovian knows his God, not always by name, but by instinct.

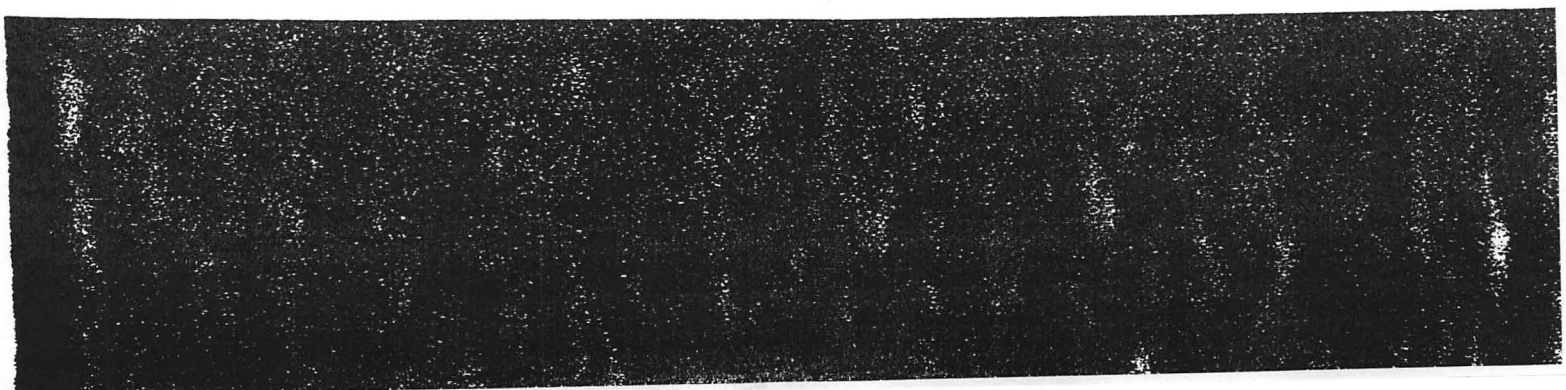


AND the true Jehovian is like his God. He is strong-willed and single-minded. He tends to set himself a narrow path to follow and then attempts to follow it doggedly, sometimes obstinately in the face of opposition or influences that seek to sway him from his purpose. He is not a person whose resolve is easily broken, and he can prove a powerful adversary to any who cross him or try to prevent him from having his way.

The Jehovian may sometimes be stolid and silent, but when he comes out into the open he is frank and often aggressive. He may take his time before stating his position, but when he does it is done directly and unequivocally. He does not give his loyalty easily or his friendship freely, but if a Jehovian *is* your friend, then he is a reliable friend. Do not necessarily depend upon his capabilities, but count on his loyalty.

Jehovians are not generally capable people. They may be brilliant but they are seldom clever. They may have superb brains, they may be



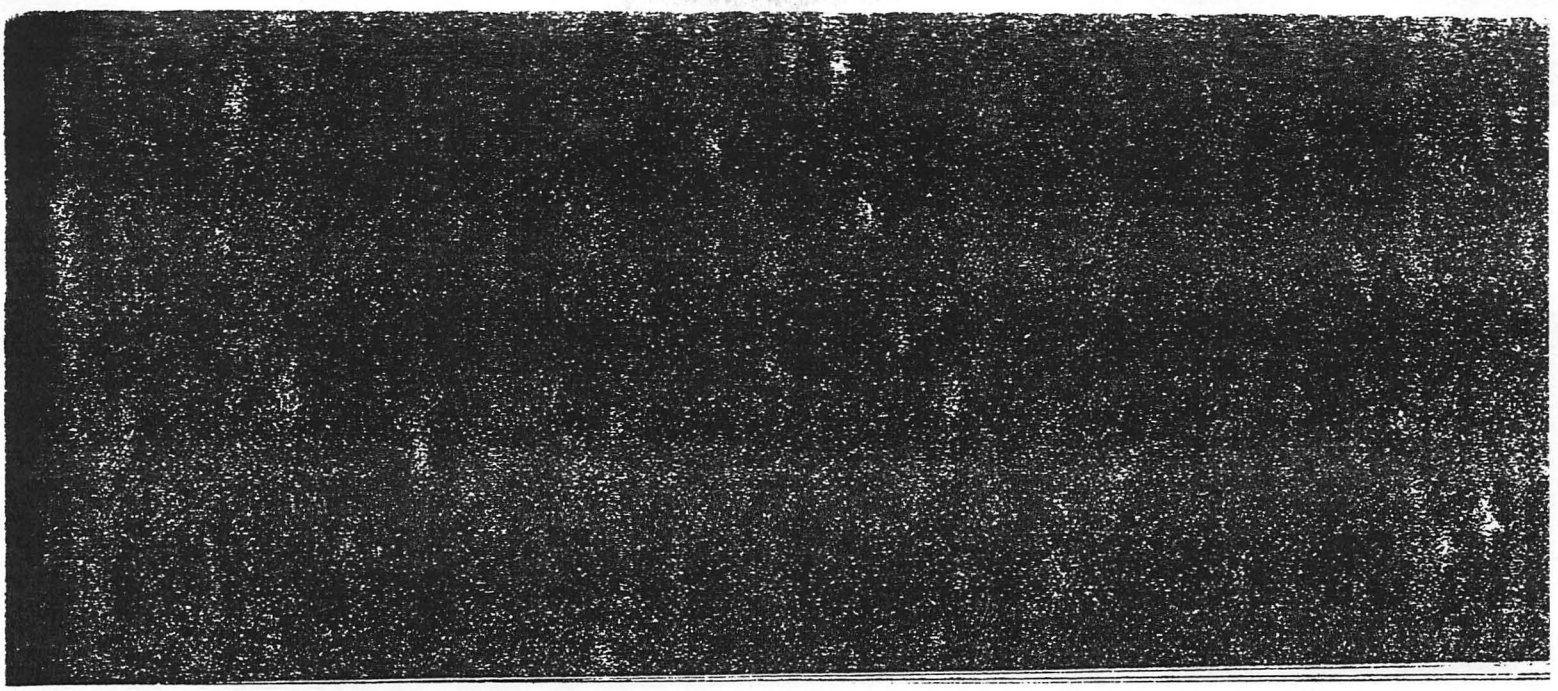


inspired, they may be impressive or strong, but they are not very often efficient, nor are they precise in their work.

They have little subtlety about them. They are not devious or cunning. Their attitudes are too straight, direct and single-minded for any real strategy to be possible. If they have a strategy, it is one of going straight to the heart of a matter without any overture or preliminary. This can be very disarming.

The Jehovian is not basically a sensualist. He has little time for the pleasures of the flesh. If he indulges them, he does so with a simple directness in keeping with his nature. He thrives on rigid control and discipline. He takes it well because he likes to live within the security that it offers him, and also he uses it effectively on others, giving them an equal sense of security through it.

He makes a good soldier, because he believes in the value of rules and



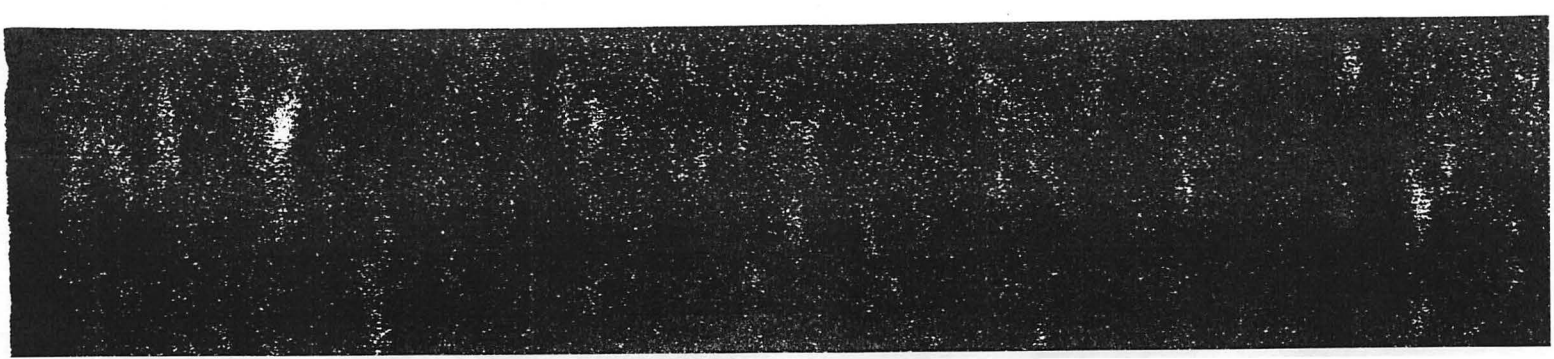
regulations, of fixed routine and firm discipline. Also he is not adverse to war if he sees it as the only way to follow his conscience.

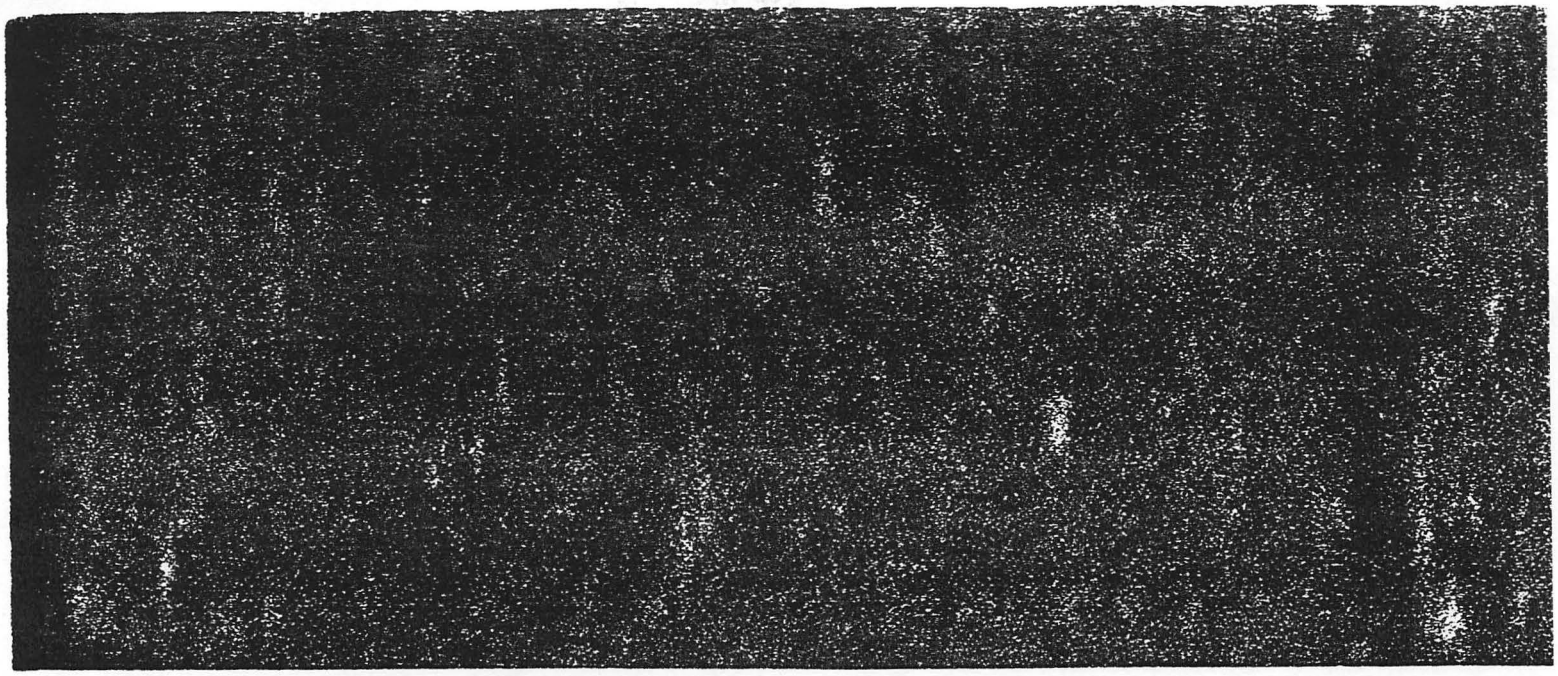
The Jehovian is not always successful. He fails frequently and often dismally, but generally he continues upon the path which he has set for himself, using failure to strengthen rather than weaken his resolve.

When a Jehovian *is* successful, when he rises to the top in any field of activity, when he becomes a leader, he lays down strict rules and instigates rigid discipline. He is unbending in his policies and judgements. He likes to lead; he likes to exert a rigid authority and maintain a stringent order; and often he is tyrannical.

The successful Jehovian has most probably struggled relentlessly through failure after failure in order to reach his position. When he does so, he maintains it in the face of all opposition, whether real or imaginery, with ruthless tenacity. Once a Jehovian achieves what it is he is striving







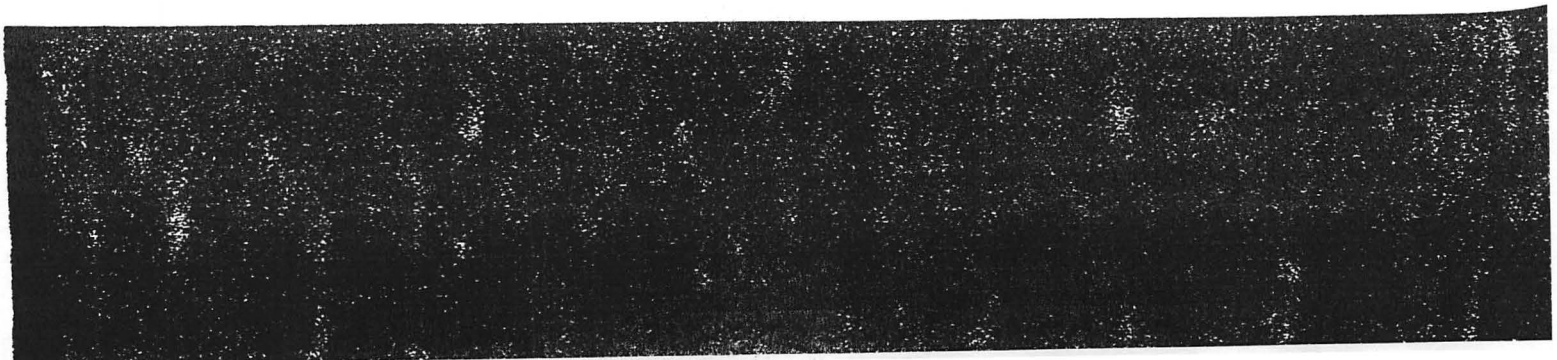
for, he does not relinquish it easily.

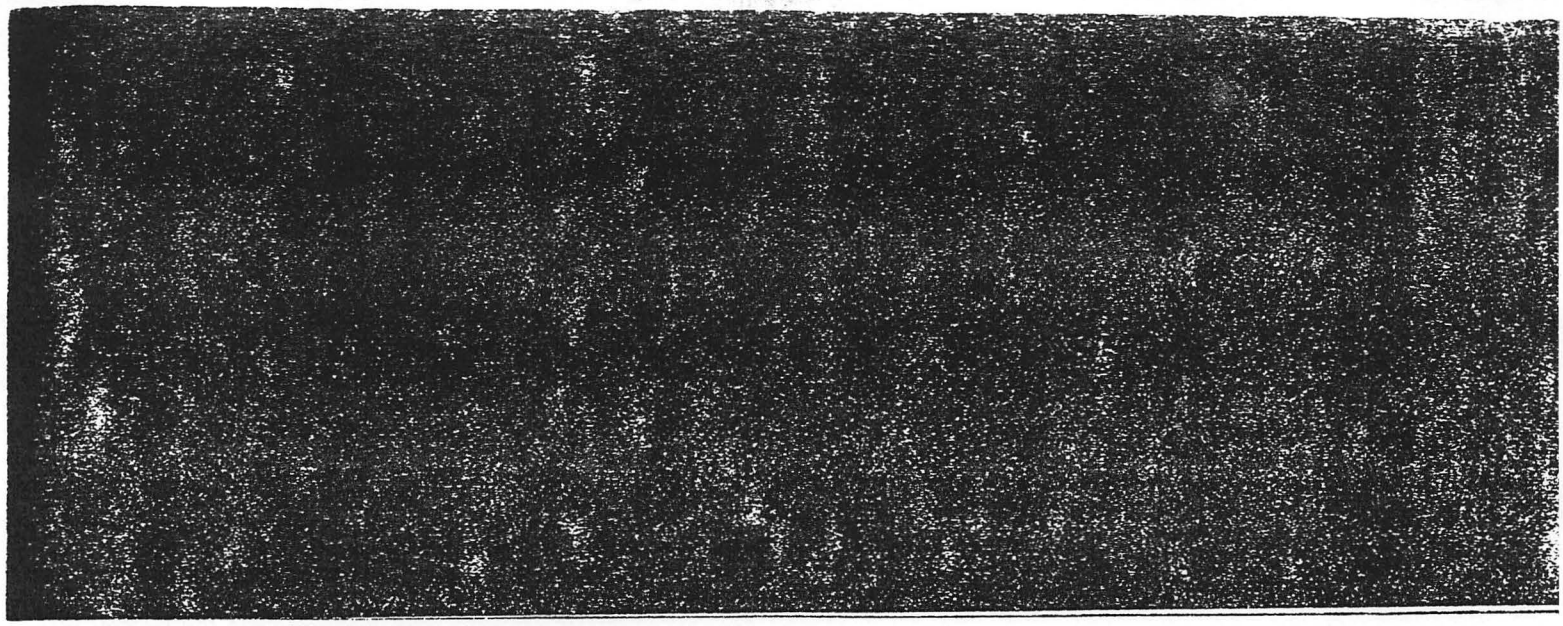
The successful Jehovian is the stuff of which great dictators are made.

In the field of politics the Jehovian is generally drawn instinctively to the right. Progress and change in human terms, whatever may be his conscious protests to the contrary, are generally anathema to him. He sees them as dragging mankind further and further away from the basic purity of spirit, that once he knew and lived by, and that now is becoming more and more clouded by the advance of science and materialism.

Intense patriotism is often the worldly expression of the Jehovian's drive towards the basic spirituality of man. Almost he makes his country the earthly manifestation of his God, and gives his life to its service.





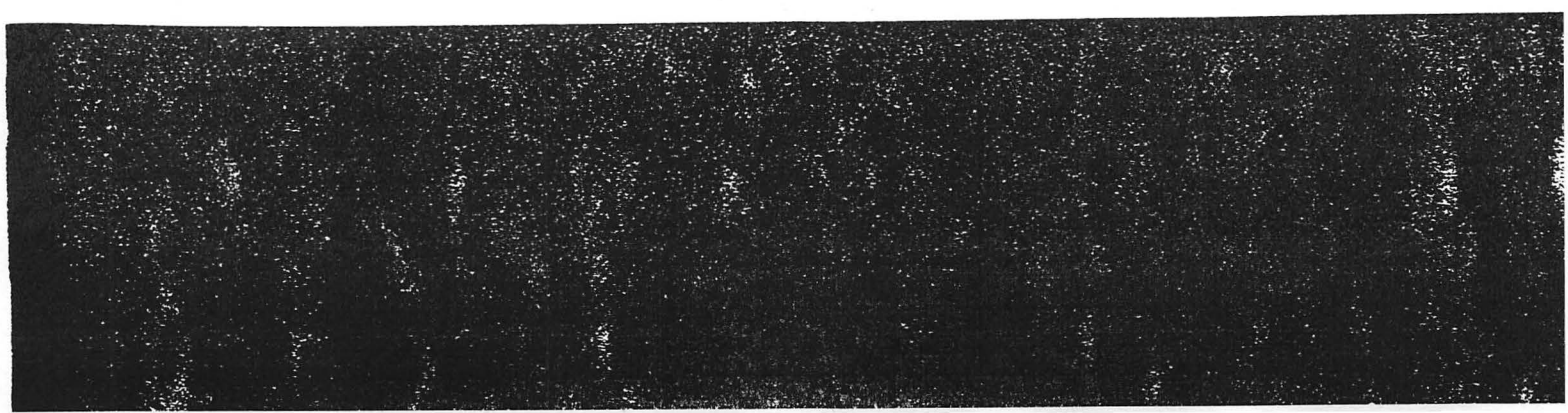


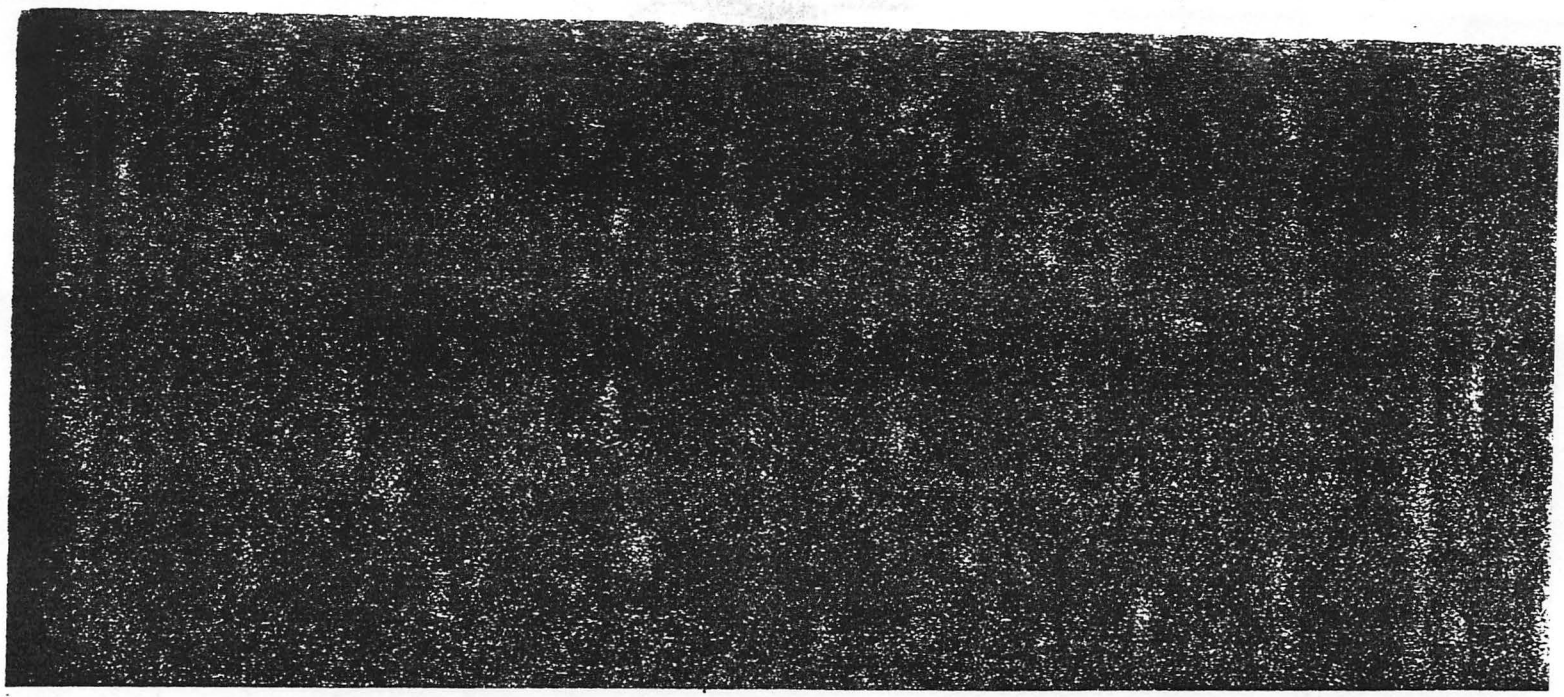
Again despite protests to the contrary, he does not basically believe in human rights. His rationalisation of this may be a belief in the survival of the fittest, and a conviction that the weak must not be permitted to sap the strength of the strong and thus drag them to their level. But deep down, whether he knows it or not, he sees humanity as *having* no rights. He sees it as beholden totally to its creator, who bestows upon it gifts and blessings as He chooses, but more often punishment and retribution for its sins.

And he sees human beings bringing punishment upon their own heads with full knowledge of the consequences of their actions. Consequently the Jehovian has an intense and highly developed sense of responsibility. He believes implicitly that a man creates his own destiny; that he makes his own bed, and therefore he must lie in it.

The Jehovian knows that to take the victim and simply to remove his suffering in the name of humanity, to eliminate hardship in the name





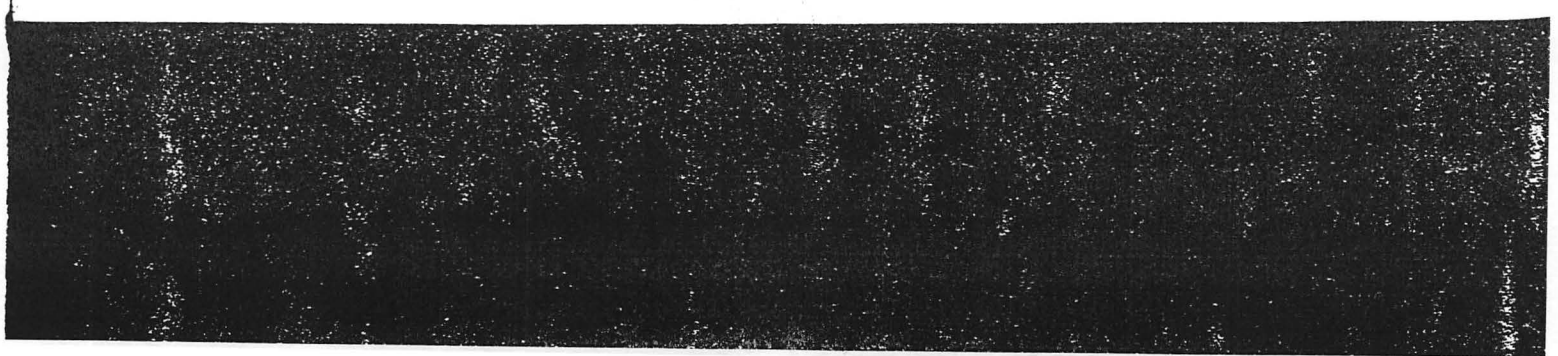


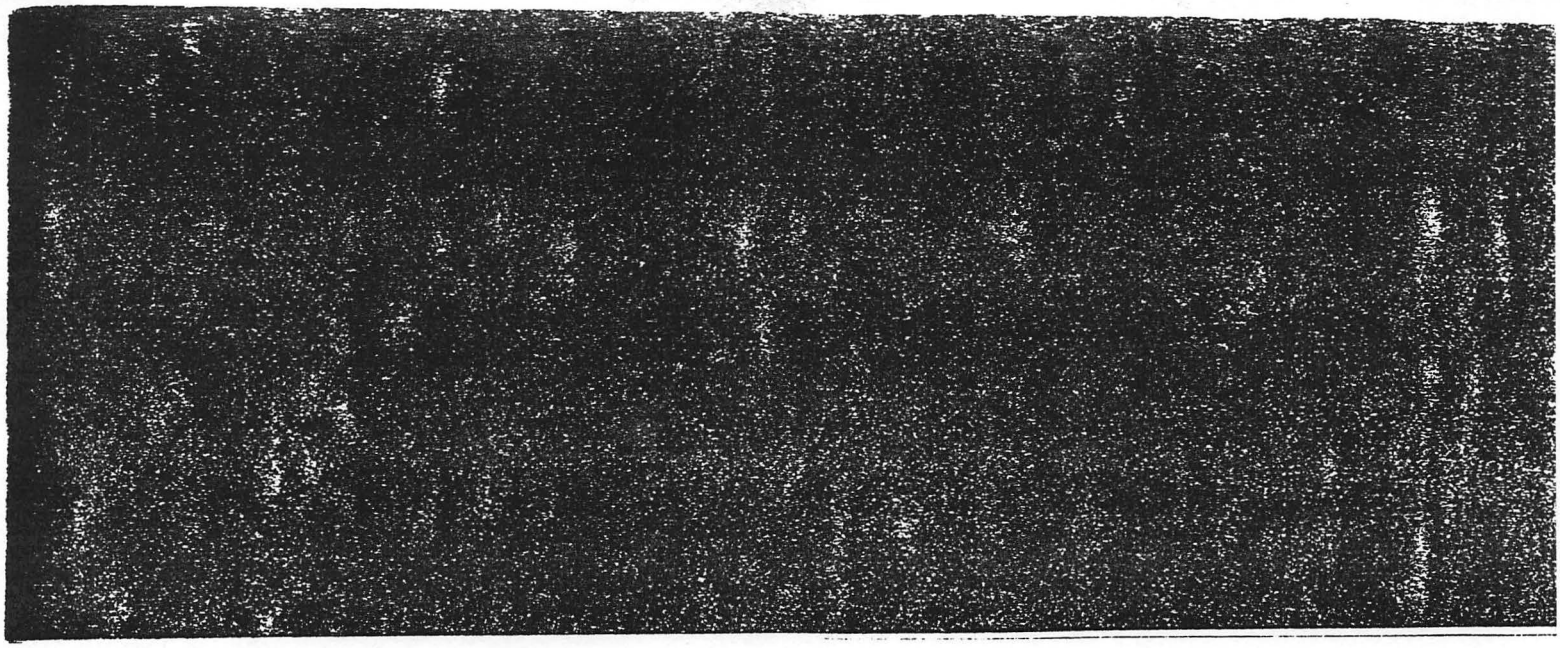
of human rights, to feed the starving in the name of human kindness, is to validate the spiritual weakness that originally brought about the hardship and the suffering. His instinct is to say to a victim: "Get up off your knees. Be strong and resolute. Take charge of your own destiny."

A man who does this the Jehovian will help and support with the greatest possible generosity and self-sacrifice. But a man who crawls about helplessly complaining of his lot and bleating for sustenance and a lessening of the burden, him the Jehovian scorns.

And the true Jehovian is as ruthless with himself as he is with others. He does not spare himself any more than he spares them. If he suffers he knows it is because of what he has done wrong or failed to do right. This knowledge gives him both the strength and the courage to rise above the suffering. And the true Jehovian is without doubt both strong and courageous.





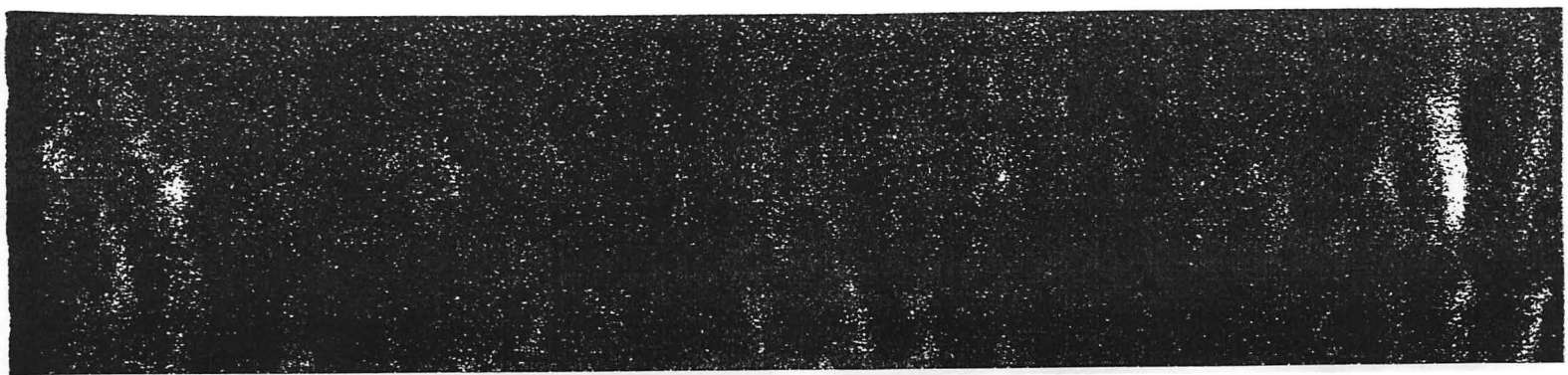


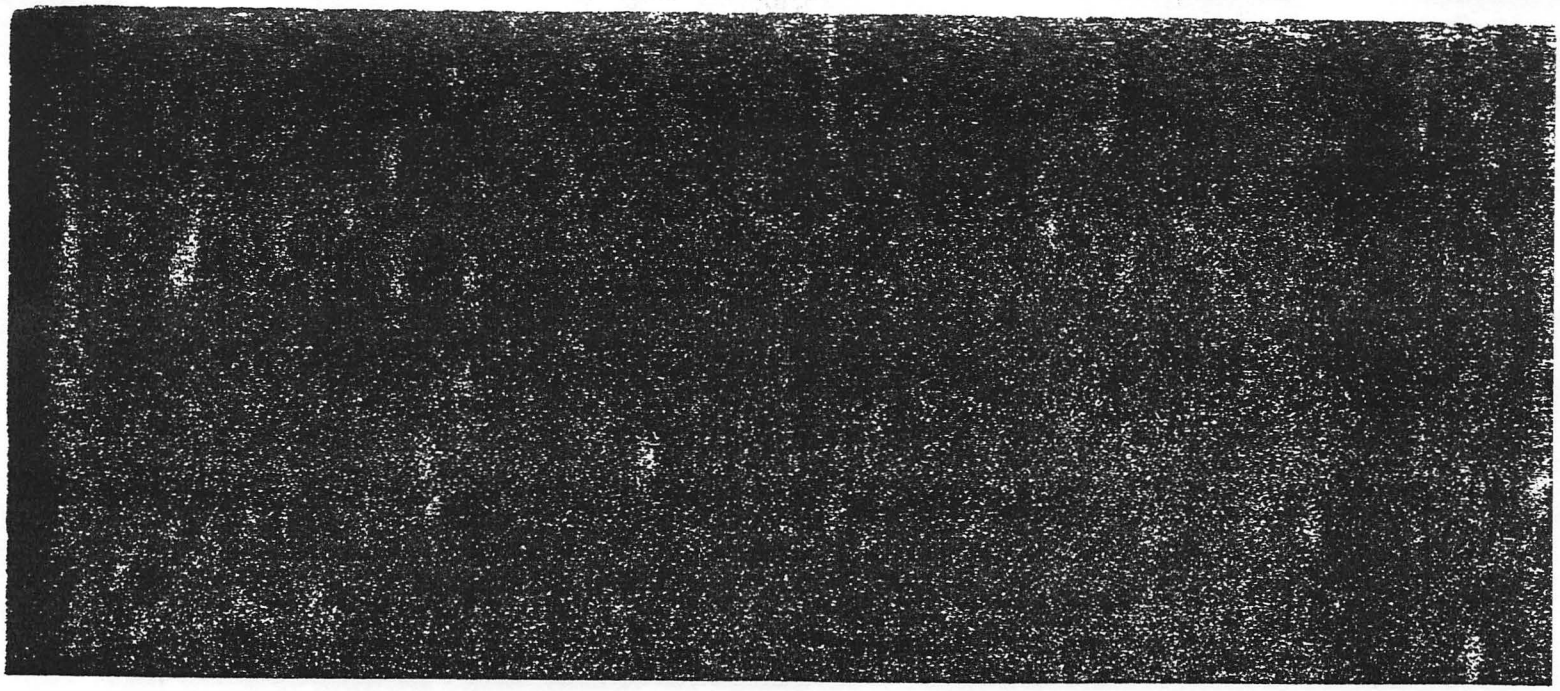
THE fallen Jehovian is the one who is plagued by doubt, the one who loses hold of his conviction, the one who sees the world around him steeped in materialism and sensuality, and wonders if perhaps joy *is* to be found in pursuit of these commodities. He is the one whose resolve weakens under the stress of failure, who becomes the victim whom previously he scorned.

He spreads an atmosphere of failure and loss around him, so that all within his orbit feel the weight of it. He is sullen and obstinate. He uses his strength, not to plough through difficulties with inexorable single-mindedness, but to dig in his toes, suppress his feelings and shut himself off from those around him.

His efforts to test the possibility that self-indulgence is the solution leads him only into shame and self-disgust. His sense of failure increases. He no longer accepts responsibility for his condition



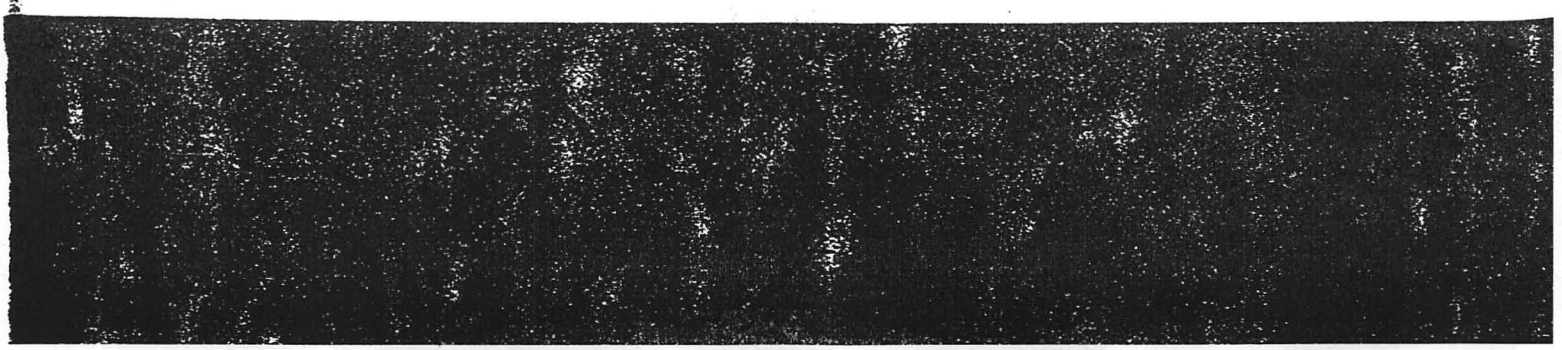


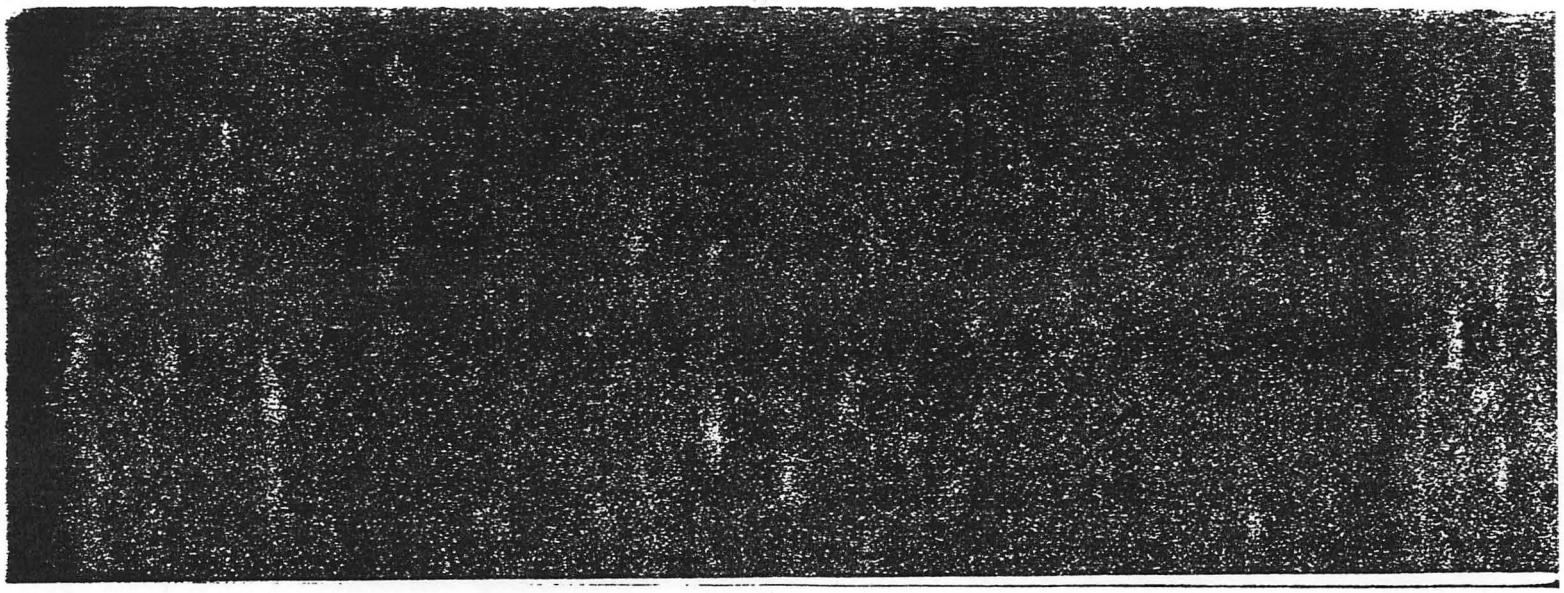


encouraging others to do the same. Instead he suffers and complains of his suffering, and he blames everyone and everything but himself for his misery.

That is the fallen Jehovian; the brave soldier who has lost his nerve, the crusader who has lost his faith, the pioneer who has lost his certainty, the resolute campaigner who has lost his resolve, the relentless one who relents.





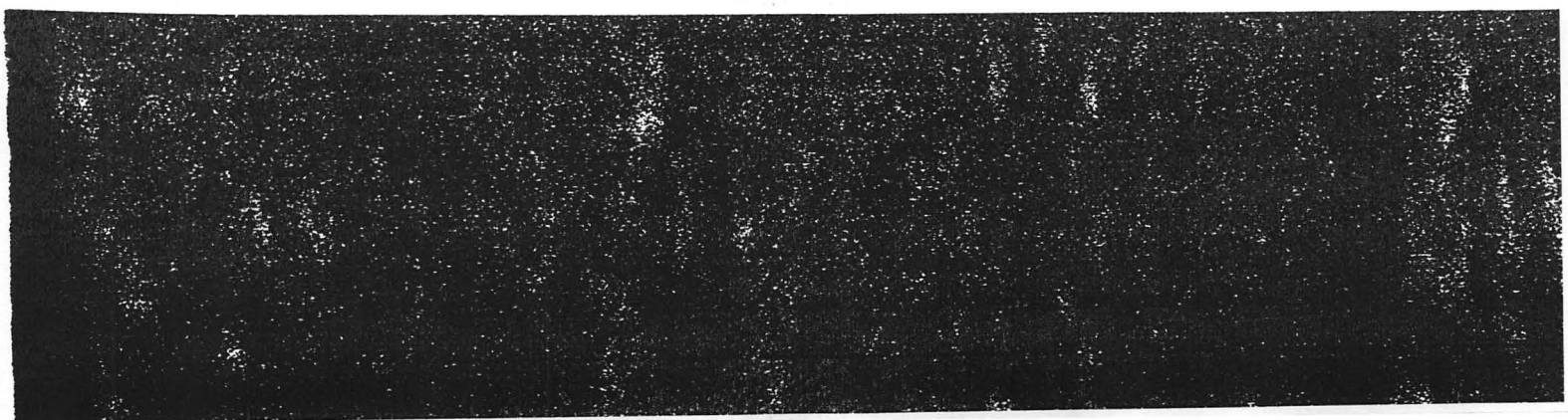


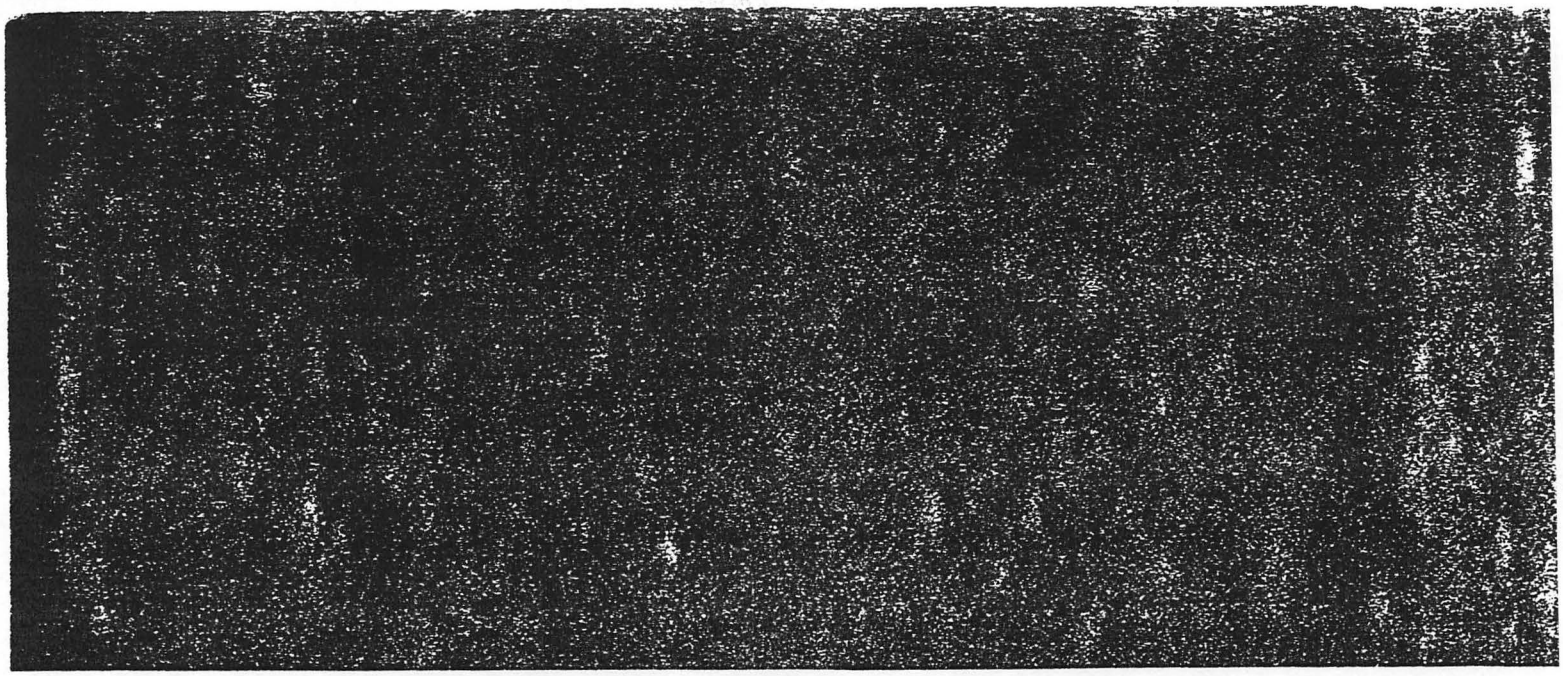
THE extreme Jehovian is rigid and puritanical; ruthless, often harsh and brutal. He pursues his course blindly and relentlessly, looking neither to right nor left, allowing nothing to enter his world which might draw him out of it into what is for him the human quagmire of sensual pursuit.

Often he is so single-minded as to appear bigoted. He clings to his purpose like a limpet clings to a rock. His tastes are simple and fundamental. He likes his environment stark and austere. Art has little meaning for him, except inasmuch as it expresses his inner feelings of the vast magnificence of all existence, the cold ruthlessness of eternity, and the isolated starkness of the universe.

His sense of justice is strong and unswerving, and what he sees as injustice will bring him into the open like a raging storm, with retribution and redress upon whomever he feels is responsible. He makes many enemies, but his courage is boundless, and opposition, far from







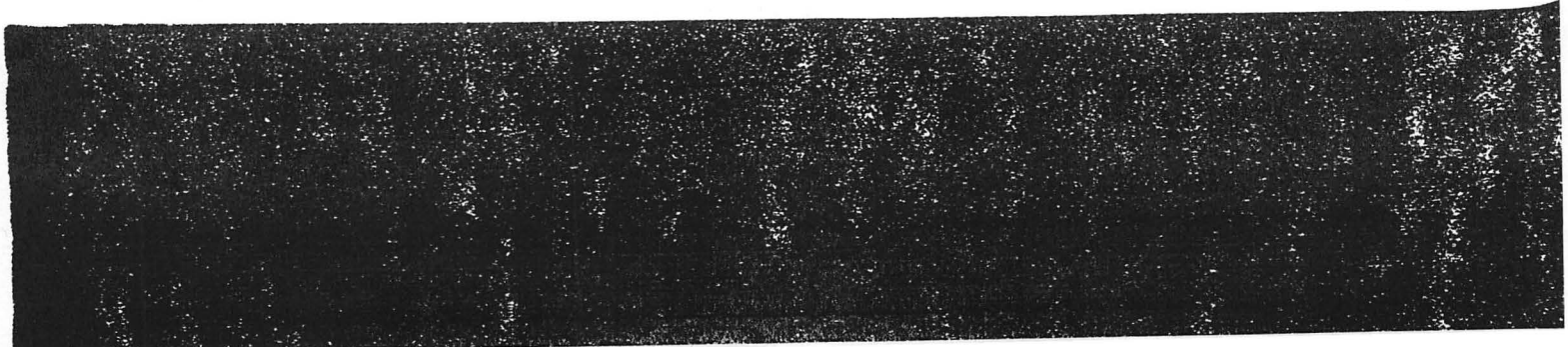
undermining his resolve, increases it.

He is outspoken and forthright, particularly when his principles are at stake. He tolerates no deviation from the way which is to him the only way. He is a ruthless tyrant with undying love for those who behave according to what he sees as right.

He is blind in many directions. There is so much that he does not see. But what he does see, what he focuses his attention upon, what he directs all his intensity of feeling towards, at the deliberate expense of everything else, that he sees with an astounding clarity. He knows it with an incredible certainty, and he follows it with a relentless energy that appears to be limitless.

Determined, intrepid and inflexible; that is the true Jehovian.





# LUCIFER AND THE LUCIFERIAN